

V. AS
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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

No. CLXIX.—New Series, No. 49.

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- I. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
- II. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAMMOTH, AND THE GREAT ICE AGE.
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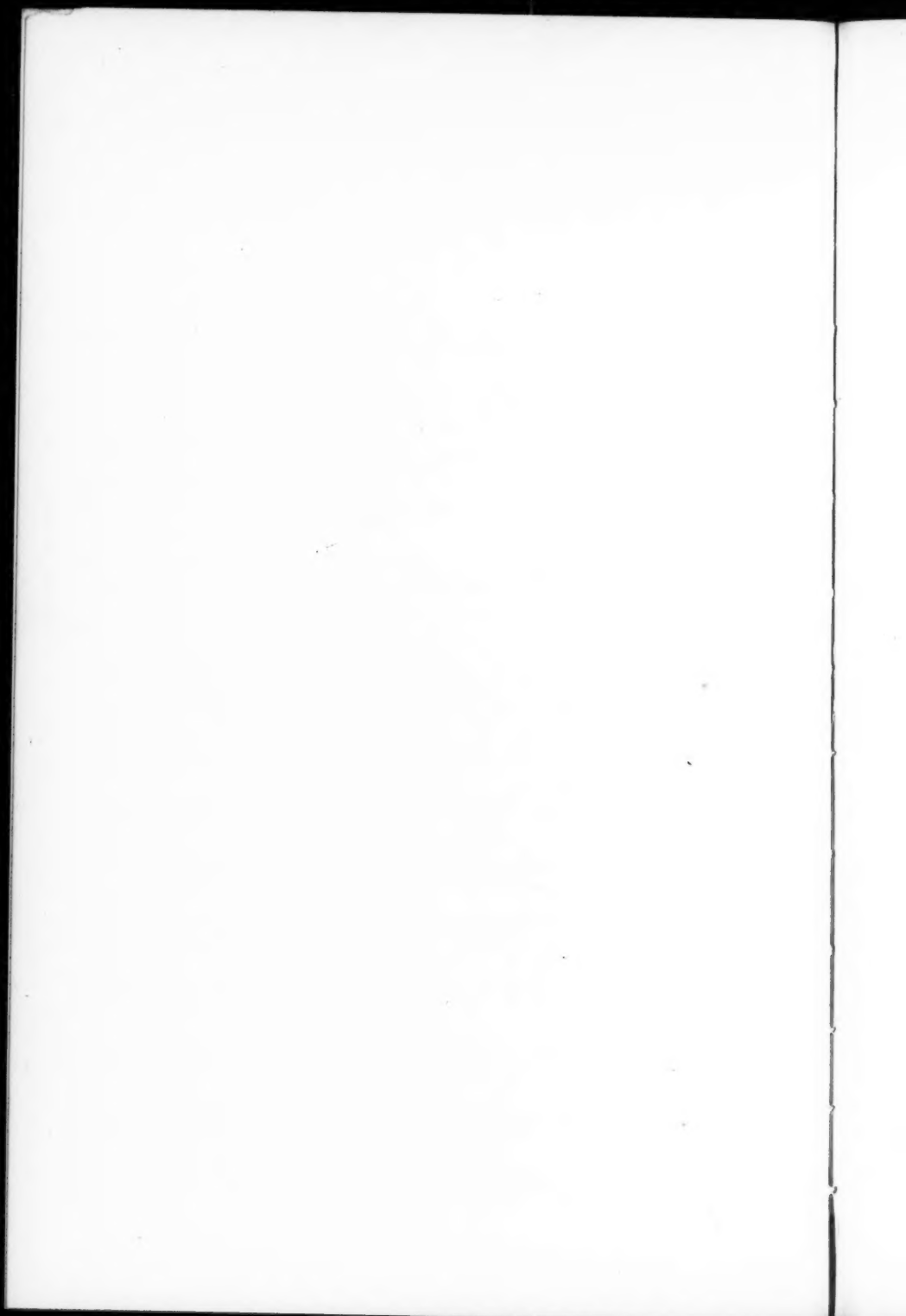
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2. *The Dynamiter.* (With Mrs. Stevenson.) *The Wrong Box. The Wrecker. The Ebb Tide.* (With Lloyd Osbourne.) Chatto & Windus. Piccadilly.

WHEN the news reached Britain of Robert Louis Stevenson's death, in the far Pacific isle that had become his chosen home, and of the touching funeral honours rendered to him by the simple islanders who had loved and trusted him while living, there were many who felt that not only had a writer of mark and promise passed

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away in the unimpaired fulness of his powers, that not only had an artist keen to observe and cunning to reproduce the true features of life laid down his tools for ever, but that an influence strong on the side of righteousness and purity had ceased to work among us, who can ill spare any such. This may be safely said; for though there be something occasionally fantastic to the verge of impossibility in Stevenson's less serious and less delightful writings—witness, to go no further, the unsatisfying story called *Prince Otto*, of which we learn unsurprised that it is really only a youthful drama on the subject of Semiramis, recast and modernised—and though there be a pervading tone of deep quiet melancholy in those of his works which have the immortal quality in them, yet they contain nothing which, rightly taken, does not speak strongly for honour, truth, and charity towards men, for valiant facing of the mysteries of life, for noble fulfilling of its duties, for reverent and hopeful trustfulness towards God. This is very much to say of an English writer whose successful business it has been to purvey fiction for a public, now long accustomed to have its romances flavoured deliciously with “sweet, sweet, sweet poison,” in the way of new and dubious moralities, and rash questionings of the most venerable and universal truths. It will be no idle employment to look for a little into the history of this writer's mind and the secrets of his method, so far as he has made them apparent to us, and to consider awhile the special merits of the best work which he has bequeathed to us—work not great in bulk, but rarely perfect of its kind.

Almost as openly and quite as delightfully garrulous as old Montaigne, it pleased Stevenson from time to time to discourse of his own mental peculiarities and those of the ancestry from whom he derived them, with a mingled frankness and reticence very bewitching. We can see through his eyes “that ancestor of mine who was a herd of men,” the strict-living peaceable Dr. Balfour, calmly writing his sermons in the manse by the Water of Leith, wearing the crown of his hoary hair with quiet dignity; beautiful of

feature, noble of presence, "of singular simplicity of nature, unemotional, and hating the display of what he felt;" yet transmitting to his children something of the adventurous strain derived from fathers "who had shaken spears in the Debateable Land, and shouted the slogan of the Elliots;" or who in Jacobite days had thrilled with fanciful enthusiasm for a Prince-Errant, representative of a banished dynasty. We are afforded more than a glimpse too of forefathers on the other side of the house, of yet greater potency in shaping and bending the nature of their best-known descendant; folk humbler and greater; three generations of lighthouse engineers, eminent in their warfare on man's behalf with stern rocks and waves all round the sounding shores of Scotland. Of these brave and able men our author's own father, Thomas Stevenson, seems to have been one of the very ablest; better known to-day in many a distant land, where his writings are "much esteemed," than is the author of *Dr. Jekyll*, for, thanks to his great inventive genius and his unwearied energy, freely consecrated to man's service, one precious improvement after another has been introduced into the lighthouse system, and "in all parts of the world a safer landfall awaits the mariner" than when his career of faithful endeavour first began. It is not for us to dwell now at any length on these serviceable achievements, but we may note the existence in this justly revered father of certain traits of character that re-appear in the son—profound essential melancholy and humorous geniality; excellent taste; an abiding sense of the fleetingness of life and the imminence of death; a just and picturesque use of language, curiously nice in its exact propriety, joined with Celtic fervour and poetic eloquence. These qualities, allied to the simplicity and self-restraint characteristic of the reverend grandfather, and further controlled by the fine instinct of the artist, give much of its peculiar character to the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson. He resembled his father even in his destiny, for of each man it might be said that, "in spite of the melancholy ground" of his mental temperament, "he had upon the whole a

happy life; nor was he less fortunate in his death, which at the last came to him unawares."

That a well-defended happy childhood was enjoyed by our author under the guardianship of his father, and of the mother to whom he has dedicated some of his most graceful and most pathetic essays, will be evident enough to any student of *A Child's Garden of Verses*, wherein, with rare keenness of remembrance and rare felicity of diction, are portrayed the fancies and feelings of a dreamy intelligent child, and its special attitude towards the bewildering, delightful world in which it finds itself—a world that would be too awful, were it not for the warm encircling love always awake and ministering to infant needs; a world that the child's very littleness of stature makes so much more wonderful to him than to his elders. The poet of the *Child's Garden* remembers what not many besides can have remembered, the child's fanciful longing to be yet smaller than he is,—small enough to take a withered leaf for boat and navigate the watery waste of "the rainpool sea," small enough to keep ant and ladybird company in their travels through the mazy forest of the tall meadow grass. He knows, too, all about the fanciful romances, full of gay and bold adventure, which the child-mind loves to weave and to put into mimic action, with the help of the quaintest and unlikeliest "properties," adapted from its prosaic surroundings of furniture.

"There never was a child," pronounces the author of *Treasure Island*, with a cheerful dogmatism, "but has hunted gold, and been a pirate, and a military commander, and a bandit of the mountains; but has fought, and suffered shipwreck and prison, and imbrued its little hands in gore, and gallantly retrieved the lost battle, and triumphantly protected youth and beauty."

But some of us have quite forgotten these airy delights, and some would willingly dismiss them from memory, deeming them too frivolous to be worthy one thought of a mature mind. It was not so with our author, who would seem to have always remained free of the child's ideal

world. Was it not in part due to this freshness of memory, and undying child-likeness of sympathy and feeling, that he could so well enter into the thoughts and feelings of the grown-up children whom we call savages, and that his native Samoan friends could rely so implicitly, not only on his dealing justly and kindly with them according to his own lights, but on his right understanding of their conduct, which he knew how to view from their own stand-point ?

Infancy is past away, with its imaginative joys and spasms of formless fear, religious and other,—with its rote-learning of Scottish metrical psalms, with its memorable introduction also to the Shorter Catechism and its grand opening statement that “the Chief End of Man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever,”—than which nothing, thinks our writer, has more deeply affected the universal Scottish mind ; and we see the young Stevenson accompanying his engineer-father on his professional journeyings, and learning to take delight in that wild west coast of Scotland, where, at a later day, he placed certain scenes of some of his finest romances. He is to be found looking on at the difficult building of the Dhu Heartach lighthouse, which now lifts high its warning flame over the small black rock encircled with the Atlantic rollers that forms the outpost of the dangerous Torran reefs. Fifteen miles to the landward of this perilous point lies the isle of Earraid, on which the boy-hero of *Kidnapped* is flung up by the sea that wrecks the brig *Covenant* ; and it is worth while to compare the sun-bright pages of description, devoted to Stevenson’s own young recollections of the isle, with the fashion in which he presents the same scene in the novel, where he is content to dwell only on the bodily wretchedness and the despair endured by the shipwrecked lad in his brief sojourning among the grey rain-washed boulders of Earraid, and their encrusted limpets that he is fain to devour. Well for the author, speaking in his own person, to dwell on his boyish delight in “the earthy savour of the bog-plants, the rude disorder of the boulders, the inimitable sea-side brightness of the air, the brine and the iodine, the lap of the billows

among the weedy cliffs, the sudden upspringing of a great run of dashing surf along the sea-front of the isle ;" but any lingerings on such matters would be wholly out of place in the personal narrative he feigns for a youth of that eighteenth century, so careless of the picturesque ; and they are kept out of it accordingly. Here is one instance, out of many, wherein a power of vivid word-painting, in which Stevenson is not inferior to Sir Walter Scott or any of his successors, is rigidly debarred its full play, in obedience to a true sense of artistic congruity. Yet it were hard to refer to one romance by this writer of which the main action does not pass amid scenes so familiar to his experience that he can, with very slight word indication, give the air and feeling proper to such scenes, and without formal description suggest in the happiest way their most striking features. Best known to him in boyhood and young manhood were Scottish cities, wilds, and seas, and in dealing with these he is at his best. But he writes of far sea-farings with the easy accuracy of the well-accustomed voyager that he was ; and when once acquainted with the many-clustering isles of the illimitable ocean, he places among them with fearless hand the sinister personages of *The Wrecker* and *The Ebb-Tide*, and lights up with glowing tropical sunshine the pages so dark with human error and crime.

He can always strike the note of pathetic contrast between the impassive beauty of the visible world and the self-tormenting agitations of the human creatures moving on it. It is audible when that unhappy and unsuccessful Robert Herrick, sailing with the flood-tide into the lagoon of the nameless island, on board the stolen ship, sees below him, "in the transparent chamber of the waters, a myriad of many-coloured fishes sporting, a myriad pale flowers of coral diversifying the floor," and stands awhile transported, forgetting that he is menaced by a prison on the one hand and starvation on the other, while he watches "a drove of fishes, painted like the rainbow and billed like parrots," which hover up in the shadow of a schooner, pass clear of it, and glint in the submarine sun, "beautiful, like birds,

and impressing him by their silent passage like a strain of music." The sordid wretchedness of this impressionable man would lack its full pathos, were not the joyous, beautiful existence of these "happy living things" so aptly opposed to it.

We may permit ourselves to cite one other passage, where the same effect is yet more powerfully felt—that wherein Mackellar, the faithful land-steward of Durrisdeer, whose part it is to tell in homespun style the weird tale of *The Master of Ballantrae*, is found watching for the morning on the high road, having parted under the "great vault of night" from the family he loves and serves, now fleeing from their homes under stress of strange peril. Behind and before him lies trouble, dark in the past, darker in the future; but calm as peace itself is the scene around.

"Day came upon the inland mountain-tops, and the fowls began to cry, and the smoke of homesteads to arise in the brown bosom of the moors, before I turned my face homeward, and went down the path to where the roof of Durrisdeer shone in the morning by the sea."

In this lightly sketched tranquil landscape, placed as it is midway in a story of bitter fratricidal strife and hatred, there is something inexpressibly touching, wholly due, one may say, to its strong contrasting quality.

From those fondly remembered wanderings in company with his much-achieving father, the young Stevenson evidently learned to value other things beside the peculiar type of Scottish landscape that he loved to reproduce; he became familiar with steadfast human endeavour, valour, and ingenuity, bent on doing lasting service to the race in the teeth of any and every difficulty, and to that end wrestling and overcoming in the struggle with the dumb awful forces of Nature, after a grander fashion than that celebrated with so much pomp of words in Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*. The lifelong work of a great lighthouse-engineer among the "terrible seas" of North Britain is not a subject that can be worthily dealt with in

any work of fiction ; but one may well imagine that from this inspiring spectacle the young man derived something more than his strong liking for that aspect of life and letters, "where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it, on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life." This is an element which enters largely into some of his best and best-known stories ; the example of his father was potent, also, to show him wherein lies true human excellence, and to inspire that cordial admiration for manly courage, gentleness, faithfulness, and self-sacrifice, which is easily legible in his work, giving to it the wholesome, cheerful tone that might otherwise be lacking to pictures of life which no one may truly call optimistic.

There is one more trait, mental and moral, recorded for us of this much-loved father, which would seem to intimate that from Thomas Stevenson the inventor, not from the scholarly Dr. Balfour, Robert Louis derived his rare gift of imagination. Like his son, after him, the father was in the habit of "setting himself to sleep with tales . . . irresponsible inventions, told for the teller's pleasure, with no eye to the crass public or the thwart reviewer,"—indifference, which with Thomas Stevenson was a matter of course, his work lying in other regions. Was there, we wonder, one more peculiarity which the engineer shared with the novelist ? Was he, too, "an ardent and uncomfortable dreamer ?" These two habits of the brain, the wooing of sleep with improvised romances, and the subsequent experiencing of strange dream-adventures, underwent a sort of fusion with Robert Louis Stevenson, when, youth being passed and his aspirations for literary success decided, "he began to turn his former amusement of story-telling to (what is called) account ; by which I mean that he began to write and sell his tales ;" and nothing that he has written outdoes in psychological interest his account of how large a portion of his author-work was actually transacted in the Land of Sleep. Did Thomas Stevenson's admirable inventions for safeguard-

ing seamen's lives reveal themselves to him in like fashion ? That we do not know ; but his son's description of the activities possible to a sleeping brain is as clear as it is perplexing.

Powers not familiar to our waking hours, says he, operate freely during our slumbers ; uncomprehended " Little People " manage " the small theatre of the brain which we keep brightly lighted all night long," while the rest of the body sleeps. Now he put these viewless workers to a new business : " printable and profitable tales for the market," were what he now sought to devise when he lay down and prepared for sleep ; and, " Behold ! at once the Little People began to bestir themselves in the same quest, and labour all night long, and all night long set before him truncheons of tales upon their lighted theatre ;" better tales, he avers, than he himself could devise waking ; and, what is very curious, these Brownies of his dreams seemed to possess the power of keeping to themselves the secret of a well-constructed dramatic plot, even to the moment of the *dénouement*, which would be sprung on the dreamer so suddenly as to cause him a shock of genuine astonishment. Here is a suggestive bit of evidence for those investigators who seek to surprise some of the secrets of life by studying the phenomena of dreaming ; something akin to that queer experience of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was engaged, so he averred, while sleeping in one of the wit-combats that he loved, and was beaten hollow by his dream-antagonist in argument.

Some samples are given us of the division of literary labour between the waking Stevenson, with his wholesome human consciousness of Right and Wrong, and his austere fine taste in matters of style, sedulously formed on the best models—and his " somewhat fantastic " Brownies, who " liked their stories hot and hot, full of passion and the picturesque, and had not a rudiment of what is called a conscience." These conscienceless prompters helped him to the machinery, and the machinery only, of that famous little book the *Strange Case of Dr.*

Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He had long been "trying to write a story on this subject, to find a body, a vehicle, for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature," and was always foiled, till the night-visions supplied him with slight but sufficient indications of such a plot as he had vainly racked his brains to find. "All that was given him was the matter of three scenes, and the central idea of a voluntary change becoming involuntary" in the luckless experimenter *Jekyll*, who for evil ends seeks and wins the power of cleaving his own being, compact of good and evil, in twain, so that for a space he can "throw away the *Better* part of it, and live the *Fouler* with the other half," unrebuked by the moral nature he has abdicated—for a season, as he fancies, for ever, as he too soon finds. There is awe, mingling with such formless fear as a bad dream can inspire, in this weird picture of a man literally "losing his soul" by secret pamperings of his basest propensities; no other book makes the same impression; and here is the explanation. The solemn meaning is all the author's own; the fantastic vehicle is an estray from those unbridled extravagant fancies that roam the "dreamful wastes" of the unexplored Land of Sleep.

Of *Olalla* also, a tale less well known than *Jekyll* but scarcely less impressive—"not very defensible," says its author—we learn that its most vivid scenes were *given* him "in bulk and detail as I have tried to write them;" as, also, were its chief personages, a mother and a daughter, scions of a great wicked family of Spanish grandees, now decadent, and shorn of almost every possession save the glowing yet sinister bodily beauty and the wild impulses of passion, their inalienable heritage from an evil ancestry. From the contrast and resemblance between this mother and daughter the teaching and tragedy of the story arise. The mother at her best is a sensuous ease-loving animal, at her worst, a fiend-possessed tiger-cat; womanlike only in her noble shape. But another spirit has been breathed into the daughter. Her outward loveliness fatally re-

semples that of the demoralized beings from whom she drew her human life ; but the pure soul holds high rule over the mortal house and the gusts of passion that shake it ; and no counsels of the flesh avail to move her from her fixed resolve that with her the race shall end, and the curse of inherited evil no longer be transmitted from generation to generation. The reader is not allowed to doubt that Olalla has chosen worthily, when his last glimpse of her form shows her clinging to the rough wayside crucifix, staying herself in her renunciation by the thought of the Great Sacrifice, and so finding strength to dismiss the lover whom she loves, but whom she will see no more. To this story, so original in *motif*, the writer himself contributed—he tells us—the external scenery, one or two new particulars and subordinate characters, “the moral, such as it is, and the last pages, such as, alas ! they are.”

Thus, like a courteous dealer in occult arts, Stevenson has shown us in what manner some few of his enchantments have been wrought, leaving us to divine, as best we may, the process put to proof in other cases. Of his more important romances, *œuvres à longue haleine*, one may say there is nothing dreamy in their detail, worked out with a regard for probability and a minute accuracy which produce such a sense of absolute truthfulness as can only be paralleled by the surprising work of Defoe. Yet there is the weirdness of the dream-world in the plot, and in many a passage, even of tales so brisk, alert, and full of “clean open-air adventure,” as that admirable book for boys *Treasure Island* ; one may instance the flitting apparition of the loathly blind man, Pew—the “horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature,” with the crab-like grip and the “cruel, cold, ugly voice ;” and the ghastliness of two or three scenes associated with the final disclosure of by-past pirate atrocity on the lonely island of evil fame, when the treasure-hunters explore it. More apparent is the same characteristic in all that concerns the miser-uncle of *David Balfour* in *Kidnapped* ; from the first

revelation of that dreary House of Shaws, planned for joy and comfort and a large generous life, but only half finished, and also half ruinous, rotting in damp decay, a haunt of bats and owls, and so furnishing a parable in stone of the life-story of the sordid being, its one inhabitant, whom the selfishness of his abhorred old age is punishing for the selfishness of his hopeful youth; and in the ill-boding midnight adventure of its young heir, sent by the kinsman whose greed makes him a murderer at heart, to seek his death in the black night on the winding turret-stair broken short in mid-air, where nothing but the blaze of the friendly lightning reveals and averts the danger. Such night-mare incidents are otherwise rare in the excellently constructed story, which paints for us the Scotland of George II., and in especial the Highlander of that day, with all his qualities and defects, his quaint inverted morality and unavailing chivalries, with a truth and vigour that might be pronounced unparalleled, but for the rival excellences of a later romance by the same hand—*Catriona*, the delightful sequel of *Kidnapped*. Was this by any chance the “love-story, the little April comedy,” first of its kind, with which his kindly Brownies not so long ago surprised the dreamer? It is certainly the first romance of Stevenson’s in which the most potent of all human passions has the leading part assigned to it throughout. It has difficult passages, which under a less sure and skilful hand might have been made an offence; but it is managed with rare delicacy; an aroma of idyllic freshness and purity breathes from it, all the more grateful because the true-hearted lovers are “benetted round with villanies,” and tread their straight and honorable path through a maze of ugly intrigues, of which the chief contriver is the lady’s father, James More (or Mhor), Drummond or Macgregor, eldest son of Rob Roy.

The character and doings of this dubious Highland gentleman, the double-dealing with which he seeks his safety from the powers that be, and in particular his plots for the betraying of Alan Breck Stewart, most wayward and

winning of Highland heroes in romance or out of it, are reproduced from the life with a truthfulness of which any one who will read the notes to *Rob Roy* may convince himself, and with a vivacity of distaste excellently in keeping with the character of the narrator, David Balfour himself—that pleasant compound of simplicity, shrewdness and uprightness, whose true sense of honour and duty, and dour resoluteness in acting up to it, are compatible with the liveliest resentment of unhandsome conduct, whether towards himself or his good friends. In all this is nothing that smacks of aught but the every-day world and the waking wits of an able penman, enlisted on the side of righteousness and fair play. It is otherwise with David's enforced residence on the Bass Rock, among the mouldering walls that once imprisoned the defeated Covenanters, and that still seemed to echo the awesome predictions of "Peden the Prophet;" and where Black Andie, the devout overhasty smuggler, tells his tale of the warlock weaver Tod Lapraik, and the cantrips he played on the Bass, the Great Enemy being his aid. Here comes in that element of true Scottish superstition, strangely compounded of the sordid and the awful, which is dominant in the grim tale *Thrrawn Janet*, Stevenson's masterpiece in this kind; but even the horror of the witchwife *Janel's* last appearance in mortal flesh on the thunderous August night, is not more weird or fearsome than the scene where Andie's father hardly escapes with his life from the beak of the fiendish solan, understood to be an avatar of Tod Lapraik. These tales of glamour are not only highly original in character, they have the most surprising tone of conviction; for both reasons we are inclined to credit them to the author's Brownies, who, as he tells us plainly, "have no prejudice against the supernatural."

We can find warrant equally good for assigning to the same sprites, much of the plot and many scenes of *The Master of Ballantrae*, to our thinking the most finely typical of its author's productions, and marked by a unity of conception and a consistent development of character that

would be vainly looked for in the two or three books written by Stevenson in collaboration with others—books in which there are foreign elements, that jar on the æsthetic sense, which is never offended by undiluted Stevenson.

The plot of *The Master of Ballantrae* is not only of high originality, it is so essentially painful that one may say that it could not have been consciously evolved by a mind sane and serious as our author's when in full waking possession of itself; for the story turns on the gradual envenomed growth of mortal hate between two sons of the same father, culminating in such insanity of fear and loathing on the part of the worthier of the two men, that he lays snares for the life of the detested kinsman who, in the very wantonness of pride in superior craft and courage, has worked with the quiet enjoyment of an artist at undermining the fortunes, the domestic peace, the good reputation of his younger brother, placed by no fault of his own in a better worldly position than the *Master*, James Durie, who is the bad hero of the tale; and of whom its humble narrator, being asked if the man he loves so little has no noble qualities, exclaims "you must not ask me that! Hell may have noble flames. I have known him a score of years, and always hated, and always admired, and always slavishly feared him."

Here is a theme difficult indeed to handle so as to make it neither repulsive nor hurtful; yet the hard task has been accomplished; the book leaves no unwholesome impression on the mind, nor even one of unmixed distress, but awe and compassion for the folly and the sin of mortal men and their blind disastrous wanderings from the right breathe upon us out of its closing pages, like a cold gentle wind from a land of eternal quiet. No mean skill has been required to attain this result. The constant interposition of that homely and kindly land-steward Mackellar, with his ready wit, his strong conscientiousness, his resourcefulness and his physical cowardice, does much to relieve the tragical tension of the main action; so, too, the occasional presence of that typical Irish military adventurer of a

former day, Francis Burke; and the milder traits of other members of the fated house of Durrisdeer besides the antagonistic brothers. But it is in the handling of the contrasted characters of those two brothers that the finest ability is shown. The one possesses all the airy brilliancy, the intellectual power, the bold and splendid adventurousness which the other lacks; he has the dark attractiveness and "something of the splendour of Satan in the *Paradise Lost*;" his career has the charm of wild and varied adventure; always he wins and keeps the upper hand among the worst and wildest spirits that he encounters, and fear is unknown to him. The other has but the commonplace virtues that are more valued in real life than in fiction; steadiness in well-doing, faithfulness in duty, loyalty in filial, conjugal, paternal love; he is shy in manner and something cold in speech. Yet the commonplace virtuous character is not less interesting and is much more touching than the splendid evil one; the spectacle of Henry Durie's moral and mental degeneration under the creeping madness brought on him by his strange misfortunes, appeals to us far more strongly than do the tragic downfall of the Master's fortunes and the weird appalling circumstances of his end. It is for the once good and generous man that our pity and our admiration are enlisted in his overthrow, not for the greatly gifted being who has tragically wasted his great gifts in schemes of ignoble ambition and vain self-adoration.

That our author has achieved a success so rare in fictitious portraiture is mainly due to his deep inner sense of the despicable quality inherent in persistent wrong-doing and proud indifference to the claims of Duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God." "He loved the note of his own tongue," says he of his heartless, reckless, brilliant blackguard hero, "as, indeed, he entirely loved all the parts and properties of himself; a sort of imbecility which almost necessarily attends on wickedness;" and with a like touch of scorn are we shown how little this all-accomplished being, with a hollow place in him where his soul should

have been, was served by his lively appreciation of the excellences of Holy Scripture. He turns the leaves of the Bible like a man that knows his way; he reads passage on passage aloud, with real enjoyment. "But it was singular to see how little he applied his reading to himself; it passed high above his head like summer thunder . . . the tales of David's generosity, the psalms of his penitence, the solemn questions of the Book of Job, the touching poetry of Isaiah—they were to him a source of entertainment only, like the scraping of a fiddle in a change-house. This outer sensibility and inner toughness set me against him . . . and sometimes my gorge rose against him as though he were deformed—and sometimes I would draw away, as though from something partly spectral."

There is no perilous attractiveness, even for the youngest and most romantic reader, about a "bad hero," whose inward deformity and repulsive inhumanity of spirit are presented in this manner—as little as in the Shakespearean Richard III., a formidable but wholly unsympathetic figure, with which *Ballantrae* may be not unworthily compared; one character is in no sense a copy of the other, yet they belong to the same family—they are spiritually akin.

"I do most of the morality," says our author, apportioning the praise and blame for his work between his Brownies and himself. We shall not fear to assign to *them* the invention of the ingenious and appalling plot of *Ballantrae*, and the suggestion of certain startling scenes in it, as we have already said. Theirs may have been the curious trick of deciding all the action of the tale by the toss of the coin, flung afterwards through the painted escutcheon on the hall window of Durrisdeer, and commemorated always by the lozenge of clear glass in that blazonry, to which our attention is often called; theirs the duel scene in the "long shrubbery" at Durrisdeer, on the dark night when "a windless stricture of frost had bound the air," and the flame of those two candles in silver candlesticks, by the light of which the fraternal enemies were fighting, went up straight and steady between the frosted trees; theirs, too, the many

fearful passages of the *Master's* last wanderings, with that culminating terror, his imperfect resuscitation after a self-induced semblance of death, in the grim Indian wilderness. But the noble under-current of ethical teaching throughout this wild, weird story of men's suffering and sin, is doubtless an outflow from our writer's own spirit when fully awake, and its higher faculties employed in considering the inexorable law by which human error, of whatever sort, works out its punishment. Pride of patience under unmerited pain, pride of filial submission, pride of magnanimous self-repression—natural but mistaken excesses of feeling, connected with difficult virtues—these make the steps for the decline and fall of one brother, as surely as self-adoring vanity and overweening pride in personal superiority lead the other through heartless egotism and selfish ambition to a deeper moral and spiritual ruin. He who preferred and followed the good fails and falls, and his life's light goes out in pitiable mental alienation; but very differently dark is the overthrow of him who throughout life had sought no good, aiming only at his own transitory advancement and glorification.

If we wish to learn, however, what our writer thought of man's life in relation to the Hereafter, what faith upheld him in face of the mysteries of existence, on what foundation he based the moral code that he enforced, we must seek it elsewhere than in his romances, healthy and bracing as is their teaching in regard to the conduct of life. In *The Ebb Tide* indeed the part of *deus ex machinâ* is given to a certain "dark apostle" and autocratic ruler of men, strong in fatalistic faith, who recognises no living and real force in the world but the Grace of God—"we walk upon it, we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe;" and who can passionately urge on a despairing, self-ruined sceptical sinner to "cast his sins and sorrows on his Maker and Redeemer,—He who died for you, He who upholds you, He whom you daily crucify afresh;" but *The Ebb Tide* is one of the stories of mixed origin; and were it not, we might reasonably doubt how

much of his personal opinion Stevenson chose to express through this enigmatic Attwater, to whom the author has been pleased to assign some of the sterner, without any of the more endearing traits, that marked the extraordinary character of General Gordon.

There is clearer speech in some of those scattered essays, which contain much of Stevenson's gravest thought and many of his most delightful fancies. Of these one, aptly named *Pulvis et Umbra*, startles and shocks at first by the concentrated vigour with which it states the extreme pessimistic view. No Buddhist, aspiring to be rid of the abhorred burden of conscious being, and regarding annihilation as the supreme good, could have found stronger terms to express his repulsion for all the phenomena of Life, represented as a "malady of something we call Matter;" but from a beginning so unpromising the essayist advances by a way of his own to conclusions nowise pessimistic. It is as though he said, "Take, if you will, the most humiliating view not only of human existence, but of all animated existence; admit no outward beauty or splendour in it; shut your eyes to everything but repulsiveness in its physical manifestations; yet I require you to recognise an inner force acting through it everywhere, that is mysteriously pure, and noble, and powerful;" and this is the sovereign thought of Duty, the pursuit of an ideal of well-doing, which he bids us observe, as an animating principle in the humblest creatures over whom man is dominant, and which is the very heart of man's mystery. Even the spectacle of man's repeated and pathetic failure to live up to his own ideal is "inspiring and consoling" to this on-looker, since, in spite of long ages of ill success, the race is not discouraged, but continues to strive as if for assured victory, rendering obedience, however imperfect, to the inner voice that speaks of duty owed to ourselves, to our neighbour, to our God; and it is "inspiring and consoling" that traces of the same struggle can be discerned in the poor sentient beings, our inferiors. "Let it be enough for faith that the whole creation groans in mortal

frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain."

Thus a meaning full of hope is wrung from even the gloomiest thoughts that can beset the soul in its hours of darkness. Brighter passages from the same hand breathe the same spirit of solemn trustfulness. Edinburgh, well known and loved by our author in the days when, on his own showing, he was but a wayward student in its University, sedulously perfecting himself in the right art of literary expression, but often playing truant to class and lecture—Edinburgh taught him unforgotten lessons by its cherishing of the memory of the dead who died for conscience sake; he found "the martyrs' monument a wholesome, heartsome spot in the field of the dead;" though the special point of conscience for which this martyr or that despised death might not seem momentous to-day, their brave example assured him that for men who do their duty, even under a misapprehension, there will be "a safe haven somewhere in the Providence of God." Those student-days, brought to him a finer lesson in the fall and rising again of a nobly-gifted comrade, who through vain-glorious self-confidence made shipwreck of his fortunes, and who in the Valley of Humiliation and under the shadow of imminent death learned such patience, such self-abnegation, such love and consideration for others, as had never been his ere he lost "the strength that had betrayed him." His memory, though not his name, is tenderly embalmed in the pages of the friend who from his example learned how "to lose oneself is to be a gainer, to forget oneself is to be happy;" and who in later years, looking on the ways of men with eyes thus opened, could understand much of the inner meaning of the Great Master's words, and could expose the futility of the complaint that "Christ did not leave us a rule that was proper and sufficient for this world;" a complaint that could only be made by one who had failed "to conceive the nature of the rule that was laid down."

If there be meaning in words, we must take it that

Stevenson gladly received for himself the rule of Christ, hard though it be to accept, understanding it to be right that "in our own person and fortune we should be ready to accept and to pardon all;" yet not to stand by passive and see another injured. With reserve, with reverence, with such guards and limitations as become a worker in fiction, he has made his opinion on these great matters clear enough practically; and one may say that his work will thus have not impossibly a wider potency for good than if he had alienated one class of readers and conciliated another by more accurately and avowedly defining his position. This is matter on which each reader must pronounce for himself; happily there can be no doubt of the robust, wholesome and health-breathing tendency of Stevenson's work on the whole, though it deal often with matters of broil and battle, and the wilder possibilities of mortal life.

ART. II.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAMMOTH,
AND THE GREAT ICE AGE.

1. *The Mammoth and the Flood.* By Sir HENRY HOWORTH, F.R.S. London. 1887.
2. *The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood.* By Sir HENRY HOWORTH, F.R.S. Two vols. London. 1893.

THE destruction of the great fur-clad elephant of the North—or mammoth—is one of the most wonderful of all the phenomena which are presented to us by the progress of modern science. Here was a mighty elephant, of a stranger form and of a vaster size than any elephant which now lives in India or in Africa. This mighty animal—unlike any living elephant—was clad in fur, and was thickly covered with long red and black hair. It had enormous tusks, which curved upwards in a semi-circular form. The ends of its ears were covered with great bunches

of long hair, which also covered its tail, so that it might be said of the giant: "He moveth his tail like a cedar."* Besides this, the northern elephant had a long mane of thick red hair, which reached from the neck, all down the ridge of the back, to the tail. Such was the mammoth, or great elephant of the North, and when it stood in all its pride of strength, with its head thrown back, its mighty circular tusks raised, and its long mane streaming in the wind, its aspect must have been strange, weird, and unearthly.

The mammoth disappeared from the earth long ago; it disappeared suddenly, and it disappeared completely. It was overwhelmed by a catastrophe which occurred after man had appeared on the earth. It perished in all its pride and in full possession of its powers, and its remains are buried in vast quantities all over the Northern Hemisphere. To describe the manner in which these remains occur, and to explain the nature of the catastrophe which destroyed the mighty fur-clad elephant of former days, is the task to the execution of which Sir Henry Howorth employs all his well-known literary and scientific abilities in the first of the works reviewed in the present article.

The course of the argument and the manner in which the evidence is brought forward cannot be better stated than in the following words of Sir Henry Howorth:

"In making an appeal to my readers, I would ask them to ignore metaphysics and its pernicious *à priori* theories, and to accompany me to the facts. These facts, I claim, prove several conclusions. They prove, in the first place, that a very great cataclysm or catastrophe occurred at the close of the mammoth period, by which that animal, with its companions, were overwhelmed over a very large part of the earth's surface. Secondly, that this catastrophe involved a widespread flood of water, which not only killed the animals, but also buried them under continuous beds of loam or gravel. Thirdly, that the same catastrophe was accompanied by a very great and sudden change of climate in Siberia, by which the animals which had previously lived in fairly temperate conditions were frozen in their flesh under the ground, and have remained frozen ever since.

* Job xl. 17.

Fourthly, that this catastrophe took place when man was already occupying the earth, and constitutes the gap which is almost universally admitted to exist between so-called Palæolithic and Neolithic Man. Fifthly, that this catastrophe is in all probability the same one pointed out in the traditions of so many races as the primeval flood, from which their legendary history begins. Sixthly, that while this flood was exceedingly widespread, considerable areas escaped, and from these insular areas, man, animals, and plants spread out again and occupied those districts which had been desolated."*

Siberia was the special home of the mammoth, and in this dreary land of ice and snow its remains occur in countless numbers. The centre of Siberia is occupied by vast forests, which are the home of the bear, the wolf, and of many fur-bearing animals. Emerging from these gloomy forests of pine, larch, and cedar, and journeying towards the Arctic Ocean, the traveller finds himself on the vast plains known as the *Tundras*, which stretch away in dreary monotony to the shores of the Polar Sea. In summer these plains present vast level expanses, without tree, bush, or shrub; their surfaces are covered with mosses and lichens, and are diversified with pools and lakes. As the Arctic Ocean is approached, however, vegetation ceases, and the plains are nothing but great wastes of gravel and sand. In the awful Siberian winter these *Tundras* are buried deep in snow: their streams, lakes, and pools are locked in ice, frightful snowstorms sweep over their surfaces, and only the hardiest of the Arctic animals—such as the polar fox, the raven, and the snowy owl—can exist. And yet, beneath the soil of these desolate plains—only a few feet below the surface of the ground—there are found such quantities of elephants' and rhinoceroses' bones as pass all calculations, and even the *bodies* of these mighty animals, often *standing upright*, are found in the frozen soil! In Alaska, in North-Western America, the bones of the mammoth occur plentifully; the valley of the Yukon and its tributaries being so rich in elephants' bones that the Indians regard the valleys with superstitious terror; and in the icy cliffs of Escholtz Bay

* *The Mammoth and the Flood*, pp. xvii. xviii.

the bones and tusks of the mammoth, and even its hair, have been frequently discovered. In this latter situation they are found in a layer of clay resting on a cliff of pure ice. They were first found by Kotzebue in this place in 1816, and the discovery was confirmed by Beechey in 1824, and by Kellett in 1848. Dr. Dall visited these strange ice-cliffs a short time ago, and found many bones of mammoths resting on cliffs of pure ice and covered with a layer of peat.* More than this: the bones of the mammoth are found all along the Arctic shores of Alaska up to Point Barrow, in lat. 71° north. Kamschatka is full of elephants' bones; and they may be found in great quantities in the land of the Tchutchis, which forms the north-eastern projection of Siberia. Here, in a desolate region, where the winter lasts for ten months, the bones of elephants and rhinoceroses may be seen sticking out of the frozen cliffs, and they may be found lying in great quantities on the beach close to the waters of the Arctic Ocean. The Russian traveller Wrangell relates that while he was crossing a barren plain near the sea, in this region, he came to a place where for nearly half a mile the soil seemed to be *actually composed* of the tusks, teeth, and bones of elephants and rhinoceroses, which must have been destroyed there in vast herds.† The lower portions of the valleys of the Yenesei, the Lena, and the Obi are particularly rich in mammoths' remains, which are also found in great abundance on the barren plains near the Polar Sea. Perhaps the region between the mouth of the Lena on the west, and Tchaun Bay on the east, is the part of Siberia which is richest in elephants' tusks and bones; but even this is doubtful, for Schmidt tells us that the land of the Yuraks, which lies between the Yenesei and the Obi, is a perfect mine of elephants' remains. The Yalmal peninsula also, between the Kora Sea and the Gulf of Obi, has also yielded skeletons of mammoths. In fact, we may say, without any fear of

* *American Journal of Science*, vol. cxxi., 1881, pp. 106—109.

† *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 300.

contradiction, that the whole of Northern Siberia, from Behring's Straits to the Ural Mountains, is full of the bones, teeth, and tusks of elephants and rhinoceroses, and with the remains of these great animals those of the musk-ox, buffalo, and horse are often found.

Another fact, which is truly astonishing, is that the quantity of elephants' remains *increases as the Arctic Ocean is approached*, and that while they are found occasionally in central Siberia, they become more and more abundant towards the shores of the Polar Sea. This remarkable circumstance is fully confirmed by the discoveries of Erman* and Wrangell,† and should be most carefully remembered.

Still more extraordinary are the discoveries of the remains of mammoths and rhinoceroses in the desolate islands in the Arctic Ocean. About 70 miles north of the mouths of the Lena are the Liakoff Islands, which are so full of elephants' bones that they seem actually to be composed of them; and the Bear Islands, a little further to the east, also contain remains of mammoths. Some distance to the north of the north-eastern portion of Siberia lies Wrangell Land, a large island, which is utterly barren and desolate, its shores even in summer being blocked by masses of ice. This dreary region was explored by the American officers of the *Rodgers* in 1881, who found elephants' tusks on its beach and on its desolate island plains.‡

In Bennett Island—lat. 76° N.—which is mountainous and covered with snow and glaciers, mammoths' remains have also been discovered,§ and even the *bed of the sea* seems to be full of them, for after a gale elephants' tusks are always washed up on the sand-banks of Liakoff's Islands. But of all the deposits of mammoths' remains, that which is contained in the New Siberian Islands is by far the most remarkable. These islands lie in the Arctic Ocean about two hundred miles to the north of the mouth of the Lena,

* *Travels in Siberia* vol. ii. p. 379. † *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 499.

‡ See Gilder's *Ice Pack and Tundra*, p. 86.

§ Prestwick's *Geology*, vol. ii. p. 460.

and the three largest are called Kotelnoi, Fadeyeffskoi, and New Siberia. They are perfect icy deserts, without any vegetation, but the quantity of the remains of elephants and rhinoceroses that they contain is perfectly astounding. A most lucrative trade in fossil ivory is carried on from these islands, and steamers full of the tusks of mammoths obtained from them, are constantly ascending the Lena, carrying the ivory to the market at Yakutsk. In 1821 one ivory-hunter brought away 20,000 lbs. of ivory from New Siberia; and the steamer in which Nordens Kiold ascended the Yenesei in 1875 carried one hundred elephants' tusks. As the bed of the sea also, all round the New Siberian Islands, seems full of elephants' remains, we may conclude that the supply of fossil ivory in this region is perfectly inexhaustible.

But of all the wonders of Siberia, the preservation of *perfect carcasses* of mammoths, in their flesh, fur, and hair, is doubtless the most remarkable. This astonishing fact was first revealed by the traditions of the mammoth held by the native Siberians, who declared that it lived underground, and came up during the night. In 1771 the body of a rhinoceros was washed out of the banks of the Vilui, and sixteen years after, the carcass of a mammoth, *standing upright* and covered with hair, was found in the valley of the Alaseya.

At the beginning of the present century, a Tungoose, named Schumakoff, found another body of a fur-clad elephant, standing upright, in an icy cliff. In 1806 a Scotch naturalist named Adams went to the spot, and succeeded in bringing away the skeleton, as well as portions of the hide and fur, and this skeleton now stands in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg. Another carcass was found at Tas in 1839, and the skeleton was taken to Moscow; while from that day down to the present time perfect bodies of mammoths and rhinoceroses have been frequently discovered. It must be remembered that the discoveries of these bodies have been verified by eminent men of science, such as Professor Middendorf (who

discovered a mammoth's carcase in 1843) and Baron Toll, and that the bodies when found are covered with flesh and fur, and are fat and well nourished. The mammoths must have been quickly killed and as quickly frozen up, and the intense frost must have preserved their bodies from decay. Also they must never once have been unfrozen, otherwise the hot summer and the attacks of wild beasts must have destroyed the bodies.

Now, it is quite certain that in the present icy climate of Siberia, mammoths and rhinoceroses could never live. In winter the temperature falls to 60° below zero (Fahr.), and no vegetation whatever exists on the northern *Tundras* and in the New Siberian Islands which could furnish these great beasts with food. And yet they lived in Northern Siberia in olden time in astonishing numbers. Some have thought that Southern Siberia was the home of the mammoths, and that their bodies have been washed down the rivers. It is, however, impossible to hold this view, for the remains of the mammoths are found in greater abundance on the plains than in the valleys, and Wrangell particularly says that the best mammoth bones are found accumulated around eminences and on the desolate plains.*

How was the mammoth destroyed in Siberia? Not by man, for he was not then an inhabitant of the country. Nor by a pestilence, for all the bodies found are fat and well nourished. Nor by a change of climate, for this would not have killed them suddenly in enormous numbers. For we must remember that the remains of the mammoth in Siberia are accumulated in enormous hecatombs, showing that the animals must have crowded together in vast herds; and when we further find these remains gathered together thickly around the slopes and on the summits of eminences, we are compelled to conclude that a mighty deluge drove these great elephants to take refuge on rising grounds, where they were drowned by the rising of the waters. This is Sir Henry Howorth's conclusion, and the talented

* *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 275.

German traveller Erman maintained it some time ago,* and the Duke of Argyll has lately adopted it.† Indeed, when we consider the vast quantity of fossil ivory found in Siberia, it does not seem possible to hold any other view. The trade from Siberia to Russia—and in Siberia itself—in fossil ivory is extraordinary, and the tusks of the mammoth are conveyed to distant countries. We are even informed by Professor Prestwich that in 1872 and 1873 as many as 2770 mammoth tusks from Siberia, weighing from 140 to 160 pounds each, were entered at the London docks.‡

Coming now to Northern Europe, the evidence for a great flood at the close of the post-glacial period in this region may be stated as follows. When man first appeared in Northern and Western Europe this region was covered with splendid forests, and possessed a mild and genial climate. It was also full of great animals. Besides the mammoth, there were six other species of elephants, some of which were of diminutive size. Musk-oxen and reindeer dwelt on uplands; countless numbers of deer filled the forests; rhinoceroses and wild oxen wandered over the plains; and hippopotamuses swam in the rivers. Carnivorous beasts also abounded, for lions, tigers, hyænas, and other monstrous flesh-eating animals literally swarmed on every side. The fiercest beast was probably the sabre-toothed tiger, which must have been the tyrant of the forests. Man lived in Western Europe at this time, which has been termed the Palæolithic Age, because during this era he used only stone weapons, which were never polished. Man of that time was in every way *truly* man. He wore skins fastened with bone pins, and adorned himself with paint and shells. He was a clever artist, as his drawings on horn and bone are most skilful; and he was a trader of no mean capacity. Nor was he destitute of higher feelings,

* *Travels in Siberia*, vol. ii. pp. 379, 380.

† *Geology and the Deluge*, pp. 38, 39.

‡ *Geology*, vol. ii. p. 460.

for he reverently buried his dead, and believed in a future life, and probably in the existence of a Supreme Being. During the Palæolithic Period three distinct races of men inhabited Europe. First, the Cro-Magnon race, whose bones are found in caves of the Dordogne in Central France, and who were tall, strong, and finely developed. Secondly, the Caunstadt race, the remains of which are found in caves and river-gravels all over Western Europe, particularly in France, Belgium, and Germany, and who were more brutal than the men of Cro-Magnon. Thirdly, the Furfooz race, whose relics are limited to Belgium.

Now, the magnificent beasts of the Palæolithic Period disappeared *suddenly* and *completely* from Western Europe, for, when we enter the next era—*i.e.*, the Neolithic Period—we find only the present meagre European fauna. How did the great beasts of the Palæolithic Period become extinct? They were not killed by change of climate, for the climate of the Palæolithic Period was almost exactly similar to that of the Neolithic Period, which succeeded it. Nor could they have been exterminated by man, for to suppose that wandering barbarians, armed with rude flint weapons, could have exterminated such huge beasts as the mammoth, the lion, and the rhinoceros, is ridiculous. Moreover, the evidence is entirely against the gradual decay of these great beasts, for they flourished in vast numbers right down to the close of the Palæolithic Period, and they never appeared in even the earliest times of the succeeding Neolithic Era. We find in North-western Europe, just as we do in Siberia, enormous deposits of the remains of *all* animals, mingled promiscuously together; carnivorous and herbivorous, young and old, we find their remains all mixed together in masses and in extraordinary confusion. In a gorge of the Arno, near Florence, Dr. Buckland tells us that in ten years the remains of 100 hippopotami were discovered, and with these were mixed the bones of rhinoceroses, elephants, deer, hyænas, tigers, and wild boars in extra-

ordinary abundance.* We are informed by Professor Prestwich that *twenty tons* of the bones of the hippopotamus alone have been taken out of one cavern in Sicily;† and in Germany there are enormous accumulations of bones of all animals intermingled. In Burgundy, at a place called Sautenay, there is a cave on the top of a barren mountain which is full of the remains of herbivorous and carnivorous animals, which must have ascended the mountain in vast herds to take refuge from some terrible danger.‡ Now, carnivorous and herbivorous animals do not congregate together unless compelled to do so by danger of fire or water; and how can we explain these enormous accumulations of the remains of *all* animals, except by concluding that the rising waters of a flood drove them in vast herds to the hills for safety, where they were ultimately drowned as the waters rose still higher?

Man was involved in this catastrophe. Palæolithic man disappeared completely with the great animals. He did not migrate to distant regions, and he did not mingle with new races who entered Europe after the diluvial catastrophe; but, like the mammoth and the other great beasts of the time, he was overwhelmed by the surging waters of tumultuous inundations. No trace whatever of Palæolithic man is found in the succeeding Neolithic Era; he disappeared as completely as the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros. This great diluvial catastrophe at the close of the first human era (or Palæolithic Period) is now widely recognised by leading geologists, particularly Professor Prestwich§ and Sir J. W. Dawson.||

Sir Henry Howorth sums up the result of his examination of the causes which destroyed the great post-glacial mammalia in Siberia and in Europe in the following words:

“This concludes the European and Siberian evidence, and I venture to think that few scientific conclusions can be sup-

* *Reliquiæ Diluviana*, pp. 181, 182. † *Geology*, vol. ii. p. 508.

‡ *The Mammoth and the Flood*, pp. 216, 217.

§ *Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1893.

|| *The Meeting-place of Geology and History*, pp. 90, 91.

ported by such an array of converging facts, and have such an absence of any real arguments or facts against them. I submit with every confidence that I have proved the position that the extinction of the mammoth in the Old World was sudden, and operated over a wide continental area, involving a widespread hecatomb in which man as well as other creatures perished; that this destruction was caused by a flood of waters which passed over the land, drowning the animals and then burying their remains; and that this catastrophe forms a great break in human continuity, no less than in the biological records of animal life, and is the great divide when history really begins."*

Turning next to North America, we find that the evidence from this continent resembles that presented by Europe.

In the Glacial Period most of North America north of the thirty-eighth parallel of north latitude, except Alaska, was covered with great ice-sheets, thousands of feet in depth and thousands of miles in extent. When the ice-sheets had retreated to the Laurentian highlands, which was the great centre from which the ice-sheets radiated, the climate became mild and genial. In this post-glacial period vast forests covered North America, and a grand assemblage of animals lived in the country. The mammoth and the American elephant† lived in the woods; the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus abounded in California; gigantic sloths and musk-oxen roamed over the grassy savannahs; and bears, stags, and reindeer existed in amazing numbers. But the most characteristic of North American animals at that time was the mastodon, a gigantic creature closely resembling the elephant in form, though with differently constructed teeth, and generally with four tusks. Man was present during this era of monstrous beasts, for his remains have been found in the auriferous gravels of California, and his weapons have been discovered in the deposits of the Eastern States.

The great beasts of this fauna *suddenly* disappeared from North America, and we have to find a reason for this extraordinary circumstance. What occasioned the disappearance

* *The Mammoth and the Flood*, p. 256.

† *Elephas Columbi*.

of the magnificent mastodon, of the colossal mammoth, of the rhinoceros, and of the hippopotamus? There was no change of climate, no pestilence could have prevailed over a whole continent, and the human inhabitants of the land were too few and too feebly-armed to extirpate any of these great animals. How then did they vanish?

Enormous deposits of bones are found in North America. In Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky, the remains of one hundred mastodons, thirty mammoths, and vast numbers of deer were discovered.* In Tuolumne county, in California, waggon-loads of mastodons' bones have been found, and Whitney tells us that "cartloads of mastodons' bones have been accumulated at various places between Sonora and the Stanislaus river at workings in the limestone crevices."†

All these indications show vast inundations which must have drowned the gigantic quadrupeds. Man also disappeared, for the men that contended in North America with the mammoth and the mastodon vanished completely with the great beasts, and, like them, he was overwhelmed by the surging waters of great deluges. This is Sir Henry Howorth's conclusion; and Dr. Wright, a most eminent American geologist, says on the question: "Much may be said to support the theory, alluded to by Professor Claypole, connecting the traditions of the destruction of large portions of the human race by a flood with the extermination of species naturally brought about by the conditions accompanying the floods which closed the Glacial Period."‡

The evidence from South America as to the existence of a great post-glacial flood may be stated very briefly.

The Pampas much resemble the northern plains of Siberia, without the soil being perpetually frozen. The Pampas are a vast graveyard, absolutely *full* of the bones of monstrous animals; the megatherium, the megalonyx, and the mylodon (all huge sloths) are the most abundant.

° *Pre-Historic America*. By the Marquis of Nadaillac, p. 533.

† *The Auriferous Gravels*, p. 251.

‡ *The Ice Age in North America*, p. 388.

Gigantic creatures, called glyptodons, have left their remains in vast numbers, and with these are mingled the bones of deer, llamas, and horses, all of which are mingled with the remains of carnivorous animals, and are buried in the hardened mud of the Pampas in extraordinary numbers. Man lived at the time, for his remains and weapons have been found buried with the great beast. What destroyed the mighty animals of the Pampas? The climate did not change, pestilence did not sweep them away, and man was powerless to effect such a widespread and tremendous destruction. The only agent capable of producing such a widespread cataclysm is a vast deluge sweeping over the land, and involving the great beast, young and old, herbivorous and carnivorous, in one common destruction.

Some of the evidences of the presence of man in South America, contemporaneously with the great post-pliocene mammalia, which are related by the Marquis de Nadaillac, are very curious and interesting. In one place, in the deposits in the Pampas, the carapace of a glyptodon, a huge extinct armadillo-like animal, was discovered. It was turned upside down, and had under it charcoal and stone weapons,* clearly proving that the huge shield, which was nearly six feet in size, was used by man as a roof to the hole which he dug as his shelter in the great plains of the Pampas. The Danish explorer Lund found also many skeletons of a primitive race of man in the caves of Brazil; these were mingled promiscuously with the bones of the great extinct animals, such as the giant sloths and monstrous tigers, and these discoveries proved that man was an inhabitant of South America when it was full of gigantic beasts, which in some mysterious manner became extinct long ago.†

Sir Henry Howorth closes his argument by reviewing the scattered traditions of a great flood which are to be discovered amongst the records of ancient civilised nations,

* *Pre-Historic America*, pp. 29-30.

† *Pre-Historic America*, pp. 23-26.

and which are, even now, preserved amongst the legends of barbarous races. He reviews the flood traditions of the ancient Chaldeans, Syrians, and Aryans, and having briefly noticed the deluge-myths of savage nations, and having given due prominence to the story of the Deluge in the Book of Genesis, he concludes that these various flood stories can only be explained by concluding that they are recollections of a great diluvial catastrophe, which was witnessed by man, in primeval days. Of course, the talented author is here on quite different ground from that of geology, and he is in danger of being lost in the mazes of tradition and of criticism, while it is also possible—as Lenormant has pointed out*—that traditions relating to partial and local floods may be mingled with those relating to a great cataclysm. Still, when we find that in ancient times the tradition of *one* great flood alone was preserved, and when we also discover that in many cases this flood was held to have been a Divine judgment on human transgression, it is hard to disbelieve that all these various flood traditions point to a single catastrophe. Since the great flood, to which these legends refer, took place, no great diluvial catastrophe has occurred which is commemorated in tradition; and since the great post-glacial deluge (which destroyed the mammoth and palæolithic man) happened, geology can bring forward no other evidence of a great inundation devastating the northern regions of the globe.

The flood traditions, therefore, of the various ancient and modern races all strongly support the evidence of geology, and show that a tremendous diluvial catastrophe, unique in its extent and effects, has occurred since man appeared on the earth.

There are two lines of argument by which the existence of this great cataclysm may be established: first, by the fact of the sudden and complete destruction of man, and of the great post-glacial mammalia associated with him; secondly, by the occurrence of huge travelled boulders over a greater

* *Origins of Civilisation*, p. 383.

portion of the northern hemisphere, and of the distribution of vast deposits of mud, gravel, and sand—commonly called “The Drift”—over the same region.

These “Drift” beds gave much perplexity to the geologists of the early part of the present century, but they generally held that these deposits were formed by masses of water sweeping over the land. About sixty years ago, the researches of Agassiz brought about a wonderful revolution in geological opinion, and it was felt that *ice* had more to do with their formation than *water*. Agassiz—who had from his boyhood examined the work of the Swiss glaciers—showed that the marks of ancient glaciers existed all over North-western Europe, so that the whole of this region had in former times been swathed in a gigantic mantle of ice. He also, from personal observation, declared that, at the same time, huge ice-sheets covered most of North America, whilst vast glaciers ground the hills and scored the rocks with lines and furrows. Still developing his speculations, he applied his theory to the southern hemisphere also, and declared that here, as well as in the northern lands, he perceived signs of gigantic ice-rivers and ice-sheets which have long since disappeared. At last he came to the opinion, that the *whole world* was once wrapped in ice, which, descending from two enormous ice-caps at the Poles, met in the equatorial regions.

This extraordinary theory shall be stated in Agassiz's own words :

“The earth had already assumed its present contour, with the exception, perhaps, of the principle range of the Alpine chain, and of the mountains which rose simultaneously with it. . . . Then numbness seized the light ‘sailors of the atmosphere,’ the clouds and vapours; icy winds drove them in a solid form to the earth, and like a huge winding-sheet they enveloped the polar regions, the north of Europe and of Asia, the British Islands, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, Germany and France, the mountainous regions of the Tyrol and Switzerland down to the happy fields of Italy, together with the continent of Northern Asia, formed undoubtedly but *one* ice-field, whose southern limits investigation has not yet determined. And, as on the eastern hemisphere, so also on the

western, over the wide continent of North America, there extended a similar plain of ice, the boundaries of which are in like manner still unascertained. The polar ice, which at the present day covers the miserable regions of Spitzbergen, Greenland, and Siberia, extended far into the temperate zones of both hemispheres, leaving probably but a broader or narrower belt around the equator, upon which there were constantly developed aqueous vapours, which again condensed at the Poles; nay, if Tschudi's observations in the Cordilleras, and Newbold's at Seringapatam, shall be confirmed—and to these we may subjoin those made by earlier travellers upon the Atlas and Lebanon chains—the whole surface of the earth was, according to all probability, for a time one uninterrupted surface of ice, from which projected only the highest mountain ridges covered with eternal snow. The limits which would seem to be indicated by the various phenomena which we shall afterwards treat of, are very probably referable to a subsequent epoch, when the universal ice-crust had already begun here and there to disappear, and particular tracts to emerge like oases in the immense icy desert." *

This extraordinary theory was supported by a wonderful mass of ingenious observation and of powerful reasoning, and it quite fascinated many geologists of the time. Sir Henry Howorth, however, in his latest work, *The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood*, has brought forward a powerful array of arguments to show that many of Agassiz's conclusions are unsupported by facts.

The first difficulties which rise in the way of Agassiz's theory of polar ice-caps in the Glacial Period are those connected with physical geography. At the present time we do not know any extensive *lowlands* around the North Pole which are covered with perpetual snow. The *mountains*, indeed, in the arctic regions are buried in eternal snow; but to support the idea of polar ice-caps, it ought to be shown that the *lowlands* in these regions are in a similar condition. But this is not the case. The great plains of Northern Siberia are indeed covered with snow in the winter to a depth of six feet; but in the late spring the south winds begin to blow, and the hot sun melts the snow very quickly; so that in the short summer the plains are entirely free from

° *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, 1843.

snow as far north as the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Precisely the same thing occurs in the north-western Alaska, which has well been called "an out-lier of Siberia." Here there are no lofty mountains, no glaciers, and no perpetual snow ; but great grassy moorlands—resembling the Siberian *Tundras*—stretch far away to the north, into the very heart of the Arctic regions, and these great monotonous plains are perfectly bare of snow in the summer. The "Glacialists" (as those who believe in the existence of great ice-sheets during the Glacial Period are called) point in reply to this, first of all to Greenland, and they declare that here at all events are enormous ice-sheets. This may be granted ; but it must be remembered that the interior of Greenland is mountainous, and that the enormous accumulations of snow which exist there naturally move outwards and downwards in the forms of ice-sheets towards the coast. An appeal is next made to the present state of the Antarctic regions, and it is declared that here, at least, we have a continent buried beneath vast sheets of moving ice. Unfortunately, however, for this theory, we know but little of the lands around the South Pole, and what we know is not favourable to the supposition of the Glacialists. Sir James Ross, who visited the Antarctic regions in 1840-1, is still our best authority respecting this portion of the earth's surface, and he found it to be high and mountainous. Great ranges of mountains, from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea, rose in towering sublimity, and active volcanoes poured forth fire and smoke. It is natural that the lowlands should be covered with ice in these regions, as the snows from the mountains have been forced downwards, and have overspread the lower regions in the form of coalescing ice-sheets.

Another most serious difficulty in the way of accepting the theory of polar ice-caps lies in the absence of all signs of the marks of continental ice-sheets from one half of the circum-polar regions of the North Pole. If during long ages vast ice-sheets moved from the Pole to the temperate regions, then we ought to find the markings, groovings, and polishings of these great icy masses over *all* the lands grouped

around the Arctic Circle. But this is just what we do *not* find. If we start from the Makenzie river in North America, we find the whole of the lands to the east—such as North America, Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Northern Russia—full of the marks of ancient glaciers and ice-sheets, until we reach the White Sea. Here, however, the evidence ceases. It is a remarkable fact that in Northern Siberia there are at present no glaciers, and no marks that northern ice-sheets ever passed over this region. Nordenskiöld tells us particularly that no signs of former glaciation were visible all along the Siberian coast, and he adds that none could be discerned amongst the islands which lie in the Arctic Ocean to the north of Siberia. In the extreme north of Alaska we meet with the same complete absence of the traces of former glaciers and ice-sheets, for the American geologists, who have most actively searched for glacial indications in this wonderful region, have failed to discover any.*

A third formidable objection to the theory of an ice-cap at the North Pole during the Glacial Period arises from the direction of the movement in some of the local ice-sheets at that era. During the Ice Age there were undoubtedly large local ice masses both in Europe and in North America, but, strange to say, much of this ice at that time moved actually from the *south* to the *north*. East of the Rocky Mountains, the great centre of ice dispersion in North America in the Glacial Period was in the uplands which lie to the north of the St. Lawrence, and from this centre the ice flowed, not only towards the south, but also towards the *north*. Another centre in North America from which the ice-sheets radiated was in the mountains of British Columbia, between the 55th and 59th parallels of north latitude. From this centre great masses of ice moved towards the *north*, overwhelming the valley of the upper Yukon, whilst other ice-streams flowed in different directions. It is plain, therefore, that the northern flow of these masses of land-ice completely negatives the

* Wright's *Ice Age in North America*, p. 32.

idea of huge sheets of ice pressing southwards from the Pole.

A further objection to the theory of an ice-cap at the North Pole, spreading southwards in all directions, is found in the characters and features of some of the regions which lie in what must have been the path of the ice deluge as it advanced from the north. Thus, many of the islands which lie in the Polar Sea to the north of Siberia are full of jagged rocks, which rise in slender pinnacles and tapering spires. In many places along the northern shores of Siberia the rocks are split into the most fantastic forms, resembling ruined towers and dilapidated castles.* No ice-sheet can have ever passed over this region, for if it had, it would have crushed these slender rock-pinnacles to the ground.

But new difficulties await us, in our consideration of Agassiz's theory, when we turn from physical geography and geology to palæontology. If ice-sheets were *universal* in the Glacial Period, then what became of the fauna and flora of the tropics during the world's great winter? The delicate and sensitive plants and insects of the hotter regions of the earth must have perished, and if they were *specially created* when the Glacial Period passed away, what do evolutionists say to this conclusion? To what region of warmth could the tropical plants of South America migrate, if the valley of the Amazon was filled (as Agassiz declared it was) with a huge glacier 2000 miles in length?

In the face of all these difficulties—and of others which Sir Henry Howorth brings forward—it is not surprising that Agassiz's view of polar ice-caps during the Glacial Period does not meet with general acceptance among geologists.

At the present time the theory generally accepted is that the Glacial Period was a *local phenomenon* confined to Northern Europe and to North America. In Europe—according to this modification of the theory—at least

* Nordenskiöld's *Voyage of the Vega*, vol. i. p. 428.

2,000,000 square miles were buried during the Glacial Period beneath a vast ocean of moving ice. The centre from which the ice streamed outwards in all directions is supposed to have been in the Scandinavian mountains, where the ice was many thousands of feet thick. This ice-sheet completely filled the Baltic and the German Ocean and overwhelmed Denmark, Holland, and Northern Germany, as far south as the Carpathian Mountains. It buried beneath its icy mass Poland and Northern Russia, and, turning towards the north-east, its southern boundary reached the Arctic Ocean a little to the east of the White Sea. At the same time the British Isles were covered with local ice-sheets, which filled up the whole of the Irish Sea, and came to an end at the valley of the Thames. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the mountains of Central France were also local centres of ice dispersion, and enormous glaciers descended from these snowy mountains. During the summer vast masses of water poured forth from the front of the great European ice-sheet, and spread vast accumulations of sand and gravel all over the valleys of the regions to the south of the southern boundary of the great European *Mer de Glace*. These gravels and sands are spread over enormous tracts of country in Northern Europe, and there is a remarkable loamy deposit, known as the Loess, which is found in many of the river valleys in Central Europe, particularly in the valley of the Rhine, which is believed by many geologists to have been formed by the mud and gravel deposited by the tumultuous waters which flowed from the melting southern front of the great ice-sheet during the short but hot summers of the era.

Turning to North America, we find the evidences of an Ice Age displayed on a still grander scale than in Europe, for we are told that, in the culmination of the Glacial Period more than 4,000,000 square miles of North America were covered by enormous sheets of moving ice, which in some places were thousands of feet in depth. The great centre of ice dispersion lay in the region between Hudson's Bay and the St. Lawrence, in what are called the Laurentian

Highlands. From this centre the ice moved southwards, and, filling up the basins of the great Canadian lakes, it overwhelmed all the New England States with an icy deluge hundreds of feet deep. The southern boundary of this gigantic ice-sheet ran from the New England States towards the south-west, along the 40th parallel of north latitude, and, following the course of the Ohio, descended to the junction of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Then, turning to the north-west, the southern boundary of the ice-sheet ran up the Missouri for many hundreds of miles. Another great centre of ice dispersion in North America, at this time, lay in the mountains of British Columbia, between the 55th and 59th parallel of north latitude, and reached from the Rocky Mountains on the north-east to the coast range of the Pacific on the south-west, having a length of 1200 miles and a breadth of 400 miles. These two North American ice-sheets—of which the Lawrentian was the larger—are not supposed to have united, there having been an open space between their eastern and western edges, which was swept in summer by tumultuous torrents, which poured from the ice fronts, and spread great deposits of sand and gravel far and wide. How far north these gigantic American ice-sheets reached is not known, but it is singular that all examination goes to show that Alaska was quite free from this great invasion of ice, and seems to have contained only small local glaciers during the time when such vast tracts of North America were buried beneath these great oceans of moving ice.*

To complete the picture of this great Ice Age, we are told also that the Glacial Period did not form one continuous era of ice, but was interrupted by warm intervals, which have been called Interglacial Periods, and during which the great ice-sheets retreated to their centres, and a warmer climate prevailed, at the close of which warmer periods the ice again advanced to its extreme limits. Thus, in North

* A most picturesque and instructive account of these great American ice-sheets is given by Dr. Wright in his valuable work entitled *The Ice Age in North America*.

America, according to President Chamberlin, there were two distinct Glacial Periods, with a warm era intervening, during which the ice retired from its southern limit to its stronghold in Northern Canada, and again advanced when the warm period passed away. Mr. James Geikie, the ablest exponent of the ice-sheet theory in England, also holds that there were similar interglacial periods in the Ice Age in Europe, when the great sheets of ice retreated and the climate became warmer.* The warm intervals, however, passed away, the climate again became colder, and the great ice-sheet, reinforced by local glaciers, again advanced, covering all Northern Europe with an icy deluge.

Such is a brief picture of the general idea of the Glacial Period as held by modern geologists. Let us now examine the evidence on which this theory is constructed.

First of all, there is the dispersion of innumerable and gigantic boulders over the whole of Northern Europe, and over most of North America from Maine to the Missouri. These boulders in Europe come mostly from Scandinavia ; and in the United States they have travelled from the highlands of Northern Canada ; and as they often lie as far south as Central Russia in Europe and the 38th parallel of north latitude in North America, it is plain that they have often travelled nearly 700 miles. In former times it was thought that these great boulders were rolled along by a flood, and Sir Henry Howorth picturesquely describes these early theories ; † but they are generally now believed to have been borne by icebergs, or carried on the surfaces of the great sheets of moving ice. *Next* comes the smoothing of rock surfaces by glaciers, and the long scratches and grooves made by these rivers of ice in the rocks over which they pass. *Thirdly*, there is the presence, both in Europe and in America, of a deposit known as the boulder clay or till, which is unstratified, and is full of stones scratched by glaciers. *Lastly*, comes the existence of old moraines,

* *Pre-Historic Europe*, chaps. xii. xiii.

† *The Glacial Nightmare*, vol. i., chaps. i. ii. iii.

formed by the earth and stones deposited by glaciers when they meet at their ends and deposit their earthy and stony loads.

But it is time to turn to the position taken up by Sir Henry Howorth on this question.

He fully admits that the Glacial Period was a time of enormous glaciers, and he admits also that in that era vast rivers of ice descended from all the mountains of Northern Europe, and overwhelmed the lowlands, and that at the close of the Glacial Period these great glaciers completely disappeared. But while admitting this, he entirely denies the existence of enormous continental sheets of ice, filling up the beds of extensive seas, and overwhelming millions of square miles in Europe and North America. He holds that during the Glacial Period great glaciers transported boulders to the lowlands, and grooved and polished the rocks over which they passed, and after this period of great glaciers had existed for a long era, there came the tremendous diluvial catastrophe which destroyed the mammoth and its associated animals, transported the boulders to the extreme limit of their dispersion, and spread abroad the drift deposits, in their great sheets of sand and gravel, as we now find them distributed.*

This theory is not without its special difficulties. The transport of the boulders, which cover the plains of Northern Germany and Russia, and which have been carried from the Scandinavian mountains, is very difficult to explain, for it is not easy to see how a flood could have borne them across the Baltic. It is supposed by the Glacialists that a vast moving sea of ice extended from the Norwegian mountains to Central Russia, and that the boulders were borne along on its icy surface, and were dropped on the plains of Russia and Germany when this gigantic ice-sheet melted. But here we encounter still greater difficulties.

How is it possible to suppose that an ice-sheet flowed

* *The Glacial Nightmare*, vol. i., pp. xiv. xx.

first down into the Baltic, then *ascended* the water-parting in Central Russia, and finally pressed forward for hundreds of miles over level plains? Some time ago Sir Roderick Murchison showed that the erratic boulders in Russia and Germany were distributed according to a definite order, the smallest having been carried farthest south, whilst the largest were found nearest the centre of dispersion—*i.e.*, the Scandinavian mountains.* This cannot be explained by the theory which supposes that the boulders were borne along on the surface of a great moving ice-sheet, but it well agrees with the idea that they were transported by the rushing waters of a deluge, for, as the strength of the flood began to abate, the heaviest boulders would naturally be first dropped, whilst those which were lighter would be carried along to a much greater distance.

In contemplating the Glacial Period we are led irresistibly to ask—What caused this era of enormous snowfall and of immense glaciers? To this question no satisfactory answer can be given. It cannot have been caused by the sun emitting less heat, or by the earth passing through a cold region in space, for these causes would decrease evaporation and condensation, and a lesser snowfall and smaller glaciers would be the results. The greatest snowfall is not in the coldest regions, and there may be the most intense cold without any snow. The enormous glaciers of the Ice Age testify that there was a far greater snowfall then than now, but if so there must have been also greater heat and greater evaporation in some portions of the earth's surface than we find at present. Changes in the distribution of sea and land are quite inadequate to explain the widespread phenomena of the Glacial Period; and we cannot fall back on astronomical causes, and imagine that regularly recurring changes in the position of the earth with reference to the sun brought about the great Ice Age, for then we ought to find evidences in geology of the existence of *many* Glacial Periods, whereas all the evidence that

* *Russia and the Ural Mountains*, pp. 523, 524.

geology presents shows us that only *one* Glacial Period occurred on the earth.

Thus it is that we are compelled to admit that the Glacial Period presents a most difficult and perplexing problem for scientists to solve. That an era of great snowfall and of enormous glaciers *did* occur over a portion of the Northern Hemisphere is certain, for the marks of the former existence of vast snowfields and of great rivers of ice, where at present only fertile fields and dense forests exist, are too plain to be denied or misinterpreted. But the cause of this great winter cannot be discovered. Geologists, astronomers, and meteorologists have all tried to find a solution of the problem, but it baffles their ingenuity. They refute each other's opinions, but they cannot frame a satisfactory theory, and in the meantime the great Ice Age—which made its presence felt even in the southern regions—remains an unexplained marvel and a mystery to men of science.

ART. III.—RELIGIOUS LIFE IN DENMARK.

The Chief Currents of Religious Life in Denmark to-day.
(*Die Hauptströmungen des religiösen Lebens der Jetztzeit in Dänemark*). E. A. F. JESSEN. Gütersloh, 1895.

THE happy relations existing between the two royal families of England and Denmark give English Christians a deep interest in everything that touches the religious welfare of the latter country. The country is interesting also for its own sake. Strength and originality are marked features in the national character. If there is exaggeration there is also truth in the words of an eminent Dane: "There are in Europe two distinct races, which are ever growing afresh from their original root, the Greeks and the Scandinavians; all other nations are secondary." The writer, no doubt, means that the two races typically represent

the two ideas of beauty and force, which in other races are blended in various proportions. Religion also enters deeply into the life of Denmark. The blight of modern scepticism has been there more limited in range. The writer of the above work goes so far as to say :

"Copenhagen, it may perhaps be said, is now the chief ecclesiastical city of Protestant Christendom. It compares favourably, in the increase of churches in relation to the growth of population and in the crowds of Sunday church-goers, with all other cities."

The writer, a German pastor living on the borders of the country he describes, gives a very clear and graphic account of the chief religious movements of the day, dealing in the three sections of his book with the Lutheranism of the majority, with heresies, which are few and insignificant, and with the sects of home and foreign growth. We may pass by the sects of foreign origin, which are known to us otherwise—the Quakers, Swedenborgians, Moravians, Baptists, Methodists, Salvationists, Irvingites, Mormons ; all these, put together, are far outnumbered by the Lutheran majority. It is interesting to observe that the writer gives a clear and fairly accurate description of the various sects so-called, and also seeks to do them justice. We may pass all these by with brief mention ; our business is with the native religious life of Denmark to-day.

Denmark is the land of strong personalities. In religion, as in literature, philosophy and politics, the chief currents of the nation's life flow round great names. The three men who have left the deepest mark on the Danish Christianity of the present are Martensen, Grundtvig and Kierkegaard. The first of this triumvirate is well known in Great Britain and beyond, not so the others. Martensen (1808-1884) was a great theologian as well as a great bishop. His two chief works, *Christian Dogmatics* and *Christian Ethics*, bear ample testimony to his evangelical faith in the Lutheran form, his breadth of thought and thorough culture. While far inferior to his life-long friend and correspondent, Dorner of Berlin, in profundity, in massive strength and constructive

genius, he far surpassed him in expository power and grace of style. Dorner writes only for born theologians and hard thinkers; Martensen captivates not only students but general readers. His religious ideal throughout life was not the ascetic or Puritan one, but the comprehension of all truth and beauty, philosophy and art, under the sway of Christian faith.

"The distinctive peculiarity of his theology is that, while holding fast to Jesus Christ as the centre of all his thought, he shows how all that is true and beautiful and good finds its explanation only in Christ."

This human and religious catholicity in the fullest sense is the note of all Martensen's teaching. The Martensen, whom we know as the genial Christian philosopher, was also the greatest force in the religious life of his native land. In him Lutheranism found its most attractive embodiment. It is not too much to say that his work began a new era in the life of the national Church. He did for that Church what Chalmers did for Scottish Christianity, and what Newman might have done if he had remained in the Anglican fold. A faithful champion of Lutheran doctrine, he gave Lutheranism a form and voice which appealed to the educated thought of his day. Unintentionally his works always have an apologetic vein. He meets error by accepting and asserting the truth with which it is associated, and of which it is often a perverted expression. Our author rightly says—

"His effort was always to revive and rejuvenate the old doctrine of the Lutheran Church."

In Denmark to-day, the old Lutheran faith and life are found in a purer form than in Luther's own country. This is no doubt owing to the fact that the Church has been cut off by distance from the innumerable forms of Rationalism which have almost obliterated the early faith of the fatherland. It may seem strange to say that the truest Lutherans are to be found in a country which formed no part of Luther's homeland, but it is so. Luther would to-day find children with more of the family spirit and family likeness

in the towns and villages of Denmark than in many parts of Germany. Martensen in this respect is a type of his countrymen. He is a truer son of Luther than many a German professor and pastor. Our author says with equal severity and truth :

“Such sad occurrences as have recently taken place in Germany, as that a theological professor should teach students for the ministry how they might gradually withdraw the Apostles’ Creed from the Churches even as to liturgical use, and all the direct and indirect defences of such conduct on the part of professors and preachers would, as far as our knowledge goes, be utterly impossible in Denmark.”

In a word, Denmark is still the home of the simple faiths and pieties which were once universal in Germany, but which are to be found there now chiefly in the old catechisms and books of devotion. For the rest, we find there also schools of thought which answer generally to our High and Broad Church. Of course, this is true with a difference, on which there is no need to dwell here. The Danish Church, unfortunately, is still more absolutely the servant of the State than is the case even in Germany. It has no organised constitution, securing to it a fair measure of independence and freedom. Martensen himself, with the greatest unwisdom, always opposed the idea of such a constitution, as either premature or too late. This was his worst mistake. If he had claimed for the Church the freedom which is its inalienable right, he would have immensely strengthened its foundations and increased its influence, and would, at the same time, have forestalled the efforts made to secure freedom in irregular ways.

Grundtvig, a powerful force in the religious life of Denmark, is little known outside (1783—1872). Grundtvig is not to be compared with Martensen in learning and logical thought. He, perhaps, had more native strength of character. In him the national and religious elements were remarkably combined. He represented the national aspirations in poetry and art as in religion, his aim being to promote the feeling of nationality in every sphere of life.

His theological position was a peculiar one ; indeed unique as far as we know. His leading thought was that the Apostles' Creed is the supreme rule of faith, by which Scripture itself is to be interpreted. He held that the Creed was given by Christ Himself to the Apostles, although no proof of the assertion was or could be given. As certainly, he argued, as we believe in one holy Christian Church, into whose fellowship we are baptised, so certainly we must maintain that there was at all times one faith and one baptism as well as one Lord. But faith and baptism are inseparably united with the confession of faith, which contains the conditions of baptism and so of salvation. These conditions must have been quite independent of Holy Scripture, which only arose a generation after the founding of the Church. Consequently they came to us, not by means of Scripture, but by tradition handed down from generation to generation. The singularity and baselessness of such a position are evident at a glance. To Grundtvig the Creed filled the place of the Church in Romanism. Scripture was not enough in itself. Protestantism had insisted too exclusively upon it. It needed an interpreter and guard, and this interpreter and guard is found in the primitive Creed, which is, therefore, assumed to be the work of Christ Himself. Grundtvig's followers, many of whom are active and zealous men, like Paludan-Müller, have given up the idea of the origin of the Creed in Christ's own teaching, while maintaining its necessity as a rule by which to interpret Scripture and judge doctrine.

Another equally strange feature in Grundtvig's teaching is his advocacy of entire freedom of teaching and action on the part of ministers. He would abolish all restriction of individual freedom in teaching, as well as break up all parochial limits. Thus he was an advocate of restriction on one side and of liberty verging on license on the other. The latter feature is undoubtedly a protest and revolt against the hard legal restraints by which the Danish National Church is bound hand and foot.

By inclination and position Martensen was forced into

antagonism to this new movement. The un-Protestant character of the first principle of Grundtvigianism, as well as the anarchial tendency of the second one, found in him an unwavering opponent. We are not surprised to hear that the school, like Ritualism in England, has favoured that growth of the Papal Church which Herr Jessen greatly deplores. Its disparagement of Scripture as the sole rule of faith and its assertion of traditional authority in the form of the Creed, are in perfect keeping with Papal doctrine. This Romeward tendency is still further accentuated by the stress it lays on the idea of sacramental efficacy, in this respect carrying still farther the semi-Roman teaching of Lutheranism. Martensen says :

“Grundtvigianism says that in Scripture we have only the Lord's image, not the Lord Himself; that Scripture treats only of the past, but that we must seek the living, present Saviour Himself, and can find Him only in the sacraments. But although Scripture contains the historical image of the Lord, it is by no means precluded that Scripture may be a means of fellowship with Himself, inasmuch as Christ, whom we preach, really rose from the dead and will be with us always. . . . Gladly as we concede to Grundtvigianism that the Lord works specially in the sacraments, we must contest the doctrine that He works only there and not also through the preaching of God's Word and Holy Scripture, when this is used not merely as a rule and standard of doctrine, but as a means of grace. . . . It is not a Protestant but a Romanising view, that the preaching of the Word is merely the preacher's work and has no other end than to prepare for the sacraments.”

This view of the ministry of the Word has the true Lutheran ring. The central position given to Scripture, both in creed and preaching, has done much to counteract the sacramental error inherited from the Papal system.

The analogy of all this to the Tractarian movement will at once strike an English reader. The results, while not on the same scale, have been of the same character. Despite, however, the errors and extravagances of the new school, its assertion of the Apostles' Creed has done good service against the scepticism of the day. If the Reformation insisted that historical faith is not enough for salvation, we

need to maintain that it is the condition of saving faith. Grundtvig's almost extreme doctrine of the sacraments has done much to banish the indifference and neglect with which these ordinances were formerly treated. It should also be said that many earnest preachers and teachers of this powerful school have been most earnest in insisting on the application of Christian principles to every sphere of human life and activity. "If in Denmark in modern days the preaching of the Word has taken a thoroughly popular form, and earnest patriotism has become a power among the people, this is due in great measure to Grundtvig and his school." Some of the chief preachers of the day are of this school.

Another still more singular and equally potent personality is that of Søren Kierkegaard (1813-1855). In strong contrast both to Martensen and Grundtvig, Kierkegaard was the prophet of religious individualism in an extreme form. He was an austere lonely spirit, reminding one under some aspects of the Hebrew prophets, of the Baptist and Savonarola. His views both of the Church and of the world were strongly pessimistic. His life was one long crusade against "official Christianity," by which he meant the Christianity of the Church. The visible Church to him was Babylon, from which true Christians were to go out. The opposition between Christianity and the world was his keynote, not the blending and interpenetration of the two as with Martensen: "Come out, and be ye separate," was his cry. His excessively morbid temperament was largely due to his peculiar early training. Up to his twenty-sixth year he lived alone with his father, carefully secluded from social intercourse. He gave up a matrimonial engagement, because he thought he could not fulfil his ideal of the wedded state. Most of his life he was an object of public scorn and ridicule. His works were mostly published pseudonymously. His style is paradoxical and obscure, his disciples often failing to understand him. He founded no school. And yet, with all these drawbacks, he has exerted a deep, penetrating influence on many readers. There is a subtle, searching quality

about his writings ; there is none of the scorn and cynicism which imparts such a disagreeable flavour to writers like Schopenhauer. He is faithful to his ideal, and the ideal is a lofty one of its kind. He is Christian to the core. "One thing is needful," is his motto. Withal there is in him a vein of poetical fancy. He was, in his own words—

"Alone in the huge world, alone almost even in his speech, which no one fully understood ; alone in his sufferings, which opened up to him the saying about 'the thorn in the flesh,' alone in intellectual doubts, conflicts and deadly anguish."

As Kierkegaard was full of character, so his ruling thought was that the great end of life is the formation of strong personalities. To him the individual was everything. The multitude are always in error. The individual must be separated from the crowd, from the Christian family and State and Church. He must stand alone in the light of eternity and God. Kierkegaard gloried in the "scandal" of Christianity, in the difficulties it presents to faith and conscience. Tertullian's saying, "*Credo, quia absurdum est*," was altogether to his taste. Instead of lessening, he sought to aggravate, contradictions. The incarnation, rather than the atonement, was to him the characteristic Christian doctrine ; and this supplied ample food to his passion for paradoxes. The imitation of Christ was his favourite theme. He was almost as angry with Christian apologies and apologists as with Rationalists and Rationalism. "So inseparably," he says, "is the possibility of offence connected with faith, that if the God-man did not give the possibility of offence, He could not be the object of faith." The precepts of Christ and the New Testament generally were very real to him. They were not to be limited and explained away, but kept. The good man is to be simple and humble ; his communion with God is an inward state, a hidden life which avoids all outward show. The truly religious man is like other men in outward bearing ; inwardly he is quite different. The multitude reverses the true order of life. That order requires men to live abso-

lutely for the real end of life—eternal blessedness, and to put everything else in the second place ; but the multitude does the opposite.

With all its extravagances, Kierkegaard's influence has been good in many respects. In an age when the social idea claims so much, it is well that the rights and claims of personality should be preached with such strong emphasis. It is equally necessary that in days of excessive laxity and indulgence, when the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the goal of all philosophy and all government, the sterner aspects of life and religion should be forced on our attention.

A still more healthy and pleasing sign of Church life in Denmark is the "Church Union of the Inner Mission," or "Forward Movement" of the Danish Church. Happily its work is done, not apart from, but within the Church. This movement again is the creation of a strong personality—William Beck, who is still living. Our author happily sketches for us the personal appearance of Martensen, Grundtvig and Beck. Their character was expressed in their looks.

"Martensen's intellectual face would have proclaimed a thinker, even if one had not known that he was a great theologian, who sought to unite together knowledge and faith, Christianity and humanity. The author was once permitted to see and hear the aged Grundtvig in his church at Copenhagen. With wonderful freshness the old master did his public work ; his preaching was full of flashes of thought and high rhetorical power ; it showed the poet, as his whole figure involuntarily reminded one of the old prophets. William Beck is altogether different. One sees in his energetic face and firmly-knit, compact form, that his strength lies in practice and decisive forward movement."

He is a born leader, organiser, commander. Herr Jessen compares him to Spurgeon and Talmage, and, judging from the description given, the comparison is not without ground. Beck's sermons despise all rules. His first aim is to interest and strike. He is also compared to General Booth. Happily the Inner Mission, unlike the Salvation Army, does its work within, not outside, the Church. The Inner

Mission, like its sister movements elsewhere, has its critics and censors. Professor Scharling, of Copenhagen, finds all sorts of fault with its teaching and methods—calling its converts “tin-soldiers made on one pattern,” and William Beck’s entire work “a folly to be avoided.” Beck turns on his accuser with indignant protest :

“Shame on you, Herr Professor, to call by the name of folly a cause which the Lord has used for a generation to kindle fresh life in a Church that was more than half dead in Rationalism, to fill empty churches and bring life into the homes of men ; shame on you to speak thus of a man who has devoted his whole life and powers and earthly means to one end, sacrificing for this the comfort and pleasures of home, that he may promote a cause which has led thousands of sinners to the Saviour. This cause you are not ashamed to call folly !”

While not agreeing with Professor Scharling’s attitude of condemnation, our author accuses the Inner Mission of Methodistic and pietistic ways, instituting a somewhat elaborate comparison between the rise and methods of the two movements. We admit the truth of the accusation and rejoice in it. The object of the Inner Mission is the same as that of the Wesleys, namely, to awaken the Church from lethargy, to evangelise the lapsed masses of the people, and to preach vital, practical Christianity. It employs lay preachers and mission halls, while remaining within the lines of the Church. In this way English Methodism arose in the first instance and still works. We can only wish the Danish enterprise similar success. The chief weakness of Lutheranism everywhere has been that it has lost touch with the masses of the people, with their daily lives and wants. Unless we are mistaken, the Inner Mission in Denmark, as in Germany, is destined to restore Christianity to its old place in the heart of the people. Similar difficulties arise now as arose in the early days of English Methodism. The relation of the agents of the Inner Mission to the Church-parish, and its ministers, causes much friction and even conflict. Saaby, a Danish writer, says :

“The more that pietistic Christianity succeeds in persuading men that Christianity is only a pearl, and making them forget

that it is also the leaven which is to hallow everything human, the more will the world retaliate in the same spirit and say to Christianity: If thou canst dispense with me, I can dispense with thee. And this is the tendency of our days. In State, in Church, in Science and Literature, and in the different spheres of intellectual life, an ever-increasing indifference is shown to Christianity. The only way in which Christianity can escape the fate of being overcome by the world is to overcome the world. This task it can only fulfil by preserving the inwardness of pietism, and at the same time, instead of taking up an isolated attitude, keeping in touch with it in every sphere, so that the parable of the leaven and the meal may be fully realised."

The only Danish sect of importance mentioned is one that has sprung up in recent years, and is called variously Bornholmites, from the island of Bornholm, where it began; Möllerians, from Christian Möller, its founder; and, by itself, "Lutheran Mission-Union." Möller's teacher was a Swedish author, E. O. Roscenius, and Roscenius's teacher again was George Scott, a Wesleyan Missionary at Stockholm. At a time when Roscenius was the victim of fierce doubt and was in danger of losing faith in God altogether, he met Mr. Scott, who opened up to him the way to peace through faith in Christ. Mr. Scott was compelled by popular tumult to leave Sweden, but Roscenius carried on the religious work he began by writing and in other ways, and all Sweden was moved by it. Roscenius was an extensive writer, and his writings were the source of Christian Möller's new light. Thus, in a sense, Mr. Scott* was the founder of the Bornholmites, a community which, despite all defects, has been the means of a great religious awakening in Denmark. The sower was driven away, but the seed remains and bears a harvest after many days.

Our author is evidently no admirer of Möller, who is described as a typical sectarian leader, a confused thinker and sophistical teacher; the only merit allowed to him being the talent of organisation. Plentiful charges of heresy are laid at his door, bearing chiefly on the extent of man's corruption by sin, and the nature and operation of saving faith. The exposition given is not very clear; and it is

* Better known in England as Dr. George Scott.

possible, of course, that Roscenius and Möller did not in all respects follow the lines of Scott's teaching, but took paths of their own. What is certain is that the warmth and fervour of the new teaching, as well as the joyous certainty of salvation through personal faith in Christ offered to all, proved attractive to thousands, who were glad to escape from the cold formalism of the surrounding churches. A revival of religion in the churches, a return to the warm, living faith of Luther, would have been the best antidote to the teaching of the new sect. We are not greatly alarmed at the word heresy, when we are told that the motto of Roscenius was "Nothing in me, everything in Christ." This has the ring of Wesley's "Thou, O Christ, art all I want;" and Toplady's "Thou must save, and Thou alone;" and Paul's "Other foundation can no man lay."

The title of the body indicates that the founder's intention was not to separate from the national Church. Accordingly, we are told that, in 1869, Möller, with his followers, returned to that Church, a step which Herr Jessen harshly describes as a "deep move," intended to conceal his separatist spirit. Despite all the charges of undue appeals to feeling, and neglect of ethical teaching, it is conceded that members of the "Lutheran Mission-Union" live exemplary Christian lives.

"They are diligent Bible-readers, observe family-prayer, and are not ashamed of the Gospel. They are distinguished for morality of life, and are not moved by ridicule on account of their strictness of conduct. When asked why they joined the Bornholmites, they will reply that they were led by the discourses of this or that preacher of the party to peace in the Lord."

Reading between the lines, we get a favourable impression of the work done by this body. In many respects it is not unlike the Methodist movement in its beginnings; and working, as it does now, in connection with the national Church it may be the means of filling that Church with more earnest spiritual life.

For the sake of completeness, we mention the only other

two Danish sects referred to by Herr Jessen ; first, the "Cursers," so called from the dreadful imprecations which they used to all who differ from them, and Grunnet's Free Church, a sect of small and lessening dimensions. Of the first we are only told that its teaching is of a legal character in the highest degree, and that it is almost silent about the grace of God in Christ.

Rationalism in its various forms does not seem to have struck deep root in the soil of Denmark. The old Rationalism was kept at bay, and the new Rationalism of Ritschl and Wellhausen has not yet won many followers. The few phenomena of this class mentioned by Herr Jessen are not worth discussing. H. Höffding, a Copenhagen professor, whose *Psychology* has appeared in an English dress, is one of those who are seeking to work out a system of ethics on a non-religious basis. His *Human Ethics* is written on this line ; "human," not divine. The idea of the Divine will as an ethical authority is rejected as "heteronomy." The "autonomy" of man, a doctrine hotly opposed by Bishop Martensen, is the watchword of the new "Ethical Union," which aims at establishing a merely natural morality, independently of religion. This Union can only succeed by appropriating the results of Christian development, which it is not slow to do. Hitherto its many able representatives have quite failed to explain the origin of the great moral ideas from merely natural factors, and they always must fail to do so as long as the principle holds good that like only produces like. Give Epicurus and Lucretius and Haeckel matter and force and thought in the most rudimentary forms, and they can explain the universe we see. So give Höffding and Spencer the idea of conscience and moral obligation, and the rest follows by the law of development. Their initial difficulty is to bring the moral out of the natural.

Herr Jessen gives a brief and generally accurate description of the doctrines and history of the different foreign denominations having a footing in Denmark. It seems that there are about a thousand Methodists, found chiefly in

Copenhagen. They are probably connected with American Methodism. The author's account of Methodist teaching and usage is fairly correct. Class-meetings, class-leaders, local preachers, travelling preachers, Conference, are well touched on. The description contains the misconceptions on some points of Methodist life which are usual on the Continent and are not unknown also in England. Violent conversions, attended by physical convulsions, are supposed to be the general rule. Penitent-forms are regarded as a fixed institution. Class-leaders are spoken of as the "proper confessors" of Methodism. The Methodist doctrine of sanctification is clearly stated, John Wesley's distinction between sins of intention and of inadvertence being fully appreciated. Then follows the comment :

"It is instructive to observe that the sudden gift of perfect sanctification degrades moral effort to worthlessness and interferes with the organic progress which is so indispensable in the moral sphere; further, the definition of perfection as freedom from sin proper feeds self-deception and pride and involves the danger of indifference and gross sin."

A marvellously strange view. The writer also says :

"In the field of really scientific theology, in regard to the higher intellectual life, outside direct religion, Methodism has borne scarcely any fruit."

Such a judgment shows the extremely limited range of the writer's information. We are sorry that he should give his countrymen such an unworthy and inaccurate idea of British and American Methodism. There is no need in this country to show cause to the contrary, but German and Danish readers will be greatly misled. As we are bound by the Christian law to repay evil with good, we can only express our admiration for the piety, learning and fidelity to truth of the Lutheran Church of Denmark, and pray that it may long continue to be a home of divine faith, hope and love.

ART. IV.—COLERIDGE'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Heinemann & Co.

THE career of Coleridge has and will ever have a special fascination for the student of literature and of life. The man himself is so singular an amalgam of strength and weakness ; the amount he actually accomplished seems so strangely disproportioned, not merely to his natural powers, but to the influence which he exerted upon his age, that the interest of a mystery unsolved is added to the tragedy of his life. How came one so gifted to do so little ? How chanced it that while doing so little, he nevertheless contrived to exercise so wide and fruitful an influence, to leave so deep a mark as poet, critic, theologian, philosopher, upon the thought of his time ?

The Letters of Coleridge do something to solve these problems. They help us to understand something of that personal charm, so often associated with genius, by which Coleridge never failed to fascinate those of his contemporaries who came into contact with him ; and at the same time, they reveal on every page the curious pitiful weakness, the incompleteness, the self-stultification of this maimed and defeated genius. One is reminded of Ariel imprisoned in the cleft pine, or rather plunged in a miry fen, his rainbow wings clogged with slime, his finer motions checked and hampered by "the muddy vesture of decay." Delicate fancy, soaring imagination, unrivalled dialectical skill, all rendered fruitless by that strange infirmity of the will, that weakness, moral and physical—mind and body, here as ever, acting and reacting on one another—which makes the story of his life a slow, distressful tragedy of high hopes overthrown.

These Letters of Coleridge will not be read for their style, but on that very account, perhaps, they are all the more valuable as "human documents." There is no *pose* about

them, literary or otherwise, and, taken as a whole, they give a wonderfully convincing and pathetic picture of the man.

"Coleridge," says the editor of these letters, "often to his own detriment, wore his heart on his sleeve, and now to one friend, now to another, sometimes to two or three friends on the same day, he would seek to unburden himself of his hopes and fears, his thoughts and fancies, his bodily sufferings, and the keener pangs of his soul. It is, to use his own words, these profound 'touches of the soul' which command our interest in Coleridge's letters, and invest them with their peculiar charm."

The editor has included in his collection a series of autobiographical letters addressed by Coleridge, in 1797, to his friend Thomas Poole, which prove that, even at a very early age, the most pronounced characteristics of the man had ceased to be merely latent in the child. He was a delicate boy, he tells us, the youngest of the family, spoilt by his parents, and bullied by his elder brothers and nurse. Thus he became "fretful and timorous and a tell-tale."

"The schoolboys," he says, "drove me from play and were always tormenting me, and hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports and read incessantly. I used to lie by the churchyard wall at Ottery St. Mary's and mope. My spirits used to come upon me suddenly, and in a flood of them I was accustomed to race up and down the churchyard, and act over all I had been reading in the docks and nettles and the rank grass. So I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity, and as I could not play at anything and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys, and because I could read and spell, and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And so I became very vain, and before I was eight years old I was a *character*. Sensibility, imagination, vanity, sloth, and feelings of deep, bitter contempt for all who traversed the orbit of my understanding, were even then conspicuous."

His father, the Vicar and Schoolmaster of Ottery St. Mary's, seems to have been gentle, kindly, eccentric—"a sort of Parson Adams," as his son used to call him. He was an excellent Hebrew scholar, and compiled a Latin Grammar, in which, with a view to simplifying the study of that language for boys just initiated, he proposed to substi-

tute for the ordinary names of the cases, "for which antiquity pleads in opposition to reason," the terms prior, possessive, attributive, posterior, interjective, and quale-quare-quidditive case. His mother, like many clergymen's wives of her day, was—

"Not learned, save in simple household ways."

She hated "your harpsichord ladies," as she called them ; but she evidently brought to the training of her household that practical element in which her partner was conspicuously lacking.

"My father," says Coleridge, "had so little of parental ambition in him that he had destined his children to be blacksmiths, and had accomplished his desire but for my mother's pride and spirit of aggrandising her family. My father had, however, resolved that I should be a parson. I read every book that came in my way without distinction, and my father was fond of me and used to take me on his knee and hold long conversations with me. I remember that about eight years old, I walked with him one wonderful evening from a farmer's house, a mile from Ottery, and he told me the names of the stars, and how Jupiter was a thousand times larger than our world, and that the twinkling stars were suns, that had worlds rolling round them ; and when I came home he showed me how they rolled round. I heard him with a profound delight and admiration, but without the least admixture of wonder or incredulity ; for, from my early reading of fairy tales and genii, &c., my mind had become habituated to the vast, and I never regarded my senses as in any way the criteria of my belief."

There is a great deal in this charming sketch that might be paralleled in the experience of any ordinary child. In the wondering freshness of its outlook on the world every child is a poet ; and the true poets are surely those who keep the child's temper right on into mature life—

"The young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks."

But, in Coleridge's case, there was too little of that healthy give and take of human companionship, that salutary contact with the solid facts of life, which every nature requires, but which to a dreamy, indolent temperament are of the first necessity. Charles Lamb's picture of him at

Christ's Hospital, whither he was sent in the year following his father's death, shows him at fifteen deep in the mysteries of the new Platonic philosophy.

"How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mrandula) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus or Plotinus, or reciting Homer in the Greek or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed with the accents of the inspired charity-boy."

He tells us in the *Biographica Litteraria* how delighted he was if, during his wanderings about the City on half-holidays, "any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black," would enter with him into a conversation which he soon found means to direct to his favourite metaphysical topics.

Towards the close of his school career he became intimate in the family of a widow-lady, a Mrs. Evans, whose son had been his *protégé* at school. Several of his letters from Cambridge, whither he went as a sizar in 1791, are addressed to this lady and her daughters; page upon page of gay, affectionate prattle, chiefly interesting as showing that "the rapt one of the God-like forehead" could upon occasion write nonsense like any other undergraduate. "Without a swanskin waistcoat what is man?" he exclaims in one of these epistles. "I have got a swanskin waistcoat, a most attractive external." And then he goes on to narrate in detail how his mathematical master had caught a cold, "which," he says, "prevented him from giving lectures and freed me from the necessity of attending them; but this misfortune I supported with truly Christian fortitude. However, I constantly asked after his health with filial anxiety, and this morning was informed, to my infinite astonishment and vexation, that he was perfectly well and meant to give his lectures that day. Verily I declare that six of his duteous pupils, and myself as their general, sallied forth to the apothecary's house with a fixed determination to thrash him for having performed so speedy a cure; but, luckily for himself, the rascal was not at home."

His letters to both of the Misses Evans are written in this

strain, and there is nothing to indicate that already the elder of the two sisters was the object of the first and strongest passion of his life. It was this unavowed and hopeless attachment, together with the burden of debt, which drove him, in 1793, to the wild step of leaving Cambridge and going up to London. He arrived there almost penniless, and in a few days was compelled by the pressure of actual want to enlist. How the notice of his captain was attracted by a Latin quotation scrawled on the white wall of the cavalry stables at Reading, and how the scholarly dragoon was found out and restored to his friends—is not all this among the common-places of literary history?

We have some letters of this date to his elder brother, the Rev. George Coleridge, written in a vein of almost abject self-reproach. Coleridge was always so ready to cry *mea Culpa*, that in spite of the sincerity of his penitence, it ceases to impress us. It is too facile to be lasting. But one of these letters is particularly interesting from the insight it gives us into the state of his religious convictions at this time.

"I had too much vanity to be a Christian, and too much tenderness of nature to be altogether an infidel. Fond of the dazzle of wit, fond of subtlety of argument, I could not read without some degree of pleasure the levities of Voltaire, or the reasonings of Helvetius; but tremblingly alive to the feelings of humanity, and susceptible to the charms of truth, my heart forced me to admire the 'beauty of holiness' in the Gospel, forced me to love the Jesus, whom my reason (or perhaps my reasonings) would not permit me to worship. Faith is neither altogether voluntary (*sic*); we cannot believe what we choose; but we can certainly cultivate such habits of thinking and acting, as will give force and effective energy to the arguments on either side."

As he himself said, his was not the nature that could long rest content with the superficial negatives of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. He was at this time, and continued to be for some years, a Unitarian—rather of the type of Channing than of Priestley. It was only by slow degrees that he accomplished the feat of metaphysical legerdemain, by which the system of Plotinus was squared to the

demands of the Orthodox creed. The reconciliation of the metaphysical theory which he had adopted with the Christian revelation, might be described as the standing pre-occupation of his life; but, to the last, his system is more Neo-Platonist than Christian. He gauged himself only too truly when he wrote :

"Though Christianity is my passion, it is too much my *intellectual* passion; and will, therefore, do me but little good in the hour of temptation and calamity."

Coleridge returned to his college early in 1794, and shortly afterwards, during a visit to Oxford, he first met one of the two men whose names were destined to be inseparably associated with his own in the history of English song. Robert Southey was then, like himself, an ardent young undergraduate, burning with enthusiasm for those political ideas, which were just then being carried out in France to so ghastly a *reductio ad absurdum*. He and his friend Lovell, a young Bristolian, had determined to form an ideal community in the virgin forests of the New World, and Coleridge, on being initiated into the scheme, at once became a more determined "Pantisocrat" than either of them. Southey and Lovell had already selected the help-mates for their wilderness life, in the persons of two Miss Frickers of Bristol. A third sister, Sara, was still disengaged, and to her Coleridge, desiring we may suppose to complete the symmetry of the arrangement, at once proceeded to engage himself. No sooner, however, had he committed himself beyond the possibility of retreat, than his love for Mary Evans, which he had almost succeeded in stifling by the pressure of new interests, asserted itself more strongly than ever. She wrote to him, it appears, such a letter as a sister might write to an erring brother, warning him against the strange new tenets he was said to have taken up. The letter bore no signature, but he guessed the writer, and quite forgetting both Sara and Pantisocracy, wrote at once to ask Miss Evans if there was any hope for him. The answer was a kind but firm refusal.

Coleridge seems to have been perfectly frank with Southey about the state of his affections, and his letters of this period throw a melancholy light upon the sequel of his married life.

"I loved her, Southey," he writes about this time, in reference to Mary Evans, "almost to madness. Her image was never absent from my mind for three years—for more than three years. My resolution has not failed, but I want a comforter. I have done nothing, I have gone into company, I endeavoured to be perpetually with Miss Brunton; I even hoped that her exquisite beauty and uncommon accomplishments might have cured one passion by another. The latter I could easily have dissipated in her absence, and so have restored my affections to her whom I do not love, but whom, by every tie of reason and honour, I ought to love."

Southey, of course, was only acting the part of an honourable man in urging his weak-willed friend to be true to his engagement, and to satisfy the expectations he had raised; but he certainly incurred a heavy responsibility by his interference on this occasion, and his behaviour in subsequent years to Coleridge's family seems to show that he realised it. The uniting of two such entirely unsuitable people as Coleridge and Sara Fricker was no trifle for a man to have on his conscience. Yet at first it seemed as though all would go well, as though the reluctant bridegroom had fairly "put his feelings on the side of his duty." The most impressible and emotional of beings, no sooner had he returned to Bristol than his vagrant fancy returned to its allegiance, and for the first few years after his marriage his letters show him enjoying an Eden of domestic happiness in his Somersetshire cottage, at Nether Stowey, near his intimate friend, Thomas Poole, to whom so many of his early letters were addressed.

The projects of Pantisocracy, it will be seen, had been finally abandoned. Southey's eminently practical nature had soon recovered from the temporary intoxication of his revolutionary dreams, and, in spite of copious and vehement remonstrances from Coleridge, he withdrew from the brotherhood. It seems that, in reply to some of Coleridge's strictures, Southey had accused him of not taking his fair

share of work in their literary partnership. Coleridge's reply is a fine specimen of unconscious humour. "You sat down and wrote," he says, "I used to saunter about and think what I should write. And," he adds in all seriousness, "we ought to appreciate our comparative industry by the quantum of mental exertion, not the particular mode of it ; by the number of thoughts collected, not by the number of lines through which those thoughts are diffused."

An apology of this kind may fairly be made for a man by his friend ; but it is a bad sign when he begins to make it for himself, and especially a man who can write thus, with sad self-knowledge, of his own case :—

"There is a vice of such powerful venom that one grain of it will poison the overflowing goblet of a thousand virtues. This vice constitution seems to have engrained in me, habit has made it almost omnipotent—it is indolence."

But at this early period of his life this constitutional vice of his was not yet handicapped by its fatal ally, the soul-enslaving habit which has left a permanent cloud upon his name. There was a radiance and charm of genius and conscious power about him that, wherever he went, simply carried people off their feet. This appears in the description of Dorothy Wordsworth, who, with her brother, met him for the first time in the summer of 1177.

"You had a great loss," she writes to a friend, "in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is, for about three minutes ; he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing half-curling, rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but gray, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression, but it speaks every motion of his animated mind, it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows and an overhanging forehead."

Within a few weeks of Wordsworth's first meeting with Coleridge, he and his sister gave a practical proof of their
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appreciation of their new friend's society, by moving to Nether Stowey, in order to be near him. In their daily walks among the Quantock hills the two poets elaborated that theory of poetry which the *Lyrical Ballads* were to illustrate. Coleridge tells us, in his *Biographia Literaria*, how the idea grew up that each of them should illustrate one of the two cardinal aspects of poetry ; those which we might term the romantic and the realistic. In the first the appeal is to the active fancy, the shaping imagination, the awe of the unknown ; the realm of the weird and the wonderful, the twilight sphere of

The airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and stones and boundless wildernesses.

This Coleridge took for his province, and illustrated with marvellous power in the *Ancient Mariner*. But poetry has another, and for some of us a more important, province not merely to call up before us an ideal world, but to reveal to us the true meaning of the world we live in, not to carry us away in some enchanted bark of poesy "to perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn," but "to give the charm of novelty to things of everyday, and to awake a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us : an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes which see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

It is impossible more justly to express the value of Wordsworth's poetry, consisting as it does in that high, that only true realism, which, beneath all accidents, penetrates to the essential verities of things ; which, found in the daleman's cottage and with the leech gatherer on the lonely moor, food for that "admiration, hope and love," by which alone our spirits live. All that is best in the most characteristic literary movement of our day, all that delights us in the delicate and sympathetic work of the artists who have given us *A Window in Thrums*, and *Bogland Studies*, and *A New*

England Nun, may be traced to the influence that Coleridge, with his unflinching critical insight, so finely expounds.

Among Coleridge's own contributions to the *Lyrical Ballads*, the *Ancient Mariner* stands out unique in more senses than one. It is not merely a *tour de force* in the *genre fantastique*. It is penetrated at the same time with the tender and passionate spirit of the poet, who knew how to infuse into it an ethical significance which places it on entirely a different plane from that of the mere metrical romance. But, moreover, it is remarkable among Coleridge's work as exemplifying for once, and in a marked degree, all the qualities in which his poetry is usually most deficient. As Mr. Traill well says in his monograph on Coleridge :

"Perfect consistency of plan and complete equality of execution, brevity, self-restraint, and an unerring sense of artistic propriety, these are the chief notes of the *Ancient Mariner*, as they are not the chief notes of any poem of Coleridge's before or since."

In fact, the ballad enjoys the distinction of being the only considerable enterprise of its author that was ever finished.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that he did not work very much in this vein—one, which all experience goes to show, is rapidly exhausted. But that his poetic gift should have left him so utterly, that the *Ode to Dejection*, in 1802, remains as "the swansong of his genius," the last flicker of an expiring flame, is a phenomenon which, however we may seek to explain it by his growing absorption in speculative theology or current politics, probably finds its true solution in the baleful influence that was even then beginning to overshadow his life.

A brilliant contemporary writer has remarked that the didactic bent, the preaching and teaching disposition, has a marked tendency to perpetuate itself from generation to generation. So Coleridge, the son of a clergyman and schoolmaster, was conscious all his life long of the vocation of the teacher. It was that, probably, yet more than the *res augusta domi*, that led him to think of entering the

Unitarian ministry. At this epoch, the two Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, came forward with an offer of £150 a year, on condition that he gave up his plan of becoming a preacher, and devoted himself entirely to poetry and philosophy. Coleridge closed with the proposal, we are told, "in the act of tying one of his shoes," and towards the end of 1798 set out to study German philosophy at the fountain-head.

We have a pleasing description of him at the University of Göttingen as he appeared to a fellow student :

"It is very delightful," we are told, "to hear him sometimes discourse on religious topics for an hour together. He is much liked, notwithstanding many peculiarities. He is very liberal towards all doctrines and opinions, and cannot be put out of temper. The great fault which his friends may lament is the variety of subjects which he adopts, and the abstruse nature of his ordinary speculations."

When he accompanied some of his fellow students on a tour through the Harz Mountains,

"he never appeared to tire of mental exercise, talk seemed to him a perpetual pastime; and his efforts to inform and amuse us ended only with the cravings of hunger or the fatigue of a long march, from which neither his conversational powers nor his stoicism could protect himself and us."

This picture is one to be cherished. It is almost the last glimpse we have of Coleridge as we love to think of him—strong and buoyant in the consciousness of genius, still young, and fronting the glorious possibilities of maturity with the radiant eyes and noble forehead, so soon and so ignobly beclouded and brought low.

A great sorrow befel him during his absence from home in the death of the younger of his two children. One grows a little impatient sometimes of that almost feminine softness of heart, that perfectly sincere but terribly facile expansiveness of feeling which appear in all his correspondence; but there is something very touching as well as childishly inconsequent in that outcry of his in a letter

to his dearest friend, "My dear Poole, don't let little Hartley die before I come home!"

"A few weeks ago," he tells his wife, "an Englishman desired me to write an epitaph on an infant who had died before its christening. While I wrote it, my heart, with a deep misgiving, turned my thoughts homewards.

'Be rather, than be called, a child of God,'
Death whispered: with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast
The baby bowed without demur.
Of the kingdom of the blest
Possessor, not inheritor."

He came back to England in the summer of 1799, and his first work of any importance after his return was his admirable translation of *Wallenstein*, which, in the then prevailing ignorance of things German, fell dead from the Press. Sixteen years later, on the publication of *Christabel*, it was eagerly sought for, and ever since then has been recognised as a classic in its kind. For some months afterwards he was regularly engaged on the *Morning Post*. Stuart, the editor of that journal, was so much impressed with the value of his collaboration that he offered him half shares in his two papers to continue it. Writing long afterwards to Henry Nelson Coleridge, he said:—

"Could Coleridge and I place ourselves thirty years back, and he be so far a man of business as to write three or four hours a day, there is nothing I would not pay for his assistance. I would take him into partnership and I would enable him to make a large fortune."

Coleridge replied, however,

"that he would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds—in short, that beyond £350 a year, he considered money as a real evil."

In spite of all the time-honoured proverbs about putting Pegasus in harness and cutting blocks with a razor, one cannot help feeling that it might have been better for Coleridge and for the world had Stuart's offer been

accepted. Great indolence is not often checked or nervous excitability soothed by the "lazy reading of old folios." At his age a discipline in strenuous regular work in mental concentration might have conquered the aimless, desultory, sauntering habits in which ill weeds of all kinds grow apace, and one of the darkest and saddest chapters in English literary history might never have been written.

In the summer of 1800, he removed with his family to Greta Hall, near Keswick. Two years later, the rough sketch of his last great poem, the *Ode on Dejection*, was sent in a letter to Wordsworth. The often quoted lines—

O, Wordsworth, we receive but what we give
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Our's is her wedding garment, our's her shroud,

may be taken as a hit of his friend's philosophy. But how terribly mournful is the picture of his own state :

A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief
In word or sigh or tear.
Dear poet! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky
And its peculiar tint of yellow green.
And still I gaze, and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above in flakes and bars
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen;
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue.
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.

One cause of this hopeless melancholia was doubtless the unhappy relations into which he had drifted with his wife. That he was, at the commencement of his married life, deeply attached to her, seems evident; and it is probable that, had she been one of the "blandly adoring, gently-tearful women," of the type that George Eliot found so antipathetic, had she been one of those undiscerningly

affectionate creatures who see no fault in those they love, she might have retained his affection to the end, as she certainly did his respect. But she was critical on the weaknesses of her husband, and less appreciative of his genius, than a more imaginative or sympathetic nature would have been. When her sister and Southey came to the Lakes to live, and she had the opportunity of seeing how "ideally correct and regular," to use De Quincey's phrase, a man of genius may be, she lost patience more and more with the weak-willed, desultory, unreliable, spoiled child of genius, whom she called husband; and his very affection, seeming as it did a mere matter of temperament, and unaccompanied by any effort at sacrifice or self-denial for her and for his children, must almost have been an added offence.

Coleridge, naturally, understood nothing of this. "Confused pain," says Carlyle, long after, "looked from his eyes as in a kind of mild astonishment"; a sort of pathetic wonder at the fault that people found with him, conscious as he was of the most amiable intentions. The estrangements, the disappointments in friendship that thickened upon him as he went his downward way, caused him untold suffering, as his letters show; but he never seems to have understood that in all this he was only reaping the fruit of his want of self-control, his, no less real because unrealised, selfishness.

"Mrs. Coleridge's mind," he writes to Southey, "has very little that is bad in it; it is an innocent mind, but it is light and unimpressible, warm in anger, cold in sympathy, and in all disputes invariably projects itself forward to recriminate, instead of turning inward with silent self-questioning."

Dorothy Wordsworth, his constant friend and champion, writes on the subject to Lady Beaumont:

"We have long known how unfit Coleridge and his wife are for each other, but we had hoped that the present need his children have of his care and fatherly instruction, and the reflections of his own mind during his long absence, would have so wrought upon him that he might have returned home with comfort, ready to partake of the blessings of friendship, which

he surely has in an uncommon degree, and to devote himself to his studies and his children. Poor soul! He has had a struggle for many years, striving to bring Mrs. Coleridge to a change of temper, and something like communion with himself in his engagements. Mrs. Coleridge has many excellent qualities; she is unremitting in her attentions as a nurse to her children, and would probably have made an excellent wife for many people. He is as little fitted for her, as she is for him, and I am truly sorry for her."

But there was a graver cause than Miss Wordsworth was aware of at the root of the difference between the poet-philosopher and his thin-natured, narrowly practical wife. In 1802, Coleridge first began to take opium, as an antidote to the severe neuralgic pains from which he suffered, and by 1804, the fatal habit was confirmed. The two years in Malta, which it was hoped would benefit his health, only strengthened the evil by removing the check that the society of his friends had placed upon him, and he came back to England mentally and physically a wreck. The story of the next few years is a monotonous record of increasing demoralisation, of work undertaken and then dropping uncompleted from his nerveless fingers, of friends estranged, and opportunities lost. A separation from his wife was arranged, and the annuity of £150 which Thomas Wedgwood had granted him, was made over for the use of his family. They soon, however, lost the benefit of this, as after Thomas Wedgwood's death the annuity was withdrawn by the surviving brother, who might reasonably consider that the conditions on which it had been granted were no longer being fulfilled.

During the miserable years from 1810 to 1816, we find him sometimes in London or in Bristol, doing miscellaneous literary work, and delivering those lectures on the English poets, which, confused and ill-arranged as they are, contain some of the finest literary criticism in the language. Sometimes he would disappear entirely, and his friends would hear nothing of him for months.

"Can you," Southey writes to Cottle, in 1814, "tell me anything of Coleridge? A few lines of introduction for a son of

Mr. —, of St. James's in your city, are all I have received from him since I saw him last September twelvemonth in town. He may find men who will give him board and lodging for the sake of his conversation—but who will pay his other expenses? I cannot but anticipate some shameful and dreadful end to this deplorable course. The children being thus left entirely to chance, I have applied to his brothers at Ottery concerning them, and am in hopes through their means, and the assistance of other friends, of sending Hartley to college."

The generous protection which Southey extended at this crisis to his sister-in-law and her children, is one of the few bright points in this gloomy history. The depths to which by this time the unhappy man had sunk are partially revealed in this letter to a Bristol friend, Josiah Wade :

"Dear Sir—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend, much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused—accept, however, my gratitude for your forgiveness and your prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been endeavouring to beat off pain by constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to heaven, from which his crimes exclude him. In a word, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that he who offends in one point is guilty of all, very harsh, but I have now found the awful and tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crimes have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker and to my benefactors; injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children, self-contempt for my repeated promise; breach, nay, too often actual falsehood! After my death I entreat that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness and of its guilty cause may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the dreadful example."

But enough of this. As his latest biographer says, the circumstances of Coleridge's fall may, alas! too easily be paralleled. What is unique in the case is, that after sinking to such a depth he did at length achieve a hopeful though a limited and partial recovery. He did perceive at last that the only hope of salvation for him lay in putting himself under some friendly but firm restraint; and he was fortunate enough to find exactly what he needed with the Gilmans of

Highgate, whose name should ever be honoured by lovers of English poetry, for the part they played in restoring this unhappy genius to himself. From this time on he lived a tranquil and, in many ways, a fruitful life, influencing by his writings, and even more perhaps by his conversation, the minds of some who were to influence most deeply the following generation. The modest home that sheltered him became a place of devout pilgrimage to many a young enthusiast like Sterling or Carlyle. He must have felt in all its bitterness the Nemesis of his own sin, when his eldest son, his beloved Hartley, succumbed to the temper a mental weakness which he had inherited. But, apart from this great sorrow and from the fret of certain pecuniary cares, which, however, were lightened to him through the generosity of his guardians, these later years must have been for him "a season of calm weather," doubly welcome to that "heavy-laden, high-aspiring" soul. Even at his worst he had never lost his love of goodness—his failure was in weakness, not in perversity of the will; and so it was granted even to him, after long and seeming hopeless conflict, to attain unto peace.

In one of the last letters that he ever wrote he says :

"I have been for more than eighteen months on the brink of the grave, the object of my wishes, only not of my prayers, because I commit myself to an Omniscient, All-merciful, in whom are the issues of life and death—not *fate*; no God as imagined by the Unitarians, a sort of I know not what law-giving law of gravitation, to whom prayer would be as idle as to the law of gravitation if an undermined wall were falling on one, but a God who seeketh that which is lost, who calleth back that which had gone astray, who became man that for poor fallen mankind He might not merely announce, but *be*, the Resurrection and the Life."

This extract is sufficient to show how far the thought of Coleridge had travelled since the days when he contemplated entering the Unitarian ministry. Shortly before his death he wrote :

"I own I wish life and strength had been spared me to complete my philosophy. For as God hears me, the originating, continuing, and sustaining wish and design in my heart,

were to exalt the glory of His name. But *visum aliter Deo*, and His will be done."

The end, when it came, was typical of what his life had been. Thirty-six hours of intense and continuous suffering: at the close, peace. Over his grave, in Highgate Cemetery, Wordsworth's lines might have been written:

Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his deliverance, when mercy made him
One with himself and one with them that sleep.

He did not leave any available written material for setting his system before the public. Instead of it, there were "fragments and beginnings and studies of special subjects, and philosophical notes on the margins and fly-leaves of books." These rough notes, his friend and pupil, Mr. Green, undertook the heavy task of systematising. He left behind him at his death a work, in manuscript, entitled *The Spiritual Philosophy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, the first part of which expounds the general principles of Coleridge's transcendental philosophy, while the second attempts to bring these principles into harmony with the received theology of the English Church. This philosophy bears a close affinity with that of Schelling, though Coleridge always declared that the principles of it were fixed in his mind before he became acquainted with the works of the German transcendentalists. In his system, the Neo-platonic triad—Being, Reason, and Energy—correspond with the three persons of the Trinity—the Father, the Word, and the Spirit. The *Logos* he defines as Objective Deity, and the Holy Spirit's relation to the Father and the Son is that of Action to Being and Knowledge. He holds that the Word, Logos, or Intuitive Reason, is by the Spirit immanent in humanity, and thus all human spirits are essentially one with the Word. The processes by which a semi-pantheistic mysticism is elaborated into conformity with the doctrinal system of the English Church are such as only an intellect trained in the mazes of dialectic can follow.

"No candid student of the Coleridgean philosophico-theology," says Mr. Traill, "not being a professed disciple,

will deny that he is often compelled to formulate its positions and recite its processes in somewhat of the same modest and confiding spirit as animates those youthful geometricians who learn their Euclid by heart."

Coleridge's system is, in the estimation of most of those who have studied it, little but a splendid air-bubble; and the influence he exerted on such men as Sterling, Hare, and Maurice was probably more merely personal than either he or they suspected. It was not definite teaching that these ardent young minds gained from the Highgate sage, in the calm sunset of his troubled day, so much as the inspiration drawn from contact with that eager, subtle, and delicate spirit, from the example of one "who alone in those dark days had saved his crown of spiritual manhood, escaping from the black materialisms and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality,' still his."

ART. V.—TENNYSON'S KING ARTHUR.

1. *Idylls of the King*. TENNYSON. Macmillan. 1859-1886.
2. *Tennyson*. STOPFORD BROOKE. Isbister. 1894.
3. *Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story*. Professor MACCALLUM. Maclehose. 1894.

THE new interest in Arthurian literature dates from the beginning of this century. Many causes seem to have been working together to produce that result. The impetus given to the study of the classics by the Renaissance had almost spent itself, and events at home awakened a new interest in our own affairs. The poets of the new century began to find their inspiration at home, in the England of their own day. Our national life was consolidated and intensified. This movement of thought culminated about the middle of this century.

The victories of Wellington and Nelson seemed to awaken the memory of the brave days of old. They brought back to our remembrance the half-forgotten deeds of our fellow countrymen. Within two years of the battle of Waterloo two editions of the *Morte d'Arthur* were published; and since then the interest taken in Arthurian literature of all kinds has deepened every year. Sir Walter Scott did more than any other man to popularise the stories of Romance. A slight acquaintance with either his prose writings or his poetical works, is sufficient to show that he drank deep at that well. Bishop Heber, a personal friend of Scott, wrote a long unfinished poem, called *Morte Arthur*, which was a failure, because he laid emphasis on the externals of the story. He was dazzled by the magic and glamour of it, and so failed to see its deeper significance and its capacities for modern treatment. Wordsworth came under the spell of the Arthurian literature in his college days. Before he had found out what was to be his life-work, he had thought to—

settle on some British theme, some old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung.

Prophets and wise men said in the old times that Arthur should come again. And has he not come again—"come again, and thrice as fair?" In modern poetry, fiction, art and music, "in every change by which the thoughts of men are widened and their hearts enlarged," we find, again and again, the influence of Arthur—"blameless king and stainless man." Tennyson (*Idylls*), Matthew Arnold (*Tristram and Iseult*), Swinburne (*Tristram of Lyonesse*), and William Morris (*Defence of Guinevere*), have all borrowed from the storehouse of Arthurian literature. Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, and Millais, have all been touched by the spirit of these old legends. It requires no great penetration to see that many of Kingsley's heroes are Round-table knights in modern dress. A short jacket and a deer-stalker have been substituted for a coat of mail and a crested helmet, but the men are the same. Knightly strength, manly courtesy, "muscular Christianity," are the chief virtues of men like

Amyas Leigh and Tom Thurnall. Grace Harvey is a modern Elaine.

Our own time, too, has seen its Arthurs. Italy found her Arthur in Garibaldi, Hungary in Kossuth, and down-trodden Poland in Koseiusko. General Gordon was a hero of the same type. Surely, if any man ever kept the vow that Arthur's knighthood swore, he did. He rode about redressing human wrongs, he honoured his own word as if his God's, he spake no slander, no, nor listened to it. As we read again the sweet story of Elaine who sought out Lancelot and patiently nursed him and endured through weary days the ill-temper of a strong man in his sickness, we are reminded that this toil-worn century can show us a nobler deed. We think of Florence Nightingale and the men who rose up on their sick-beds in the hospital wards of Scutari and "blessed her shadow as she passed." We are reminded of many another noble life, less known to fame, but spent in the same self-forgetting acts of mercy. The mere mention of such words as "Lucknow," "The Birkenhead," "The Victoria Cross," makes us feel that the knightly noble spirit of our forefathers has not yet died out, and there are men still among us who come within measurable distance of our great national ideal. The trappings of chivalry are gone, the chivalrous spirit is with us still.

Here then was the capacity to appreciate whatever was best and most enduring in the ideals of chivalry. The time called loudly for a man who could translate those ideals into modern speech and show their bearing on the living present. Along with a deepened interest in the stirring life of the present, there had arisen a new sympathy with all that was allied to it in the past. The problem was, to show the connection between these two—to give artistic expression to what was permanent in both. It was a difficult task; but by natural endowment and temperament and training, Alfred Tennyson was supremely fitted for it. He has not merely told us a story from an old book. It is a tale which beats and throbs with life—life as we

know it. It is full of a deep meaning for us. It answers the need of the present hour.

Let us look at some of Tennyson's qualifications as an exponent of the Arthurian story, and the capacities of the story for modern treatment. In the first place, when the best of the Idylls were written, Tennyson was in close touch with the time. The ideal Englishman of the middle of this century was the patriot-soldier, of whom the great Duke was the type—

The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Great in council and great in war.

The heroes who suppressed the mutiny, the men who

Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land,

were held in highest honour and esteem, provided they were English, with English sympathies and English prejudices. Probably that ideal will never again take the foremost place in the estimation of our people, for the walls of partition which divide nation from nation are slowly giving way. Time and space are shrinking. The physical world becomes less and less. Things are making for a better patriotism: for the broader, deeper sympathies of the Kingdom of God. But that soldier-patriot ideal was one with which Tennyson was in completest sympathy. He had an intense whole-hearted admiration for such a character, and that intense belief is the first qualification of a great poet. Here was the very hero he required, and a story ready to hand, through which he could give expression to what he felt most keenly. And there was something in the national character of these legends which was exactly suited to give expression to the patriotic ideal of that time. So completely has the story of Arthur become identified with the interests of what we call "England," that we forget its true origin. The original Arthur was a British prince; his story was the Iliad of the Celtic people. But Tennyson's Arthur is a modern English gentleman. Whatever their origin, nearly all Tennyson's characters are English when they

leave his hands. Paris, C  none, Ulysses—they are all English. The “modern touches here and there” are not inserted as an after-thought to redeem them from a dead past. They are part of the man.

But Tennyson was more than “a modern gentleman.” He not only had a vivid realization of the needs of the present, he had an intense sympathy with the past—at least with an idealized past. He had an eye for everything in it which made for order and good government. His patriotism always looked backwards. It was the self-complacent patriotism of after-dinner speeches. Here was a subject exactly suited to his genius—an idealized King of an idealized England—and he gave it the love of a life-time. When a great poet gives fifty years of patient sympathetic study to these old legends, is it any wonder that they whisper their secret and central meaning to him? Their very soul was laid bare to him, their eternal message made known to him. And there is nothing parochial in that; it is truth for all time, and for every land.

This fusion of past and present is always going on; the relations of the permanent and the transient always cry aloud for re-adjustment and re-statement. Every generation seems to be a time of change and transition to those who live in it. The old order is always changing.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

And it always seems to some that “all of high and holy dies away” with the old order. It is not so. The secret of the Idylls, true for all time, is the immortality of the Ideal. It changes with the changing times, but it never dies. Arthur passes—but he comes again “with all good things—and thrice as fair.” He cannot die.

Tennyson has, for the most part, kept in touch with the old legends. He has not, like Spenser, used the names of the Arthurian heroes as labels for the creatures of his own imagination. He has made much the same use of the old chronicles, as Shakespeare did in *Macbeth* and *King Lear*

and *Cymbeline*. He is indebted most of all to Geoffrey of Monmouth and Malory. The two idylls of Geraint were taken from Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Welsh *Mabinogion*.

But it must not be supposed that Tennyson has merely versified the stories which he found ready to hand. He made many additions and omissions, the reasons of which will appear presently, and the final result is his own. The completed *Idylls* are like a grand new building of splendid proportions, but the stones are old. Their curious carving, their huge strange shapes, give us an idea of the majestic pile of which they once formed a part. Tennyson's building is new and modern and stately; it recalls the past, but it is best suited for the present. Every line and shadow in it reminds us of the genius of a great poet-architect. The general effect is grand and overwhelming. There are defects in the details—what great building is without them?—nay, we know that the plan of construction was changed more than once before the building was completed; but the finished result is symmetrical; every part is in keeping with every other part, and with the plan of the whole.

Some have found fault with the form in which Tennyson tells his story. Mr. Ernest Rhys, for instance, says that in Tennyson, "what has been called our English epic has lost its epic proportions, and its fatal coherency, in the daintier loveliness of an idyllic presentiment." There would have been more excuse for such a criticism if it had been written thirty years ago, before the connexion of the *Idylls* with one another was made apparent. It seems to us that in Tennyson's hands, the Arthurian stories have assumed an "epic proportion" and a "fatal coherency" which they never had and never could have before. In our opinion, the idylls taken collectively form the finest epic poem which this century has produced. In the order in which they stand they form a complete cycle. From the birth of Arthur on the night of the new year, through the spring-like freshness of *Gareth and Lynette*, and the glorious summer of *Lancelot and Elaine*, and the dripping autumn

of *The Last Tournament*, to the death of the old year in *The Passing of Arthur*—all this is one self-consistent poem, epic in intention and meaning, if not strictly so in form. The first instalment of the poem—*Morte d'Arthur*—was enclosed in a piece called *The Epic*, and that piece itself was the first poem in a book of *English Idylls*. As early as 1842 Tennyson had conceived

His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books,

of which *Morte d'Arthur* was the eleventh, and he lived to work out his conception. The completed poem consists of twelve Idylls, with a prologue, *The Coming of Arthur*, and an epilogue, *The Passing of Arthur*.

It is difficult to think of any form which would have been at once so popular and so effective as that which Tennyson chose. The Idyll is read where the longer poem would have no chance. Each idyll is complete in itself, though each is part of a larger whole. What is more to the point, this form allowed of indefinite additions to the story. Every reader knows that the fourth idyll of the series, *Balin and Balan*, was published last (1886). This form, then, seems to have been a necessity of the gradual growth and development of the story in Tennyson's hands. The recent development of the prose idyll, carried out by Barrie, Crockett, "Ian McLaren," and Jane Barlow, probably received its first impetus from Tennyson. At any rate, the *Idylls of the King* did much to popularize that form of literature and reveal its great possibilities.

The first instalment of Tennyson's great work, apart from the fragment already mentioned, consisted of two idylls, *Enid and Nimuë*, *The True and the False*, which were published privately in 1857. These were quickly suppressed, but late in the following year they were published again as *Enid* and *Vivien*, along with two others, *Elaine* and *Guinevere*. Few readers at the time suspected that these were parts of a larger work. They were looked upon, for the most part, as two pairs of pictures, four types of womanhood—true love and false love, true wife and false wife.

The harlot Vivien was contrasted with the innocent Elaine; Enid, the true wife, with Guinevere, the false.* It seems more than likely that the alternative title of the first pair was partly responsible for the impression which the Idylls made upon the average reader—that these characters were studies and types of womanhood. Whether Tennyson intended it or not, they *are* types, more or less conventional. Lynette is the type of petulance, Enid of patience. No character except Lancelot is sharply defined. The individuality of each is rubbed down to make it conform to the type. The picture of Lancelot is like a Rembrandt portrait; most of the other characters remind us of a composite photograph. The background is not light but shadow. Especially is this true of the character of Arthur himself. He is too shadowy. But probably Tennyson knew his own powers, and the capabilities of the story, better than any of his critics. No fault has been found with Arthur which is not indicated in the Idylls themselves. It was neither necessary nor possible to give the characters of the Idylls the same distinct, well-defined individuality which is given, of necessity, to the characters of a great drama. We do not blame Homer because he had not the genius of Shakespeare.

This reversion to type in the evolution of the Arthurian heroes was further accentuated by another consideration. *Tennyson chose to treat the subject allegorically.* This was not at first a fixed idea in Tennyson's mind, but was partly an after-thought. It first came into distinct view in *The Holy Grail* (1869). Many incidents in that Idyll are not found in Tennyson's originals, but were invented for the sake of the allegory. This is still more true of *The Coming of Arthur* (1870), which is almost wholly allegorical; and along with *Gareth and Lynette* (1872), Tennyson published his *Envoi to the Queen*, in which his allegorical intention is plainly set forth:—

. . . . accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that grey king

° Stopford Brooke.

And if there can be any doubt after that, we have Tennyson's express declaration to his friend Knowles :* "By King Arthur I always meant the *Soul*." In all the later additions to the story, Tennyson is careful to make the allegory prominent, and the four Idylls which were published before the allegory was thought of, were altered to square with it.

In this allegory of "Sense at war with Soul," then, Arthur represents the Soul, or the Ideal—the only reality ; and the necessity for the Ideal to fulfil itself in Sense is indicated by his desire to marry Guinevere :

. for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark world to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.

If Arthur represents the Soul or the Ideal, Lancelot represents the Imagination, Merlin the Intellect, Guinevere the Heart, Vivien the Flesh. The Lady of the Lake—

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
represents the Church,—

a mist
Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
Well-nigh was hidden in the minster gloom.

There is little doubt why Tennyson chose this allegorical method. He hoped in that way to provide for the continuity of the story, to show the connection of the Idylls with each other, and thus give a kind of organic unity to the whole. But in our opinion, the defects of that method far outweigh its advantages. The allegory has a kind of intellectual interest. It is a literary curiosity. It makes an interesting puzzle for

* *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893.

those who care to hunt for hidden meanings. But that is not poetry. The surest way to spoil the pleasure of reading the *Faërie Queene* is to hunt for the double allegory. When we read the *Pilgrim's Progress* we let the allegory take care of itself. One does not object to the allegory in the *Idylls of the King*, but to the prominence which Tennyson has given to it—the anxiety which he betrays lest we should overlook it. And wherever the allegory intrudes the story loses in human interest and in dramatic power. The poet should have had more faith in the story itself. It points its own moral, it teaches its own lesson. If the allegory is ignored, the story is more interesting without it. Every reader will see in it so much meaning as he is capable of seeing—every reader will see a different meaning, each will be true and each beautiful.

The prominence of the allegory explains nearly all Tennyson's alterations of the legends. In the account of Arthur's birth, for instance, he keeps touch with the old tale as told by Bedevere, which makes him the son of Uther and Ygerne; but, for the sake of the allegory, he immediately adds the story of the naked babe lashed up to Merlin's feet by a great sea wave on the night of Uther's death, the story of

The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas.

The coming of the Soul is indicated by the poet's favourite figure. It comes as it goes—

From the great deep to the great deep.

The common people have their rumours; some say he is a "changeling out of Fairyland"; others tell

How once the wandering forester at dawn,
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
On Caer-Eryi's highest found the King,
A naked babe.

The object is, of course, to surround the birth of Arthur with a cloud, not of shame but of mysterious doubt. But

Tennyson will never allow his readers to forget that Arthur represents the Soul. Hence his whole character is nebulous. He is a brooding presence, felt, but hardly seen. He is known by his influence on others rather than his own doings. His relations with Modred are very different from Malory's account of them, because the allegory requires that he shall be the *flos regum*, the stainless king.

There are other alterations, for which the allegory is in no way responsible. All these are in keeping with the spirit of the legends. They are alterations, not distortions. They free the story from what is temporary and accidental.

Let us look at the story on its own merits then, apart from the allegory. It is no part of the object of this paper to explain the details, or to show the significance of the separate incidents of the *Idylls*, but to indicate the general drift of the story ; to lay bare, if possible, its central meaning, and to point out its message for our own generation.

In the opening lines of *The Coming of Arthur*, Tennyson gives us at once the key to the whole story. He brings together the three chief characters—Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot. They stand out in the foreground of the completed picture. The other characters serve only to throw these three into strong relief. In their mutual relations to each other we must look for the solution of the problem of the *Idylls*.

After the great battle against the Barons and the petty Kings who had disputed Arthur's claim to the throne, the young King spoke to

his warrior whom he loved
And honour'd most,

the brave Sir Lancelot, and the two

Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, ' Man's word is God in man :
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'

Then in the spring-time of the following year, Lancelot

was sent to fetch Guinevere, Arthur's bride, to the court, and before the stateliest altar shrine in Britain

the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, 'Behold thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!'

Those words are surcharged with fate. In that double love, that double trust is the making or the spoiling of a kingdom. The story which Tennyson is called to tell is the unfolding of the possibilities which lay within that double promise. And the subject is one which touches the deepest thing in his character. What Mr. John Morley calls "the ethics of the rectory parlour" were dearer than life to Alfred Tennyson. There was nothing he believed in so firmly, emphatically, earnestly, as reverence for the marriage-relationship, the holiness and sacredness of love. That was a question of supremest importance, a vital question for him; and therein lies his message for our times. All succeeding generations of Christian readers will be grateful to him for what he said, and for what he left unsaid, on that matter. If we can read the signs of the times, the greatest fight of this dying century will be round some of the issues which are necessarily raised in the treatment of a subject like this.

With this key in our hands, then, let us approach the story. Arthur begins his work in a time of anarchy and confusion:

For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.

That was all. There was no central and recognised authority;

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.

But Arthur "drew in the petty princedoms under him, and made a realm and reigned." We are introduced at once to the young king, crowned among his knights—

Few, but all brave all of one mind with him,
sharing his high hopes and carrying out his great resolves, bound to him by vows

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King.

Others may doubt, but like Lancelot, those know him for their king who have seen him when the fire of God descended on him in the battle-field. By his repeated victories, his throne is made secure; but Arthur feels that something is still wanting before he can complete his work. He has set himself an ambitious task—nothing less than a world reclaimed—

and could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then . . .
The twain together well might change the world.

But it was only on condition that he be joined with the woman he loved, with her who was "the flower of all the west and all the world." All Arthur's plans for the future, all his hopes of success depended on that. *With her*, he could "work his work wholly."

And so, in April, "in the boyhood of the year," when the land was clothed with

sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreking thro' the earth,

Lancelot was sent to fetch Arthur's bride. Many a time in after days did the queen's thoughts return to that spring-time journey with Lancelot to the court. Always, after that, she loved

The wild-wood hyacinth and the bloom of May.

—"his foot on a stool shaped as a dragon," like Michael trampling Satan. We see him

throned in hall—

His hair a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hill-snow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light.

The dream is realized, but we feel that it cannot last. It is too good to last. There is the vague presentiment of evil days to come. And somehow, we do not sympathise with Arthur. He is too great, too perfect. He lacks that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

We turn to Lancelot—"the best knight and goodliest man"—in all but the one great failure of his life, a knight peerless. He is Arthur's chief warrior and greatest friend. He, more than any other, understood "the vast design and purpose of the King" to whom he swore undying fealty on the battle-field. And yet it is he who is the cause of all the ruin. He is the type of truth warped into falsehood, honour itself rooted in dishonour. How well we seem to know him—"his broad clear brow," "his coal-black curls," "his large black eyes," his gaunt spare figure, "the mellow voice," "the high sweet smile," the bronzed and weather-beaten face

Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.

Yet there is a proud dignity and stateliness in every movement.

Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
And noblest.

Everybody wonders at the grace and versatility of the man. He is faithful to Arthur as he had sworn to be, and yet

The most disloyal friend in all the world.

He is faithful to the guilty Queen—

Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen;
and yet it was a faith unfaithful, which kept him falsely true,
and between the two his life is torn asunder.

Tennyson says all that can be said to excuse the sin of Lancelot and Guinevere. But after all it *is* sin; it is never finally excused. It was the delicate instinct of a true poet which made him send Lancelot* to bring her from her western home; and he suggests that when she first saw him, she mistook him for the King. They loved each other from the beginning. He was "a man made to be loved." There was something irresistible, inevitable, in their love. There was something noble in it too—courteous, silent, absolutely faithful. They loved all through the golden time, and the nobleness of the time pervaded their love.† And yet all the ruin is traced back to them. Lancelot is too noble, too sensitive to honour and all high things, to sin thus without self-reproach. "Another, sinning on such heights, had been the sleeker for it." But not so Lancelot. It seemed to him, as if all of pure, knightly, and noble in him twined and clung round his one sin. And in his better moments he made

Full many a holy vow and pure resolve,

to break his love for Guinevere; but the image of her queenly face "dispersed his resolution like a cloud." He cannot break his bonds. He would not if he could. As he sits by the in-running of a little brook and watches the barge that brought the body of the lily-maid move down the stream to Astolat, he says:

I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me: *not without*
She wills it.

The inevitable deterioration began there. A man cannot do such violence to his own conscience with impunity—not even Lancelot. He cannot be the same man after that. The interest dies out of his life. He cares no longer for name or fame, or anything. He goes about the court "in half disdain at love, life, all things." He sits in Arthur's place at the last tournament, but it is nothing to him. He is like "one who sits and gazes on a faded fire, when all

* In Malory's tale, it is Merlin who brings her to the court.

† Stopford Brooke.

the goodlier guests are past away." The struggle with his better self is over. It has ended for the present in defeat. There is now "the quiet content of accepted guilt."

The sin of Lancelot and the Queen did not end with them. We can trace its mark through every Idyll. The whole story works out the consequences of that one sin. The moral of the completed Idylls is summed up in that. We saw it in the drooping eyelids of the Queen on the wedding-day; she was thinking of Lancelot then. Their guilty love began to be whispered about the court; it was only a whisper, a vague suspicion—"there lived no proof." But for one of Arthur's bravest knights, the moody Geraint, there is an end to peace; and faith in life and love are no more to *him*.

Then comes Balin, who had fought with his anger for years; and he thinks if only the peerless queen would help him, he might succeed. But a breath of suspicion undoes everything. If Guinevere is false and Lancelot a traitor, then there can be no faith in man or woman for him. This atmosphere of suspicion is the very life of the harlot Vivien, the most repulsive of Tennyson's characters. "There is no being pure" to her; no fair name is left unsullied where she comes. "She left not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean." Even grey Merlin, with all his years and all his wisdom, yields to her shameful enticements, and Arthur's best adviser is "lost to name and fame and all things."

What his sin had done for Lancelot we have seen. But for the shackles of that old love, he could have married the one woman who was worthy of him, the lily maid of Astolat. But his sin and Guinevere's killed her. She was the last and dearest victim. Not Lancelot only, but many another knight was startled into the hope of better things by the pure dead face of Elaine;—

And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot.

Then came the Quest of the Holy Grail, which seemed to some a movement toward better things. But Arthur thought

otherwise. It left him with "a barren board and a lean Order." The leaven of goodness was gone from his court, and those who were best able to right the wronged and succour the oppressed were "following wandering fires." The chance of noble deeds came and went unchallenged—the glory of the Round Table was no more. The king felt that his goodly fellowship could never be the same again. The severance between good and evil declared by the Holy Grail was never healed. The life had gone—only the shell remained. The knights had lost their reverence for the king. Arthur could not fail to notice that, though his very nobleness, his utter trust, made him blind to the cause of it—

their vows—

First mainly thro' that sullyng of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood.

It was her "disloyal life" that "wrought confusion in the Table Round." The material that was left was such as Modred could work with. The way was opened up for his treachery. The life at court was the same outwardly—fair without, rotten within. The poison is working and spreading—the poison of that one secret sin. The tournaments go on and ladies smile; but Innocence is dead, and purity in man or woman is a byword. Others, less worthy, less noble than Guinevere and Lancelot, take foul examples from fair names; and the same sin in them is fouler, baser, because it contains no element of honour or nobleness to redeem it. Tristram and Isolt had "crown'd warrant for their crowning sin." Their love, as Tennyson paints it, is death to all virtue and goodness. The poison had spread. The worm within the rose had done its work. "Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court," the heathen rose against Arthur again, and made their last stand in the north. When Arthur leaves, with the best of his younger knights, to quell the insurrection, we are not surprised that the end comes quickly. Lancelot fled to France: Guinevere took refuge at Almesbury.

The last interview between Arthur and his shamed and ruined wife is wholly of Tennyson's creation. In that he

reaches the high-water mark of all his poetry. The poet himself said to his friend Knowles:* "*Maud* and *Guinevere* are the finest things I've written." We hear the rolling majesty of the king's accusation and forgiveness. He goes over all the old sad story, the treachery, the sin, the grief of it, the wrong to friendship and to faith—the pang that made his tears burn. He tells her how she has spoilt the purpose of his life. "The loathsome opposite of all my heart had destined did obtain, and all through thee!" Yet, "I forgive thee as Eternal God forgives." As he pours forth the language of his broken heart over the prostrate form of that proud queen who was "the fairest under heaven," his voice is "monotonous and hollow, like a ghost's"—terrible with doom. He has been brought to ruin by the two he loved best in all the world. One scene looms darkly through the mist, which he must face. It is "that last dim weird battle of the west." There is nothing in the *Idylls* approaching in grandeur and depth of feeling to the description of that last battle "in the sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse." We read it with quickened breath, as if we felt the thick cold mist which clings to the earth "like a face-cloth to the face." And at evening, when the wind blows up from the sea and clears the heavy mist, and reveals the heaps of slain and wounded men, it shows us two men still unhurt—Arthur and Modred. Each flies at the other, and Arthur, with the last stroke of Excalibur, strikes the traitor dead. The king himself, sorely wounded, is carried to a ruined chapel near at hand. He is a king yet, and, king-like, he compels the bold Sir Bedevere to do what he would hardly have done for love's or duty's sake—

. . if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.

When the sword had been given up to the unseen powers who entrusted him with it, Arthur is carried to the margin of the mere, where waits a barge, all draped from

stem to stern in black, and is carried away by the three fair queens who stood before him at his crowning,

To the island-valley of Avilion
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

And Bedevere watched the barge until it became a little speck on the horizon,

And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

Tennyson has woven about the story of Arthur a tragic fatefulness which has never been surpassed. The atmosphere of the *Idylls* is wholly modern. No early romancer, no mediæval writer ever dreamed of such a fate. Not one of them could have seen the meaning in the story which Tennyson saw, and which he compels us to see. The awful consequences of one damning secret sin have never been so sternly, so pitilessly represented. And yet, for the evildoers themselves, we have nothing but pity. The better self in each was triumphant at last. Lancelot is none the less courteous, chivalrous, noble, because his sin has had such terrible consequences. Guinevere comes out of the fiery trial every inch a queen. Her sin was great, and so was her repentance. The King's divine forgiveness and the assurance of his great hope for her are the beginning of a new life for Guinevere. They have revealed to her at last Arthur's true nature. She sees him now for what he is—"the highest and most human too," and

We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

As for Arthur—the great purpose of his life is broken. His realm has "reeled back into the beast." But *he* is not conquered. His honour is unsullied, his purity untarnished, his sword without a stain. All that is spiritual in his kingship abides—"all that is allied to what abides within the veil." His faith wavers once—but that was his testing agony—not to recur. The poem ends with a great hope, like a resurrection hope. Leodogran's dream is fulfilled. The King stands out in heaven, crown'd. His first and latest knight hails him as King among the dead, King in the life beyond—King everywhere !

ART. VI.—ADAM SMITH.

Life of Adam Smith. By JOHN RAE. London : Macmillan & Co. 1895.

AMID the current controversies respecting the scope, the aims, the methods of political economy, and the position of economics in the wider and more complex science of society, no suggestion has been oftener made than that the world should turn for guidance from the confusion into which it has been brought by his disciples and their enemies to the master mind of Adam Smith. "Back to Smith" is the cry which reaches us from France, from Italy, from the United States ; and even in Germany the sneers at "Smithianisms" are less frequent and much feebler as the years go by. It is a striking testimony to the greatness of the man, and to the paramount position still retained by his immortal work. In vain, however, shall we turn for guiding-light upon these questions to the *Wealth of Nations*. That incomparable book does not deal with what we may regard as the prolegomena to political economy, and it is around these preliminaries that the present conflict mainly rages. Smith's masterpiece can hardly be called a scientific treatise. It is rather a series of philosophical dissertations on the nature and the causes of the wealth of nations. Its aim, and its effect, was chiefly destructive ; it overthrew the prevalent economic systems and cleared the way for the expanding forces of industrial and commercial life. In the intellectual sphere it also cleared the ground for truth, rooting up the errors and the prejudices of many generations, and leaving us "a permanent possession in the judicious analyses of economic facts and ideas, the wise practical suggestions, and the luminous indications of all kinds with which the work abounds." But a scientific treatise it is not, nor at that period could it well have been. The work was part of an elaborate design,

for the carrying out of which the materials did not then and do not yet exist. Like Bacon, and indeed like most noble minds in youth, Smith had taken all knowledge to be his province. Not content with writing on natural theology, on ethics, and economics, he had planned and partly written a great work on jurisprudence, and laid out the scheme of a connected history of all the arts and sciences, and of the general intellectual progress of mankind. In his extant writings, indeed, there are numerous anticipations of a general sociology, both statical and dynamical, quite wonderful for the period. But, like Goethe, Smith discovered that if a man is to accomplish anything he must limit himself; and so his fame has been restricted to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* and to the *Wealth of Nations*. Many of the materials gathered with a view to his more comprehensive plans, however, were incorporated into his masterpiece, and it is largely to these extraneous and miscellaneous materials that the *Wealth of Nations* owes its interestingness and worth. It is a wonderful book, one of the world's books, a book, for all its imperfections, full of vital signs that it was born for immortality. Its breadth of view, its amplitude of historical information, its wealth of illustration drawn from actual life, its pure and homely style and diction, its sympathy with the enlarging aims and brightening hopes of the industrial and commercial world, the powers of reasoning and of judgment, and the earnest spirit of humanity displayed throughout have made the book so interesting, so persuasive, so nourishing, and so enriching to the understanding and the heart, that it cannot lose its place in literature or seriously depreciate in value and importance as a storehouse of political and economic truth. Buckle went too far when he declared it to be "in its ultimate results probably the most important book that ever has been written." Sir James Mackintosh, whose estimate of its author has been so often quoted, was much nearer the mark. "I have known Adam Smith slightly, Ricardo well, and Malthus intimately. Is it not something to say for a science, that its three greatest masters were

about the three best men I ever knew?" And of the book itself, he said: "It stands on a level with the treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and the *Spirit of Laws* in the respect that these four books are severally the most conspicuous landmarks in the progress of the sciences with which they deal;" adding that "the *Wealth of Nations* is perhaps the only book which produced an immediate, general, and irreversible change in some of the most important parts of the legislation of all civilised states." Its teachings have settled down into the common sense of the nations. The more we compare its author with those who went before him and those who came after him, the more excellent, Professor Marshall thinks, his genius appears. The general impression left upon the mind with respect to the author by a study of this widely influential book is that of a large, generous, and well-balanced nature laden with the fruits of observation and of study, rich in knowledge, fairness, common-sense, interested keenly in affairs, and bent upon the freedom and the happiness of man.

That nothing in the shape of a complete biography of such a man should have been attempted until Mr. Rae took up his pen to write his *Life of Adam Smith*, is barely credible. One would have thought that a thousand Scottish pens, at all events, would have leaped from their receptacles to avert the possibility of such an hiatus in the national literature. Of Hume, of Scott, of Burns, and of many a lesser luminary, the world has long since heard as much, perhaps, as can be known; but a century after his death you look in vain, outside the pages of this book, for an adequate account of Adam Smith. The chief source of information hitherto has been the memoir read by Dugald Stewart to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1793, and subsequently published by him with additional notes. During the century many particulars respecting Smith, and a number of his letters, have found their way into print, and much more information is still hidden away in the archives of the various institutions and societies with which he was connected. In

preparing his work, Mr. Rae has had access to all these sources, as well as to many private documents bearing on Smith's career, in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, Professor R. O. Cunningham, of Queen's College, Belfast, and others ; and he has ransacked all the eighteenth century memoirs and biographies, French and British, where references and allusions to Smith were likely to be found. The result is now before us in the admirable volume in which, for the first time, we are able to trace out the steps by which the great economist attained to eminence and influence in the world of action and of thought. Mr. Rae, as we think wisely, has restricted himself almost entirely to the life of Smith. Discussions as to the validity of his doctrines abound. What was needed was a fuller picture of the man, and completer information as to his career, and these the author has now furnished in a work which, as it is the first, is likely to remain the standard, life of this great thinker and most interesting man. Much piquancy and picturesqueness have been imparted to the narrative by graphic descriptions of the social circles and surroundings in the midst of which his life was spent.

Kirkcaldy, where the great economist was born in 1723, was then a thriving little town of 1,500 inhabitants. From the variety of its industries it was an excellent observatory from which a keen-eyed and observant boy could learn to look out on the world of manufacture and of trade. It had its colliers and its salters, its shippers trading with the Baltic, and a naillery or two, which Smith was fond of visiting as a boy, and from which he gathered his first rough ideas of the value of the division of labour. His father, Adam Smith, W.S., was a native of Aberdeen. From the fact that he was the first to be appointed Judge Advocate for Scotland, an office of considerable responsibility created at the Union in 1706, we may infer that he was a man of parts and character, and from the fact that at the time of his premature decease, in 1723—a few months before his famous son and only child was born—he was Comptroller of Customs in the Kirkcaldy district, an office that was no sinecure at a time when duties

were levied on 1,200 articles, we may gather that he was a man of business habits and executive ability. Smith's mother was a Douglas of Strathendry, near Leslie on the banks of the Leven, the family being considerable landed proprietors in the county of Fife. She was the heart of his life. His friends often spoke of the beautiful affection with which he cherished her ; the tender care with which she nourished him during his delicate infancy being repaid with interest by the filial gratitude and unwearying attentions of his after years. When three years old he was kidnapped by a passing band of gipsies, and only rescued after an exciting and for some time fruitless chase. As the boy grew up his health improved, and, in due course, he was sent to the Burgh School, one of the best secondary schools in Scotland, and under one of the best of masters. From his earliest years he showed great fondness for books, and a most retentive memory ; his friendly disposition rendering him very popular among his schoolfellows. In 1737 he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where for three years he sat at the feet of such men as Dunlop and Simson and Hutcheson. Under Alexander Dunlop, a man of fine taste and scholarship, he added a little Greek to the much Latin he had acquired at Kirkcaldy ; and under Robert Simson, a man of original if eccentric genius, who enjoyed a European reputation as the restorer of the geometry of the ancients, he greatly extended his knowledge of mathematics. Indeed, so deeply was he impressed by Simson, that he might easily have narrowed his mind, and given up to mathematics what was meant for mankind, had he not also come under the still more potent spell of Francis Hutcheson, a thinker of great original power and unrivalled as a lecturer. From Hutcheson he received that impetus towards ethics and towards economics which determined and directed all the after current of his life.

“Outside the walls of the College, Hutcheson was attacked as a ‘new light’ fraught with dangers to all accepted beliefs, but he was worshipped like an idol by the younger generation inside the walls. . . . His immediate predecessor, Professor

Gershom Carmichael, the reputed father of the Scottish Philosophy, was still a Puritan of the Puritans, wrapped in a gloomy Calvinism, and desponding after signs that would never come. But Hutcheson belonged to a new era which had turned to the light of Nature for guidance, and had discovered by it the good and benevolent deity of the eighteenth century, who lived only for human welfare, and whose will was not to be known from mysterious signs and providences, but from a broad consideration of the greater good of mankind—'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' Hutcheson was the original author of that famous phrase."

Smith was only in his first year at Glasgow, when the local Presbytery set the whole University in a ferment by prosecuting Hutcheson for teaching these deistic doctrines, and he could not have taken an active part in the defence that was set up for him by the students; but he could not have been uninfluenced by the controversy, and we know that he shared the religious optimism of his master in philosophy to the end of his days. Hutcheson's name does not occur in any history of Political Economy, but he constantly lectured on the subject.

"His doctrine was essentially the doctrine of industrial liberty with which Adam Smith's name is associated, and in view of the claims set up on behalf of the French Physiocrats that Smith learned that doctrine in their school, it is right to remember that he was brought in contact with it in Hutcheson's class-room some twenty years before any of the Physiocrats had written a line on the subject, and that the very first ideas on economic subjects which were presented to his mind contained in germ—and in very active and sufficient germ—the very doctrines about liberty, labour, and value, on which his whole system was afterwards built."

If Adam Smith was any man's disciple he was Hutcheson's. Under his tuition he made such rapid progress in the path of philosophical inquiry, that in his sixteenth year he won from David Hume (his greatest friend in after years) a hearty commendation for his abstract of that deep thinker's *Treatise of Human Nature*. Hume sent the young student a copy of the work, which was promptly confiscated by the authorities at Balliol College, Oxford, to which Smith had

been sent as a Snell Exhibitioner, and where he remained for six years without once leaving the city.

There is no evidence that, as often stated, he intended to take orders in the Church of England. The purpose of the founder of the Snell Exhibitions, that the holders of them should enter holy orders, was frustrated by the Revolution settlement, which made "the Church in Scotland" Presbyterian, and the original condition has never been enforced. The last attempt to impose it was made during Smith's own tenure and failed. Many distinguished men, including Sir William Hamilton, Lockhart, and Archbishop Tait, have held these exhibitions, but none of them in circumstances so unfavourable as Smith's. His residence at Oxford fell in a time of mental stagnation. Bishop Butler, who went there as a student in 1714, tells us that he could get nothing to satisfy his thirst for knowledge but "frivolous lectures and unintelligible disputations." A generation later he could not even have got that; for Smith tells us that the lecturers in his time had given up all pretence of lecturing. "Every man consented that his neighbour might neglect his duty, provided that he himself were allowed to neglect his own." Compared with Glasgow, with its new ideas and abounding intellectual life, Oxford might well seem to be "a sanctuary in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices find shelter and protection after they have been hunted out of every corner of the world." But, if he was taught little, the young Scotch student learnt much at Oxford. He read deeply and widely and in many languages. He also laboured to improve his English style by the practice of translation, chiefly from the French. For the purpose of wide reading and quiet study, Smith was happily situated at Balliol. Balliol was not then as now a reading college, but it had one great advantage; it possessed one of the best college libraries in the University. The Bodleian was not then open to any one under the rank of Bachelor of Arts of two years' standing, and Smith did not take this degree until within a few months of his leaving Oxford never to return. But in the Balliol library he had free range, and he availed

himself of the privilege, to the great enlargement and enrichment of his mind, but also to the permanent enfeeblement of his health. More than once in his letters home he refers to "an inveterate scurvy and shaking of the head," for which he is using tar-water, according to the prescription of Bishop Berkeley. The new remedy does not appear to have been entirely effectual. The shaking of the head continued to his dying day.

Enervated by the Oxford marshes and exhausted by excessive study, awkward, abstracted, undecided as to his career, but with his eye most probably upon a travelling tutorship and eventually upon an academic chair, Smith returned to Scotland in the autumn of 1746, and for the next few years he remained with his mother in Kirkcaldy. Dreams of one day figuring as a poet now invaded "Adam's unpoetic head"—dreams which happily were soon dispersed. Under the auspices of Lord Kames, then Mr. Henry Home, the arbiter of taste in Scotland, his æsthetic impulses and literary powers found other and more profitable exercise. He edited the poems of William Hamilton of Bangour, the author of what Wordsworth calls "that exquisite ballad, *The Braes of Yarrow*." He also delivered two courses of public lectures in Edinburgh, one on English literature, a subject which the Union had made popular, and which was still "the mode;" the other on political economy, in which he advocated the doctrines of industrial and commercial liberty received from Hutcheson, and afterwards expanded and expounded by himself. These first attempts at lecturing bore fruit almost immediately; for, on the strength of them, he was appointed shortly afterwards, first, to the Chair of Logic, and then to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. This position he occupied for nearly twelve years—a period which, long afterwards, in thanking his old University for the rectorship conferred upon him, he declared to have been "by far the most useful, and therefore by far the happiest and most honourable period" of his life.

When he went there (in 1751), Glasgow was a mere

provincial town of 23,000 inhabitants. Broom still grew on the Broomielaw; a few cobbles were the only craft on the river, the whole of the tonnage dues before the deepening of the Clyde being only eight pounds a year, and for weeks together not a single vessel with a mast would be seen on the water.

"But," adds Mr. Rae, "Glasgow had already begun its transition from the small provincial to the great commercial capital, and was therefore at a stage of development of special value to the philosophical observer. Though still only a quiet but picturesque old place, nestling about the Cathedral and the College, and two fine but sleepy streets, in which carriers built haystacks out before their door, it was carrying on a trade which was even then cosmopolitan. The ships of Glasgow were in all the waters of the world, and its merchants had won the lead in at least one important branch of commerce, the West India tobacco trade, and were founding fresh industries every year. Before the middle of the century the Clyde had become the chief European emporium for American tobacco, which foreign countries were not allowed to import directly, and three-fourths of the tobacco was immediately on arrival transhipped by the Glasgow merchants for the seaports of the Mediterranean, the Baltic and the North Sea. As they widened their connections abroad they naturally developed their industries at home. They founded the Smithfield Ironworks, and imported iron from Russia and Sweden to make hoes and spades for the negroes of Maryland. They founded the Glasgow Tannery in 1742, which Pennant thought an amazing sight, and where they employed 300 men making saddles and shoes for the plantations. They opened the Pollokshaws Linen Printfield in 1742, copper and tin works in 1747, the Delffield Pottery in 1748. They began the manufacture of carpets and crape in 1759, silk in 1759, and leather gloves in 1763. They opened the first Glasgow bank—the Ship—in 1750, and the second—the Arms—in 1752. They first began to improve the navigation of the Clyde by the Act of 1759. They built a dry dock at their harbour of Port Glasgow in 1762, while in 1768 they deepened the Clyde up to the city, and began the canal to the Forth for their trade with the Baltic. It is obvious, therefore, that this was a period of unique commercial expansion."

It is not less obvious that these wide-awake and enterprising "Glasgow Folks," who were so rapidly making their city, had something to do with the making of Adam Smith.

Residing with his mother and his aunt, Miss Douglas, in one of the manses in the Professors' Court, which at the time were thought so grand, and enjoying an income which, for a bachelor, was considered a fortune,* he would associate with the best of them on equal terms, and from the first he felt at home amongst them. These "merchant princes," on the other hand, at once perceived the sterling qualities of Smith. They sent their sons in numbers to his classes. Stucco busts of him appeared in the booksellers' windows. His opinions, on free trade especially, became the subject of general discussion. His lectures had taught the young people to think, and before many years had passed, he had succeeded in practically converting the whole city to his economic views. Long before the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, therefore, the light that had been kindled by Hutcheson was shining brightly and with greater fulness from Smith's chair, and winning its first converts in the world of business and of toil.

His lectures in the University attracted students not only from England, Ireland, and Scotland, but from Russia and Switzerland. Among those who came from the latter country was the son of Dr. Tronchin, of Geneva, of whom Voltaire said, "Tronchin is a great physician, he knows the mind." Boswell also sat at the feet of Smith, and was vastly proud of the certificate he carried away with him to the effect, that Mr. James Boswell was "happily possessed of a facility of manners." Whether Boswell was the student on whom Smith used to fix his eye when lecturing does not appear, but the account that he gives of this habit of gauging the effect of his lectures is a capital illustration of his practical turn of mind.

"During one whole session," he says, "a certain student, with a plain, but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a

* It was only £170 a year; but not more than 29 ministers in all Scotland had then as much as £100 a year, and the highest stipend in the Church of Scotland was only £138.

pillar; I had him constantly under my eye. If he leant forward to listen all was right, and I knew that I had the ear of my class; but if he leant back in an attitude of listlessness I felt at once that all was wrong, and that I must change either the subject or the style of my address."

Smith did not shine as a speaker, his voice being harsh and his enunciation thick and hesitating, though sometimes as he warmed to his work his utterance became more free and animated and his elocution rose to eloquence. But what never failed to fix the faltering attention of his audience was the fulness and variety of his illustrations. Whatever his immediate subject, whether natural theology, or ethics, or jurisprudence, or political institutions—the four departments into which the moral philosophy of the period was usually divided—he would be sure to introduce the most delightful digressions into the realms of literature. The Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, younger brother of Lord Shelburne, and progenitor of the present Orkney family, was doubtless not the only one who "never forgot the years he spent as a student in Smith's class, and a boarder in Smith's house."

As time went on, Smith's thoughts were turned increasingly to economic questions. His mind, naturally apt for such an exercise, was stimulated by constant opportunities for discussion with expert business men. "Had he remained at Oxford, he would probably never have been an economist; had he not spent so many of his best years in Glasgow, he would never have been such an eminent one." Ten years before he went there, Andrew Cochran, one of the most famous of the early Glasgow merchants, had founded what was probably the first political economy club in the world, "to enquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate knowledge and ideas on that subject to each other." Smith became a member of this club and devoted to it one of his evenings every week. In it, he would gather much of the information that gives concreteness and actuality to his principal work. Another evening was devoted to the Literary

Society of Glasgow, a society composed mainly of professors in the University, but including also a few merchants and country gentlemen of literary tastes. The debates in this society were often keen and long-drawn-out, and were not always limited to literary matters. Early in its first session (in January, 1753), Smith read an account of Hume's remarkable and recently published *Essays on Commerce*. On another occasion, we are told, he engaged in a strenuous discussion on some subject for a whole evening against the entire assembly, including such men as Professor Millar, a most brilliant debater, and Dr. Reid, the father of the common-sense philosophy, and that having lost his point by an overwhelming majority, he was overheard muttering to himself, "Convicted, but not convinced." A third evening was usually spent amid the convivialities of "Mr. Robin Simson's Club."

Mr. Rae gives a delightful description of the social gatherings in connection with this famous club, and paints for us a full-length portrait of its venerable and genial chairman, who was "the delight of all hearts, for the warmth, breadth, and uprightness of his character, for the charming simplicity of his manner, and the richness of his weighty and sparkling conversation." Known through the world as the re-discoverer of the porisms of Euclid, Simson was one of the humblest and most accessible of men. Like Smith, he remained a bachelor to the end of his days, and never went into general society; but, after his geometrical labours were over, it was his delight to gather round him a circle of congenial spirits, among whom the Professor of Moral Philosophy was not the least welcome and esteemed. On Saturdays they used to dine together at the little "change-house" at Anderston. "The dinner consisted of only one course, and every week of the same dish." It was invariably chicken-broth, which Smollett classes with haggis, singed sheep's-head, fish and sauce, and minced collops, as one of the five national dishes of Scotland. He describes it as "a very simple preparation, enriched with eggs in such a manner as to give the air of a spoiled fricassee;" but adds

that, "notwithstanding its appearance, it is very delicate and nourishing." The "cocky-leekie" was accompanied by a tankard of sound claret, and followed by a game of whist, and the inevitable usquebagh, the rest of the evening being spent in talk and song, Simson always leading, sometimes with a Greek ode to a modern air, sometimes with a Latin hymn composed by himself "To the Divine Geometer," until "the tears stood in the worthy old gentleman's eyes with the emotion he put into the singing of it."

Among the younger men who joined in these social gatherings there were three—Adam Smith, James Watt, and Joseph Black, the chemist and the discoverer of latent heat—who were destined to exert as great an influence as any men then living on the progress of mankind. Watt was "only a mechanic;" but at that very time he was perfecting the steam-engine in the workshop which the University had set up for him within its walls as a protest against the exclusiveness of the Glasgow Corporation of Hammermen. That Smith had a hand in opening the College gates to Watt we know. We also know how strongly he condemned the Corporation laws, which forbade the settlement in a community of any one who was not either a burgess or the son-in-law of a burgess, and had not served an apprenticeship to the craft within the burgh. In words which are as needful and as wholesome now as then, he says :

"The property which every man has in his labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of the poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbour, is a plain violation of this most sacred property. It is a manifest encroachment upon the just liberty both of the workman and of those who might be disposed to employ him."*

In conjunction with his colleagues Smith encouraged every liberal art. In addition to Watt's workshop, they set up within the University a laboratory for Black, a printing-

* *Wealth of Nations*. Book I., chap. ix.

press for Foulis, a foundry and observatory for Wilson the typefounder and astronomer ; they established an academy of painting, sculpture, and engraving, encouraged the practise of athletics among the students, and started University extension lectures for the higher grades of artisans, who were invited to attend them in their working clothes. In all these different ways they did their utmost with their slender means to widen the scope of University education and to promote the cause of popular culture and advancement.

Nor were these enlightened and beneficent activities confined to Glasgow. In the course of his academic career Smith found frequent opportunities of visiting Edinburgh, where there were at that time an extraordinary number of distinguished men. In connection with Allan Ramsay, the painter, he founded the famous Select Society, for the purpose of considering subjects of a political, economic, and literary character, and devising means to stimulate invention and research. On its roll of membership are found the names of Hume and Robertson, of Blair and Adam Ferguson, of John Home, the author of *Douglas*, John Adam the architect, Islay Campbell, Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor, Lord Kames, and almost all the other eminent Scotchmen of the time. Not only did they discuss the various questions raised at their meetings ; they offered prizes for essays on agriculture, for discoveries in science, for inventions in art, for "the best imitation of English blankets, for the best hogshead of ale, and to the farmer who had planted the most timber trees." In his chapter on Wedderburn, in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, Lord Campbell gives a most amusing account of the collapse of this once famous society, which he attributes to a sneer of Charles Townshend, who, after hearing a debate, remarked that it was a pity the members of the society could not speak English. Immediately the society set itself to remedy this defect and extended its attentions to the community at large. They secured the services of an Irishman with a rich brogue, Thomas Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. "Funds were raised, a society for teaching the

speaking of English after the manner of the English was formed, and, on a specified day, 'English, according to the rules of grammar and Sheridan's scale of progression—titum or tum-ti-tum-ti,'—was to come into force. Never since the confusion of Babel was there such an exhibition. . . . Few persevered in the attempt more than twenty-four hours, and it was soon discovered that they might as well have petitioned Parliament for a law forbidding red hair or high cheek bones in any part of Scotland." * It is more apposite to our purpose, however, to note that most of the members of the Select Society were connected with the land, and that a large proportion of the questions debated by them bore on the subject in which they were chiefly interested. At their second meeting, for instance, which was held on the 19th of June, 1754, and at which Adam Smith presided, one of the questions debated was "whether bounties on the exportation of corn be advantageous to trade and manufactures as well as to agriculture." In this society, therefore, he would have, with respect to agrarian problems, precisely what he had in the Economic Club at Glasgow with respect to commercial problems, the best opportunities of hearing them discussed by those who were practically acquainted with them. †

Another interesting project in which Smith took a part and made his first appearance as an author, was the publication of the *Edinburgh Review* (an earlier journal than the present, started under the editorship of Wedderburn in 1755, of which only two numbers appeared). To this

* Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. vi., pp. 35—38.

† The Rev. William Wilkie, of Ratho, the eccentric author of the *Epigoniad*, of whom Smith was particularly fond, was a prominent member of the society. Like Count Tolstoi, "Wilkie used to plough his own glebe with his own hands, in the ordinary ploughman's dress, and it was he who was the occasion of the joke played on Dr. Roebuck, the chemist, by a Scotch friend, who said to him, as they were passing Ratho glebe, that the parish schools of Scotland had given almost every peasant a knowledge of the classics, and added, 'Here, for example, is a man working in the field who is a good illustration; let us speak with him.' Roebuck made some observation about agriculture. 'Yes, sir,' said the ploughman, 'but in Sicily they had a different method,' and he quoted Theocritus, to Roebuck's great astonishment."

venture he contributed two long articles, one on Johnson's *Dictionary*, the other, a striking and still readable survey of contemporary literature in all the countries of Europe. A sentence or two from his comparison between French and English literature may be taken as a not unfavourable specimen of his style; they will also serve to illustrate the soundness of his judgment :

"Imagination, genius, and invention," he says, "seem to be the talents of the English; taste, judgment, propriety, and order, of the French. In the old English poets, in Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, there often appears, amidst some irregularities and extravagances, a strength of imagination so vast, so gigantic and supernatural, as astonishes and confounds the reader into that admiration of their genius which makes him despise as mean and insignificant all criticism upon the inequalities of their writings. In the eminent French writers such sallies of genius are more rarely to be met with, but instead of them a just arrangement, an exact propriety and decorum, joined to an equal and studied elegance of sentiment and diction, which, as it never strikes the heart like those violent and momentary flashes of imagination, so it never revolts the judgment by anything that is absurd or unnatural, nor ever wearies the attention by any gross inequality in the style or want of connection in the method, but entertains the mind with a regular succession of agreeable, interesting, and connected objects."

Shortly before leaving Glasgow, Smith took a leading part in the formation of the Edinburgh Poker Club, a society started with a view to stirring up public opinion on the question of a national militia. William Johnstone (Sir William Pulteney), the statesman who, "in his speech on the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1797, quoted from some unknown source the memorable saying which is generally repeated as if it were his own, that Smith 'would persuade the present generation and govern the next,'" was the first secretary of the club, and, as has been frequently told, "David Hume was jocularly appointed to a sinecure office created for him, the office of assassin, and lest Hume's good-nature should unfit him for the duties, Andrew Crosbie, advocate (the original of Scott's 'Pleydell'), was made his assistant." But we are anticipating.

In 1759, Smith published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, a book which brought him into notice in England and on the Continent. Readers who were by no means prepared to accept his fundamental position, viz., that our moral judgments depend upon our sympathy or want of sympathy with the feelings of an imaginary and impartial spectator, found much to delight them in a book so full of insight into human nature and so abundant in its illustrations. Burke reviewed it favourably in the *Annual Register*, Lord Shelburne made presents of several copies of it to his friends in Holland, and Hume gives a most humorous account of its reception in London society. After teasing Smith through half a letter, he adds—

“A wise man's kingdom is his own heart; or, if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few, who are free from prejudice and capable of examining his work. Nothing, indeed, can be a stronger presumption of falsehood than the approbation of the multitude; and Phocion, you know, always suspected himself of some blunder when he was attended with the applause of the populace. Supposing, therefore, that you have duly prepared yourself for the worst by all these reflections, I proceed to tell you the melancholy news that your book has been very unfortunate, for the public seem disposed to applaud it extremely. It was looked for by the foolish people with some impatience, and the mob of literati are beginning already to be loud in its praises. Three bishops called yesterday at Millar's shop in order to buy copies, and to ask questions about the author. The Bishop of Peterborough said he had passed the evening in a company, where he heard it extolled above all books in the world. Charles Townshend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke of Buccleuch under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept the charge. Mr. Townshend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions, so, perhaps, you need not build much on his sally.”

Hume's doubt proved groundless. Townshend was as good as his word, though some time elapsed before his intention was fulfilled. In 1763 Smith received an invitation from him to travel with the young duke in Europe, accompanied by an offer of terms and opportunities so splendid that the professor was induced to resign his chair.

Nothing can compensate us for the loss of our American colonies ; but the sense of that loss may be mitigated by the thought that by his action on this occasion, the brilliant but volatile and reckless statesman, to whom the great rebellion was chiefly due, unconsciously did much to counterbalance the calamity which, more than any other single man, he had provoked and caused. Without the leisure and the competence secured through his connection with the Duke of Buccleuch, Adam Smith might never have given to the world the results of his economic researches, and without the knowledge and experience gained in his travels the *Wealth of Nations*, even if he had found time to write it, would have been a widely different book from that which has effected such a marked extension of our territory and such a wonderful expansion of our trade. The terms offered by Townshend were exceedingly liberal, but not more liberal than was usual at the time. For his tutorship Dr. Smith—in 1762 the *Senatus Academicus* of Glasgow had conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws—was to receive a salary of £300 a year, with travelling expenses while abroad, and £300 a year pension. He was thus to have twice his Glasgow income, and to have it for life. Adam Ferguson, who was appointed tutor to the Earl of Chesterfield on Smith's recommendation, had £400 a year while on duty, and a pension of £200 a year, which he lived to enjoy for forty years after, receiving from first to last nearly £9,000 for his two years' work. Smith was nearly as fortunate, for, with the pension, which he drew for twenty-four years, he got altogether more than £8,000 for his three years' service. But the service was of more immediate value to him as a thinker than the salary. It carried him into a wider field of observation, and brought him into contact with men who were eminently qualified to stimulate, if not to direct, him in the latest stage of his mental development.

After a brief first visit to London, memorable chiefly for the conversion on the journey thither of his travelling companion, Lord Shelburne (afterwards Prime Minister), to

free-trade principles, Smith and his pupil started for the Continent at the beginning of February, 1764. They remained abroad two years and a half—ten days in Paris, eighteen months in Toulouse, two months travelling in the South of France, two months in Geneva, and ten months in Paris again. During his first few days in Paris, Smith sent a formal resignation of his office to Glasgow. In declaring his chair vacant the Senate recorded their regret in words which may be quoted as an admirable summary of his character both as a man and as a lecturer. The judgment of his colleagues does not differ materially from the wider and deeper impression derived from a study of his *Life and Works* :

"The University cannot help expressing their sincere regret at the removal of Dr. Smith, whose distinguished probity and amiable qualities procured him the esteem and affection of his colleagues ; and whose uncommon genius, great abilities, and extensive learning, did so much honour to this society ; his elegant and ingenious *Theory of Moral Sentiments* having recommended him to the esteem of men of taste and literature throughout Europe. His happy talent in illustrating abstracted subjects, and faithful assiduity in communicating useful knowledge, distinguished him as a professor, and at once afforded the greatest pleasure and the most important instruction to the youth under his care."

Many of his friends thought him unfitted by his rather awkward and abstracted manner for a travelling tutorship, but the arrangement turned out well for both parties. Smith returned considerably "smartened up" in manners and enormously enlarged in views, whilst his pupil was moulded by him into an enlightened and most serviceable man.

"We spent near three years together," says the Duke, "without the slightest disagreement or coolness, and, on my part, with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship till the hour of his death, and I shall always remain with the impression of having lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for every private virtue."

For conversational purposes, Smith knew little French, and for a time he found his new life rather dull, but the impression he made in society was a favourable one. The Abbé

Colbert, a cousin of David Hume, and a descendant of the Cuthberts of Inverness-shire, who acted as Smith's chaperon in Toulouse, speaks of him as "a sublime man," whose "heart and mind are equally admirable." The Archbishop of Toulouse was no less famous a man than Loménie de Brienne, afterwards Cardinal and Minister of France, whom Carlyle has held up to scorn in the pages of his *French Revolution*. Smith must have often met him, and would no doubt find him an advanced economist, for he had been a college friend of Turgot and Morellet, and it was he who had induced the States of Languedoc to introduce free trade in corn. On a trip to Bordeaux, in company with Colbert, Smith "fell in with Colonel Barré, the furious orator, whose invective made even Charles Townshend quail, but who was now over on a visit to his kinsfolk, and making the hearts of these simple people glad with his natural kindnesses." The prosperity of Bordeaux seems greatly to have impressed the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. Contrasting it with Toulouse, as he had previously contrasted Glasgow with Edinburgh, he remarks upon the great superiority of the condition of the working classes in the great centres of trade and industry.* The idleness and indigence which were the curse of residential towns could not, he thought, find a place in thriving centres of commerce where much capital is employed. He was also greatly impressed by the sobriety of the people in the South of France. This he ascribes to the cheapness of their liquor, acutely remarking that "people are seldom guilty of excess in what is their daily fare."† And so they journeyed, Smith and his youthful charge, through Southern France and part of Switzerland, observing closely all they saw and calling on distinguished residents—the Duke of Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Enville, a granddaughter of La Rochefoucauld, and, on five or six different occasions, on Voltaire, at Ferney, "the beautiful little temporality of the great literary Pontiff, overlooking the lake."

Returning to Paris about Christmas, 1765, they plunged

* *Wealth of Nations*. Book II., chap. iii.

† *Ibid*, Book I., chap. xi.

into a round of social activities, which kept them fully occupied till the October of the following year. In these few months Smith went more into society than at any other period of his life. For his own sake, as well as on account of his friendship with Hume and his relation to the Duke of Buccleuch, he was welcomed at Court and found an easy entrance to the famous salons of the time. "Here," says Hume, who was a sort of king among the *philosophers* of Paris, "I feed on ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe incense only, and walk on flowers. Everyone I meet, and especially every woman, would consider themselves as failing in the most indispensable duty if they did not favour me with a lengthy and ingenious discourse on my celebrity." And Smith, though much more sober-minded, for a time enjoyed the deference paid to one "*qui avait des idées si justes de la sympathie.*" He was a constant guest in the houses of Baron d'Holbach, Helvetius, Necker, Madame de Geoffrin, Madame Riccoboni the novelist, the Comtesse de Boufflers-Rouvel, and Mademoiselle l'Epinasse. Mirabeau and Diderot, Marmontel, D'Alembert, Turgot, Quesnay, Morellet, all that was most learned and most brilliant in Parisian society, received him and discussed with him the subjects he had made his own. It was a period of intellectual and social ferment, and every imaginable topic would be touched upon, but social questions were the order of the day. The philanthropic sect of the economists, whose centre was the rooms of Dr. Quesnay, the king's physician, in Paris and Versailles, was in the first flush of its theoretical and practical achievements; 1766 was with them a year of exceptional activity; Turgot wrote his famous treatise on the *Formation and Distribution of Wealth* in that year, though it was not published until three years later; and most of the *physiocrates* were so busy and enthusiastic in their propaganda that in another year or two they had made "political economy the science *de la mode* in France, and won converts to the 'single tax' among the crowned heads of Europe." And Adam Smith, who had already begun to write the *Wealth of Nations* at Toulouse, "to pass

away the time," would doubtless profit by his intercourse with these ardent patriots and reformers. No records of that intercourse remain, but it is clear that if the French economists derived advantage, as Morellet states, from Smith, the Scotch economist, on his part, could hardly fail to "derive assistance from the different lights in which the matters under consideration would be placed in the course of discussions with men like Morellet and his friends." The advantage would be mutual. In the face of statements to the contrary, so persistent and so recent as that of Thorold Rogers, however, Mr. Rae does well to add that—

"Whatever others may have thought, Morellet at least sets up no claim, either on his own behalf or on behalf of his very old and intimate college friend Turgot, or of any other of the French economists, of having influenced or supplied any of Smith's ideas. The Scotch inquirer had been long working on the same lines as his French colleagues, and Morellet seems to have thought him, when they first met, as he thought him still, when he wrote his *Memoires*, as being more complete in his observations and analyses than the others."*

In all these various ways had Smith unconsciously been educated for the work which was to prove his *magnum opus*, and secure for him a foremost place among the world's "full-welling fountain-heads of change." To follow him through the decade of seclusion in Kirkcaldy into which he passed on leaving Paris in the prime of life, and in the fulness of his powers, to mould afresh and write the *Wealth of Nations*, does not enter into the plan of the present article. Nor can we even glance at the salient points in his subsequent career. Our purpose has been answered in

* Of Turgot, as a statesman, Smith had formed an unusually accurate estimate. For his mind and character he had the profoundest admiration, but he questioned whether he possessed the qualities needed for practical statesmanship. He thought him "too simple-hearted, too prone, as noble natures often are, to underrate the selfishness, stupidity and prejudice that prevail in the world, and resist the course of just and rational reform;" too much inclined to insist upon the ideally best instead of accepting the best which the circumstances permitted. Of Necker, also, whom he often met in Paris, Smith had formed a true idea. He had a very poor opinion of Necker's abilities, and "used to predict the fall of his political reputation the moment his head was put to any real proof, always saying of him with emphasis, 'he is a mere man of detail.'"

briefly tracing the steps and stages by which the great economist advanced to his pre-eminence among the economic writers of the world, and in incidentally illustrating the wealth of interest stored up for those who read this excellent biography. The chapters in which Mr. Rae recounts the reception of Smith's masterpiece, and describes the public life and private occupations which, from the publication of the *Wealth of Nations* in 1776 to his death in 1790, so beautifully and so worthily filled up the measure of his days, are full of new materials which shed a welcome light on some of the obscurer and less placid incidents in his declining years. His relations with Hume and Adam Ferguson and Dr. Johnson, and his conduct in refusing the responsibility of publishing Hume's *Dialogues*, are set forth in a manner which clears up many gross misunderstandings, and enhances Smith's already enviable reputation for probity, consistency, and common sense. The chief defect of the volume is the absence of a portrait—a defect that might so easily have been avoided by the reproduction of one of Tassie's two medallions, or, better still, by one of the full-length paintings by Kay. In lieu of this Mr. Rae has given us an account of all the extant likenesses of Smith, together with a brief description of his "outer man." He was "of middle height, full but not corpulent, with erect figure, well-set head, and large gray or light blue eyes, which are said to have beamed with 'inexpressible benignity.' He dressed well—so well that nobody seems to have remarked it; for while we hear, on the one hand, of Hume's black-spotted yellow coat and Gibbon's flowered velvet, and on the other, of Hutton's battered attire, and Henry Erskine's gray hat with the torn rim, we meet with no allusion to Smith's dress, either for fault or merit." But those who read this *Life* will want to see the man. One outcome of the labours of his first biographer should be the placing of a bust of Smith in Balliol College, and a full-length statue in the Glasgow, which he did so much to make, or in the Edinburgh where his large and friendly spirit found its final and congenial home.

ART. VII.—LESSONS FROM THE MONUMENTS.

1. *The Bible and the Monuments.* By W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN, F.R.H.S. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1895.
2. *The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments.* By Rev. A. H. SAYCE. S.P.C.K. 1894.
3. *History, Prophecy and the Monuments.* By J. F. M'CURDY, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages, Toronto. Vol. i. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

GEORGE CANNING electrified the House of Commons into silence, followed by a tempest of cheers, when he uttered his famous phrase concerning the South American Colonies, "We are calling a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old!" The last half century has seen a new world called into existence to "redress the balance" in Biblical study, to correct some of the mistakes and counteract some of the erroneous tendencies of the present generation in their handling and interpretation of the Bible. But, strangely enough, this new world is the oldest of all. We who live in the broad noon-day of history are being confronted with the strangely fascinating picture of its early twilight, the dawn of civilization, of organised religious and social life, among the peoples of the far East. It has been reserved for the latter years of the nineteenth century after Christ to discover facts concerning what took place more than twice nineteen centuries before Christ, and to know more concerning the life of the Early World than any generation for more than two thousand years. This resuscitation of a past so long dead and buried, is a kind of historical miracle. It is, however, much more than a mere story of wonder. Its bearings upon contemporary thought are many and various, and amongst the most important are those which affect the study of the Old Testament. Many influences in our day have contributed to revivify, almost to revolutionise this

study, and among them a very high place must be given to the researches of Oriental archæology. To give a slight idea of the scope and significance of these researches, which are probably still only in their infancy, is the object of the present article.

It is needless to recall the brief but interesting history of the past. We may, however, remind our readers that the discovery of the Rosetta stone, which gave the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, dates only from the beginning of the present century. The work of Young and Champollion, of Lepsius and Birch, is comparatively recent. It is less than sixty years ago since Sir Henry, then Major, Rawlinson deciphered the trilingual inscription on the monument of Darius at Behistun. Layard's excavations at Kouyunjik are barely fifty years old. The system of cuneiform decipherment cannot be said to have been securely established upon a sound foundation for much more than thirty years. The Palestine Exploration Fund, to which so much valuable and abiding work is due, was only opened in 1865, the scientific survey of the Sinaitic Peninsula was made but twenty years ago, and the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund is as of yesterday. It is too little to say that the researches of archæologists are still going on, they are only beginning. The British Museum contains a mass of material for the study of cuneiform, in the shape of slabs, stelæ, inscribed bricks, cylinders and tablets from Mesopotamia, some of them at least as old as B.C. 3800, but this is only a fraction of the material likely, ere long, to be available. Dr. Flinders Petrie has during the last few years provided a recurring sensation for the newspapers at the end of every few months, by the unearthing of fresh "documents" from Egypt, rivalling one another in interest and importance. The stories of the Fayûm MSS., of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, of the excavations at Tel Hesi, the ancient Lachish, are fresh in the recollection of our readers. Even as we write, the first translation into English of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, is announced as appearing. The volumes placed at the head of this article are only a specimen of one

part of the literature of our subject. They represent the books of a popular, rather than a scholarly, sort published for the general English reader, in the course of less than twelve months. It cannot be said that such a subject is deficient in living interest.

A very brief description of the three books in question will suffice to indicate their scope and illustrate the importance of our subject. Mr. St. Chad Boscawen's volume dates only from July last. His name is familiar as an Assyriologist of ability and eminence. His object is to place before ordinary English readers documentary evidence hitherto accessible only to specialists, enabling them to understand what light is shed by these long-buried monuments and records upon the history of the Hebrew people as recorded in the Old Testament. The evidence is presented in the most unbiased form. Mr. Boscawen does not write either as critic or as apologist. He gives facts, as only an expert can give them, at first-hand. He brings his readers as nearly face to face with the documents as is possible, by printing some twenty full-page photographs taken directly from the originals. The "Creation Tablet," copied about B.C. 660, portions of the "Deluge Tablet," discovered by George Smith in 1872, tablets from Tel el-Amarna dating 1450 years before Christ, and a mace-head of Sargon I., of the date B.C. 3800, here literally appear before the reader's eyes. Complete translations of some of the chief inscriptions are given, and tables making a comparison of them with Biblical narratives easy, are appended. The general aim of the book is to substantiate the historical accuracy of the Hebrew records, and to show how these are affected by the discovery of Babylonian versions more or less similar to them, and by the story of the beginnings of civilization now being revealed to us in so wonderful a manner.

Professor Sayce is more directly polemical in object and style. His book has been freely discussed in the press, and its character is pretty well known. He poses before the world as an assailant of "the higher criticism," while he is

himself nothing, if not critical. He admits a very large proportion of the results of recent Biblical criticism, and in his views of the books of Esther and Daniel, for example, is well-nigh as advanced as any of those at whom he sometimes, somewhat inconsistently, sneers. If it were not out of the question to suppose that scholars could be influenced by personal considerations, one would be inclined to think that Professor Cheyne's contemptuous references to Professor Sayce as "a mere outsider," and Professor Sayce's scorn for the "verbal hair-splitting" of the "mere literary analyst," had in them some traces of the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and were not the outcome of pure and unadulterated search after truth. We can afford, however, to leave these amenities of controversy altogether on one side, and point out that in Professor Sayce's volume is to be found a full and, in the main, satisfactory account of recent discoveries in their bearing upon the writings of the Old Testament, beginning with Genesis and coming down to Daniel. His work is longer and more argumentative than Mr. Boscawen's, and for this reason will be preferred by some and less highly esteemed by others.

The title of Dr. M'Curdy's book hardly gives an idea of its contents. Its aim is "to tell as simply as possible the story of the ancient Semitic peoples, including as the dominating theme the fortunes of Israel." Only one volume has as yet appeared, bringing the history to the downfall of Samaria. The words of the title, *History, Prophecy and Monuments*, indicate rather the material which the writer employs for his purpose than the character of the work itself. Its connection with our subject lies in the fact that, up to the present time, it was well-nigh impossible to write such a history as this of the peoples of Western Asia, one chief result of recent discoveries being to enable us to place the history of Israel in something like its proper setting in relation to the peoples around—Assyrians, Egyptians, Babylonians, Hittites, Aramæans and the rest. On this subject we shall have more to say shortly; at present it is enough to observe that Professor M'Curdy's is the most success-

ful attempt with which we are acquainted thus to bring Israelitish history as it were into focus, in its relation to the contemporary history of the East. That the attempt is completely satisfactory, no one would be disposed to contend. The materials are too recent to be handled with confidence and finality. A pioneer does not make a macadamised road. But the book deserves the careful perusal of every serious student of the Old Testament, and those who are best able to mark its flaws and deficiencies will probably be among the first to recognise its eminent merits as an essay and experiment. Dr. M'Curdy shows how a work ought to be done which probably will not be adequately done for ten or twenty years to come. Indeed, he would be a bold man who would undertake to prophesy what will be the condition of the subject in twenty years' time. If the next two decades prove as fruitful as the last, a considerable portion of such a history would have to be re-written.

It is quite possible, however, to gather up into the compass of a few pages some of the chief results already obtained and to indicate some of the chief lessons taught by the recent history of Oriental archaeology as to the right way of reading and understanding the sacred records of the Bible. Polemics should, we think, be put on one side in this investigation. Certain "higher critics" may or may not come in for condemnation when these voices, silent for 6,000 years, are made to speak again. Certain "apologists" may or may not have the ground which they thought so firm cut away from under their feet by testimony strangely gathered from buried cities, old-world inscriptions, and clay tablets and cylinders. It will be well, however, to forget such gentry of yesterday when we stand in presence of these hoary witnesses. The shallow pride of the archaeologist is as much out of place here as the "cock-sureness" of the critic. The monuments and ancient records thus placed by Providence in the witness box must be permitted to say their say, telling the truth and nothing but the truth. The whole truth they cannot tell, because they do not know

it. But their testimony will help to correct certain mistakes and erroneous tendencies always incident to the workings of the human mind, and at present rife and active amongst us.

The first gain to Biblical study afforded by these archaeological discoveries is that they give us objective facts to take the place of subjective speculations. An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theories. But facts of contemporary history to illustrate and elucidate the Old Testament, especially its earliest portions, have been sadly wanting, and even now are all too scanty. As literature, the Old Testament has stood almost alone, and when once the authority of tradition concerning its authorship, character and scope was relaxed, critics were left at liberty to speculate concerning it, almost unchecked by the wholesome corrective of external facts to moderate their theorising. For example, it was not unnatural for scholars to assume that no literature worthy of the name existed a thousand years before Christ. In the history of Greece and Rome the rise of literature is many centuries later. Monumental inscriptions, it was argued, doubtless existed in those early days, but the very shape of the letters of the Phœnician alphabet shows that they were intended to be carved on stone, not written on papyrus with a reed-pen. It was not contended that writing was unknown, but that literature, in the sense of free and extensive composition, whether of laws or history or poetry, recorded and stored up and handed down to posterity, was at that early date simply an anachronism. Such a conclusion, however natural, proves to be quite unfounded. The rounded letters of the Hebrew alphabet have been traced up to an early period in the age of the Kings of Judah. In Egypt reading and writing were familiar as the ordinary acts of every-day life. And now the discovery of the cuneiform tablets of Tel el-Amarna has disclosed to us a whole official correspondence between Babylonish Kings and Egyptian Governors which sheds a flood of light upon the life and habits of a period so remote as 1450 B.C. The use of the Babylonian cuneiform characters in Egypt is sur-

prising, and the significance of the whole correspondence had better be stated in Professor Sayce's own words:—

“The fact is alike novel and startling. It proves that in the century before the Exodus the Babylonian language was the common medium of literary intercourse throughout the civilised East, from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tigris and Euphrates, and that the complicated syllabary of Babylonia was taught and learned along with the Babylonian language throughout the whole extent of Western Asia. The letters are written by persons of the most diversified race and nationality; many of them are from officers of the Egyptian Court, and they are sometimes about the most trivial of matters. They testify to an active and extensive correspondence, carried on, not by a select caste of scribes, but by every one who pretended to the rank and education of a gentleman. It is clear that the foreign culture of Babylonia must have penetrated deeply into the heart of the populations of the ancient Orient; there must have been schools and teachers in their cities in which it could be learned, and libraries and archive-chambers in which books and letters could be stored.”*

If we may not safely conclude that at this remote period the art of writing and reading was “as widely spread as it was in Europe before the days of the penny post,” it is nevertheless clear that no argument can be sound which assumes that at that date it was rare or difficult to commit to writing, and hand on for generations, literature in considerable quantity, whether historical, epistolary or of any other kind. The material used for such records was, happily, not frail like papyrus, parchment or paper. Clay is practically imperishable, and the archive-chambers of the past prove to have been full of materials which, if not wilfully destroyed, will last as long as the world.

Let it be noted, however, exactly what is and what is not proved by these interesting facts. Nothing is proved concerning the narratives in Genesis and Exodus that have come down to us. The skill of the literary critic is as necessary as ever to enable us to determine the date of documents in their present form. But it is conclusively proved that writers in the time of David or Solomon were

not dependent upon vague and distant oral tradition, that records of considerable length and in considerable quantities were made and handed on in Western Asia five hundred years before that period, that historians might well find and probably did find stored up in the cities of Palestine abundant materials for writing the history of the past. It is proved that the period of the Exodus was in a very real sense of the word a literary period, that the neighbours of Israel were well acquainted with alphabetic writing, that not in Egypt only, but throughout Western Palestine, the lawgiver and historian and scribe were freely at work, and that there is no reason in the nature of the case why lengthy documents, traced before the time of Moses, may not have been handed down, virtually intact, to be embodied in the annals of later days.

It may be said that this is no great triumph, that it has always been known that the Egyptians were a literary people in very early times, and that we have high authority for knowing that Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." But it will be observed that the evidence now adduced does not concern Egypt only; and, what is more important, that it is contemporaneous as well as specific in character. Modern criticism questions all tradition, and it is no small matter for those who are desirous to establish the accuracy and trustworthiness of early Biblical records, to be able to point to the existence of contemporaneous evidence which proves the free, we had almost said the popular, use of the art of reading and writing in Western Asia a century before the time of Moses. Sceptical critics laid down certain very destructive canons which made short work with the traditional history of Greece and Rome, and had they not been checked, it would be difficult to say what would have been left among the facts which they were rapidly dissolving into mythical vapour. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik gave them necessary pause. Hewn stones are stubborn things. It is possible now for men to see with their own eyes proofs of what men were and did in the heroic age of Greek history. The princes of

Mykenæ and Tiryns, their walls and fortresses, their palaces and weapons and ornaments, are before us. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. The brave men who lived before Agamemnon have risen from their graves, and though the buried cities of Hissarlik do not tell us the story of the Trojan war, their evidence puts a wholesome check upon the ravages of destructive criticism. So it has been also in the history of the New Testament. The theorists of Tübingen have been discredited by the only kind of evidence which can effectually arrest mordant subjective criticism—the stubborn resistance of objective facts. The discovery of the contents of Tatian's *Diatessaron*, with the evidence it affords to the date of the Fourth Gospel, is enough to put to rout a host of theories. In the case of the Old Testament, it is obviously not to be expected that contemporary evidence would be forthcoming in any considerable quantity. A remarkable sample of it is, however, now appearing, thanks to the spade and pick of the archæologist, and there is promise of much more. If we do not learn what it has to teach, it will be our own fault.

The next lesson we note, however, supports within limits several of the positions of Biblical critics. Light is shed by these early records upon the nature of the compositions of the time. Compilation is the rule, not the exception. Personal authorship, with its distinctness, individuality and authority, hardly exists. The sacred book is not the utterance of one man, but the embodiment of the lore of generations. The Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, a collection of prayers and formulæ, by means of which the soul of the departed might gain rest in a future life, is not the product of one mind or of one age. "Its form changed from age to age. New chapters were embedded in it, old chapters were modified; glosses added in the margin to explain some obsolete word or phrase made their way into the text, and even glosses upon these glosses met with the same fate." It was "an amalgamation of documents and beliefs of various ages and localities. As Professor Maspero has shewn, more than one contrary belief is embodied in it, one belief being

contained in chapters which emanated from one part of Egypt, and another belief in those which emanated from another part of the country." Now this does not prove that Moses did not write the Pentateuch. The Old Testament is not a Jewish "Book of the Dead," and the worship of Jehovah was not conducted by means of a number of traditional illustrations drawn from other sacred books do prove the literary habits of the superstitious formulæ. But time. And when, on quite independent evidence, the critic claims to shew that the Pentateuch is a compilation, that narratives from various sources, sometimes exhibiting a measure of inconsistency, are embodied in it, contemporary evidence is at hand to confirm the probability of his supposition. It is in vain that any one should argue from the habits of historians of the nineteenth century that such incorporation of various and even diverse elements is impossible. The sacred literature of Babylonia, as well as of Egypt, proves this to have been the rule, and the evidence of the Pentateuch to itself proves that it formed no exception. We must not linger to give a detailed illustration from what Professor Sayce calls the "growth of a literary work" in the case of the great epic of primitive Chaldæa. Suffice it to say that those who hold that in Genesis two accounts of the Deluge have been combined in one narrative, can point to an almost perfect parallel in the story of the Deluge contained in the eleventh book of this old Chaldæan poem.

If it is said that this is to treat an inspired record merely as so much ancient literature, we reply that this is exactly what for the moment we are concerned to do. The problem of the nature and composition of the Pentateuch is a literary problem, and must be determined upon literary grounds. Hence, the parallel of contemporary literatures of a similar kind becomes one of great importance. No one need fear for the authority and sacredness of scripture records. The Old Testament will take care of itself. There is no likelihood of its being confounded with books of Egyptian ritual, or foolish legends of the hero Gilgames, or the goddess Istar. But, as regards literary form, the Bible,

from Genesis to Revelation, is conditioned by the character of the times in which the several books were written, and the Pentateuch must be judged as so much early Oriental literature. Let it be judged then by such standards, and we see the unreasonableness of expecting to find in it modern scientific history. It may be proved that the historical records of the Old Testament are authentic, but authenticity does not imply in this case the minute accuracy of the modern historian with his passion for detail, his array of eye-witness reports, diaries, correspondence, and all the paraphernalia with which a Carlyle reconstructs the daily life of a Frederick. Narratives may be shewn to be neither myths, nor fictions, nor pious frauds, and yet they may contain mistakes, inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and interpolations. Written for a purpose, they may be shewn to answer that high purpose in an altogether impressive manner, though they may not meet the historical tests of the nineteenth century analyst and pedant. The evidence of the monuments confirms in a thousand instances the accuracy of the sacred records, and even when inaccuracy cannot be denied—as, for example, in some of the narratives of Kings and Chronicles, in the date of the invasion of Sennacherib, or the accounts of the numbers of armies engaged in battle—the honesty and trustworthiness of the narrative as a whole is unimpeachable. As Professor Sayce puts it, speaking of the narrative of the fall of Samaria in 2 Kings :

“Where the materials before the historian are scanty or imperfect it is inevitable that at times he should draw false conclusions, which fuller evidence may subsequently correct. The existence of such inaccuracies in the Biblical narrative is the best proof we can have of its conformity with other historical writings. It is to be judged like them; an impossible standard of mathematical accuracy is not to be demanded for it. The substantial truth of the story has been abundantly vindicated: the errors due to the defectiveness of his materials shew only the honesty of the compiler and set the general trustworthiness of his history in a clearer light.”*

* p. 419.

Illustrations from the monuments of this general principle are so numerous that it is difficult to make a selection. They do not prove "mathematical accuracy," they do prove abundantly the authenticity and trustworthiness of narratives which have been freely discredited. The story of the Exodus might well furnish us with a score of proofs that whenever the narrative, as we possess it, was written, contemporary evidence was available as material. But the very fulness of this particular illustration prevents us from dealing with it in our limited space. Take instead the brief incident recorded in Genesis of Melchizedek. The tablets of Tel el-Amarna go to shew in an indirect, but very remarkable way, that Melchizedek is no myth but a historical personage. There figures in the correspondence a certain Ebed-tob, who proves to have been a tributary of Pharaoh, a vassal-king of Jerusalem. The name Jerusalem is, however, written Uru-'salim, *uru* being the equivalent of the Assyrian *alu*, "city." It is, perhaps, not safe to press the fact, as Professor Sayce does, that Salim was the god of peace, but the early name of the city and its sacred character are established. This Ebed-tob further says that "neither father nor mother" have exalted him to the dignity he holds, that not by virtue of his genealogy is he in power, but through "the oracle of the Mighty King," in other words he was both king and priest and was king because he was priest. So that from a record contemporaneous with those far-away events, it is proved that in the time of Abraham, Jerusalem was governed by a royal priest who spoke of the Mighty King his God, and inscriptions from other Semitic monuments even furnish a parallel to the phrase "Blessed be Abraham of the Most High God." We do not ourselves press the minute coincidences and confirmations which are furnished by Professor Sayce of this narrative of Melchizedek, though naturally these strike the imagination most. The archæologist has his weaknesses and may be disposed to make too much of analogies as the critic may make too much of discrepancies. But the general confirmation thus furnished

of a remarkable, and not in all respects intelligible story, embedded in the early chapters of Genesis, is too striking for any one to question it, and the moral to be drawn concerning the tender and reverent spirit in which these sacred records of the early world should be studied and handled, lies upon the very surface and needs no pointing on our part.

One effect of the recent discoveries can as yet be only partially discerned. The history of Israel will never be adequately understood till it can be viewed in its relation to that of contemporary nations. The historical method of study is not all-potent, but it is one most important *organon* of knowledge and one which at present is very highly esteemed. Hitherto it has been possible to apply it in very scanty measure to the history of Israel. Where it can be applied—as, for example, to the history of Judah under Hezekiah at the time of Sennacherib's invasion—we are conscious at once that we have a grasp of the meaning of that history such as would be otherwise unattainable. The religion of Israel is better understood when we can study it at work in such a setting. The prophecies of Isaiah would be only half intelligible without our knowledge of Assyria, Babylon and Egypt, and the position of Judah in relation to them. Hitherto the historical method has been inapplicable to the early history of the Hebrews. The Bible-story has stood alone. A marvellous story! How it has awed and fascinated and instructed generation after generation! But some points in it have never been appreciated, for lack of power to view the whole in a setting of contemporary history. We can imagine devout Bible students hesitating over such a statement, as if the history of Abraham would gain nothing in significance by our knowing more about Chedorlaomer, and the simplicity and beauty of the story of Joseph would only be lost amongst the wearisome annals of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egyptian Kings. But light and colour and form are relative, not absolute, and this isolation of early Hebrew history has not conduced to an understanding of the one

thing which makes Israel important in the history of mankind—its religion. Professor M'Curdy well says in his Preface :

"It is certain that the Hebrews have been gravely misapprehended, because their vast political, social, moral and religious environment has been so much ignored. . . . In the attempt to account for their phenomenal history, full play has rightly been given to wonder and admiration, while little attention has been paid to their antecedents, their racial affinities, and those vital inter-relations with the contemporary peoples which necessarily determined their destiny. They become more real, more human, more interesting, and, therefore, more morally helpful to us, the more we regard them in the light of their historical attributes and achievements, as the children of their own ancestry and their own times. . . . To study the history of the Hebrews in its right relations and due proportions is not to depreciate their unique Divine vocation ; it is rather to exalt it by making it more intelligible and reasonable, by bringing it better within the range of our vision and nearer to our sympathies."*

We would especially emphasise the thought in the last sentence, giving it a somewhat different turn and application. The Divine in history can only be measured in its relation to the human ; the meaning of sacred is only intelligible in contrast with the secular. The student of the Bible becomes not less, but more, a "man of one book," by bestowing some attention upon those "Sacred Books of the East," now easily accessible, which, so far as the history of religion is concerned, come into competition with it. This is a point which needs not to be laboured, and its bearing upon our subject is obvious. Only of late has it been possible—it is hardly possible now for any but an expert—to view the history of the patriarchs and the early history of the chosen people in the setting which enables us to appreciate its true significance. What were the Semites of early times in relation to other races ? What were the Hebrews in their relation to other Semites ? The whole area occupied by the races with which we are here chiefly concerned is only three or four times as large as England ; yet in it we find Babylonians

* Pp. vii. viii.

(Assyrian and Chaldaean); Aramæans (Mesopotamian and Syrian); Canaanites, with their congeners the Phœnicians; and of the Hebraic stock, Moabites, Ammonites and Edomites. How were pure Hebrews related to these kindred peoples? In blood, in institutions, in habits, in temperament, in religion? Related to others by descent, or environed by them geographically, what made them to differ from the rest by the diameter of a whole heaven? That they did so differ is a fact, a "phenomenal" fact: what is the explanation of it? It is obvious in a moment that the true sacredness of Israelitish history will gain, not lose, by such a comparison. As we grow to understand Christianity better by studying its rise amidst Jewish bigotry and Greek culture and Roman civilisation and Pagan superstition, so do we understand the religion of Israel better by studying it in its relation to contemporary Babylonian and Egyptian and Canaanitic life. But only the "monuments"—using the word for the moment in its current signification to include the very various results of recent archæological discovery—enable us so to study the early history of Israel. And the full results of that study, fruitful beyond description as it seems to us likely to be, remain yet to be seen.

It may be asked, however, whether there is not something to be set over against these decided gains, and the increased help afforded by the monuments in the study of early Scripture history. Is there not a more than counterbalancing loss in the changed view now to be taken of early Hebrew religion? Have not Babylonian accounts of the Creation, the Fall and the Deluge, been discovered which diminish the respect hitherto paid to the Scripture narratives and almost reduce them to the level of myths? Have not the origins of sacred institutions, the Sabbath, sacrifice, circumcision, been traced out so that their sacred character is impaired or well-nigh lost? The Bible history used to stand alone, unique; what becomes of it amongst the parallels to it discovered within the last few years and now carefully studied and understood? In order to answer these questions, let us first understand the facts; and in order

to this, it will be best to take one concrete instance, the account of the Creation given in the first two chapters of Genesis. At the risk of repeating what is familiar, let the facts be briefly recounted.

Until the Assyrian inscriptions were discovered and deciphered, little was known of Semitic cosmogonies and no parallel between them and the Biblical account of Creation could be drawn. Certain Babylonian and Phœnician traditions had filtered down, in a confused manner, and found a place in the records of Berosos and Sanchoniathon. The former was a Græco-Chaldæan priest of Bablyon in the third century before Christ, fragments of whose works have been preserved by Josephus and others; the latter, a Phœnician priest, whose cosmogony is known only through the works of Philo of Byblus, a writer of the early Christian era. It was in 1874 that Mr. George Smith made the discovery of the tablets containing the Babylonian legends of the Creation, which have since been carefully studied by such Assyriologists as Oppert, Schrader, Sayce, Pinches and Boscawen. At first there was some doubt about the meaning of parts of the text, but now a sufficient consensus of opinion has been reached to assure us that the whole is clearly and adequately interpreted. The tablets were copied about the year 660 B.C., and formed part of the library of King Assurbanipal in Nineveh. The works deposited in this temple library were copies of older works in the Temple of Nebo at Borsippa, multiplied, by royal command, "for the instruction of the people." (Surely here is an instructive parallel, helping us to understand what happened in Jewish history in the reigns of Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah and Josiah.) Duplicates of these tablets have been discovered at Borsippa, and have greatly aided in the elucidation of obscure passages. There seem to have been seven tablets in the series, giving an account of the Creation; without going into detail, we transcribe the following account of them from Mr. Boscawen's volume (p. 41):—

Tablet i.—The Pre-Creative state and the First Day—Gen.
i. 1—5.

Tablets ii., iii., iv.—The Creation of Light and the war between Light and Darkness. The victory of the former and the separation of Heaven and Earth, the banishment of the Dragon of Chaos to the depths of the under world. The earth planted. This group corresponds in general to the work of the Second and Third Days—Gen. i. 6—13.

Tablet v.—Creation and ordering of the heavenly bodies. Corresponds nearest of all to the Fourth Day—Gen. i. 14—19.

Tablet vi.—*Lost*.

Tablet vii.—Creation of cattle and creeping things, and probably man also. Corresponds to the Sixth Day—Gen. i. 24—31.

We transcribe a portion of the first tablet, as now read with a few variations by the general consent of Assyriologists.

- 1.—At that time on high the heavens were un-named.
- 2.—Below on the wide earth a name was not recorded.
- 3.—The first-born ocean was their generator.
- 4.—The chaotic sea was the bearing mother of them all.
- 5.—Their waters as one were folded together.
- 6.—The cornfield was unharvested, the pasture had not sprung up.
- 7.—When as yet the gods had not come forth any of them.
- 8.—A name was not recorded, order did not exist.
- 9.—They were made even the great gods.
- 10.—Lakhmu and Lakhamu came forth.
- 11.—Until they spread . . .
- 12.—Far extended were the days, until the gods Au-Sar [Heaven-host], and Ki-Sar [Earth-host], were made.
- 13.—The god Anu . . . Bel . . . and Ea . . .

The similarities between the Babylonian and the Hebrew "Genesis" are unmistakable. In both we find a primæval chaos, indicated in the tablets by a word *Tiamat* exactly corresponding to *Tehom* (abyss), of Gen. i. 2. In both we notice the orderly production of the universe in six or seven successive periods, the order observed proceeding in each case from the creation of light to that of the firmaments and

heavenly bodies, and ending with man. In verse 6, of the above extract, there is a very curious verbal parallel with Gen. ii. 5.

The full measure of the similarity can, however, only be seen by following the outline of the Babylonian account as a whole. The most striking agreement is perhaps discernible in the fifth tablet, which corresponds to the work of the Fourth Day described in Genesis. "The constellations he arranged them, the stars he fixed. He established the position of the stars, and for the seasons their bounds, not to make fault or error of any kind. The illuminator he caused to shine to rule the night; he appointed him to establish the night until the coming forth of the day . . ." There is much more astronomical detail in the Babylonian cosmogony, but the outline presents an unmistakable family likeness to the Hebrew narrative. So marked is this, that some scholars have supposed that the Hebrew cosmogony is lineally descended from the Assyrio-Babylonian; being borrowed from it, either directly at the time of the Babylonian captivity, or indirectly in earlier times. The former is for various reasons an improbable, if not impossible, supposition, and the latter can hardly be said to represent the facts of the case.

The kinship between the accounts is not to be denied, but the differences are even more obvious and important. The order of Creation is not precisely the same in the two accounts; the creation of light is represented in the Babylonian narrative as resulting from a kind of conflict between a deity and chaos; on the seventh tablet the Babylonian account continues its description of creative work, while Genesis speaks of Divine rest and the institution of the Sabbath. But the fundamental and ruling difference is all-important. The tablets speak of many gods, Genesis of One God; the tablets describe the gods themselves as the product of the all-generating abyss, whilst the dominating thought of a creative Mind, a directing Will and Word which distinguishes the Biblical cosmogony from all others is conspicuous by its absence. Despite the

marks of agreement between the two accounts which superficially arrest attention, every reader feels that he has passed into another atmosphere as he leaves the contents of the tablets for the Scriptures. The former is childish, the latter sublime. The Babylonian story is a human mythology, the Hebrew a Divinely inspired religion.

What then is the relation between these kindred, yet distinct, accounts of the origin of all things? There can be little doubt that the view now generally accepted by scholars is correct, that both contain a version of a very early Semitic tradition, the outlines of which may be more or less clearly discerned in each, while the characteristic and distinctive features separate them one from another as widely as the poles. Another legend, obtained from Cutha in Babylonia, and conjectured to date as early as 2350 B.C., varies from both accounts in such a way as to confirm this view of the family relationship. There were probably many versions of the great "Creation-epic" current in various forms among the different branches of the Semitic race. Some of these are now in our possession, more may yet be discovered. The Hebrew version belongs, yet does not belong, to this family, wears the family-features with so different an air that the student of mythologies is startled and bewildered.

The student of the Bible may be for the time bewildered also. He may ask, Are we to accept as inspired an account of Creation which is said to present a family likeness to a Babylonian myth, and is the first chapter of Genesis, with its sacred and impressive teaching only one degree removed from a childish polytheistic legend? Closer consideration, however, assures us that it has never been a Divine method in teaching man to reveal to him directly a knowledge of physical facts which it was every way better that he should study and understand for himself. Neither as regards astronomy, geology, biology, or any form of physical science does Genesis anticipate modern discoveries, though the measure of agreement between this sublime chapter and the physical theories of our own day is in many ways very remarkable. But, given the inspired Hebrew, whoever he

was, who wrote the Scriptural account of Creation under Divine guidance, and we find in him the same subtle blending of the human and the Divine which meets us everywhere throughout the sacred Scriptures. There is the measure of human ignorance, a Semite brought up amidst traditions concerning the origin of all things which are not miraculously removed from his mind to make way for unimaginable and useless "science" characteristic of ages to come; but there is also the marvellous measure of Divine inspiration, filling the spirit with celestial light and fire, so that the old form of cosmogony is transfigured, transformed till it is hardly recognisable. The chapter—or chapters, if we consider Gen. i. 1, ii. 4 to represent an "Elohistic," ch. ii. 4—7 to represent a "Jehovistic" account of Creation—is simply filled with God! A Divine radiance illumines it from the first line to the last. "In the beginning GOD—created the heavens and the earth!" He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast. Some features of the old legend remain, but its follies, its childishness, its low conceptions of the universe, of man, above all its low and degrading conceptions of the Divine, are gone, and there remains only that which, when rightly understood, avails to teach not the Jew only, but the Gentile, not early Israel only, but the wise and learned of all time, a narrative of Creation whose form may belong to the seen and temporal, but where substance claims high kindred with the unseen and eternal.

Similar lessons are taught by the narrative of the Flood. A comparison of the Babylonian and Hebrew accounts of the Great Deluge which figure so largely in the sacred books of both nations, makes it certain that there is a common basis of tradition underlying both. And, curiously enough, just as it has been long recognised that two narratives are blended together in the account of the Flood given in Genesis, so Assyriologists assure us that more than one "hand" is discernible in the Assyro-Babylonian narrative which caused so much sensation when given to the world by George Smith twenty years ago. Its scope

and character are better understood now than then, and the place which it occupies in the series of the so-called Izdubar legends has been made plain. Similarities strike us between the Scriptures and the tablets, but amidst what difference ! The latter tells us how the gods Anu, Bel, and others, brought about the Flood, but were themselves afterwards so terrified by it that they "sought a refuge. The god, like a dog in his kennel, crouched down in a heap. Istar cries like a mother." The god Ea commands Hasisadra to build a great ship like a dwelling-house, and cover it with bitumen within and without. The story describes the sending forth of dove and swallow and raven from the ship of refuge, the sending forth of the animals and the offering of sacrifices, which were well-pleasing to the gods, who "gathered like flies over the sacrifices. Thereupon the great goddess, at her approach, lighted up the rainbow, which Anu had created according to his glory." Again what likeness, amidst what unlikeness ! Enough of form and outline remains to shew that these peoples—Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews—had something in common, mingled with so much of difference as has sufficed to relegate the stories of the tablets to the mounds of Borsippa, and the dusty researches of archæologists, leaving the story of Genesis to enlighten and impress a world.

Naturally the most is made of the contents of these monuments by those who do not believe in revelation and deny or try to explain away the supernatural. For them the first chapter of Genesis is but another series of myths concerning Lakhmu and Lakhamu, of just as little value, as the Babylonian edition, though of more widespread renown. It is but playing into the hands of such sceptics for devout students of Genesis to deny or ignore obvious facts. Religion will never lose anything by facing truth, from whatever quarter it comes or whatever aspect it wears. The view of Revelation which regards the account of Creation as a store of supernatural information, directly communicated to the mind of Moses and anticipating the scientific discoveries of modern times, reconcilable in all its details with the ascer-

tained knowledge of to-day, is no longer tenable. But we shall gain a loftier, not a lower, idea of God's dealings with men, when our eyes are opened to see what Revelation really means, and how it has pleased God in all generations to train and educate his ignorant and wayward children. "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." He took one branch of the Semitic stock in Western Asia just as they were, and trained their slow minds and stubborn wills to accomplish His own wise designs for all mankind. He is the God of the Jews and of the Gentiles also. "He hath made of one blood all nations to dwell together on all the face of the earth;" yet He had also chosen one people for His own possession and given them a work to do, which was to be not for themselves alone, but for the world. Joshua could speak to Israel of "the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood and in Egypt," those fathers who "dwelt on the other side of the flood in old times, even Terah, the father of Abraham and the father of Nachor," and for long centuries the people needed to be urgently exhorted to leave those other gods and serve Jehovah. Not by a miracle were they or their leaders lifted above the ignorance and superstition which was around them and within them. The Scripture narrative tells us faithfully of their temptations and their falls; tells us also of the Divine teaching given, the Divine help afforded, and at the long last the Divine conquest achieved. A knowledge of the human side of what we are rightly accustomed to call "sacred history" need not, should not, abate in us any of our reverence for its marvellous Divine manifestations, but rather deepen and increase it. A knowledge of the life of the nations around will not, or at least ought not, to diminish our appreciation of the Divine element in the history of Israel which made that chosen people, while so like their neighbours and kinsmen in many things, so wonderfully to differ from them in the highest and most important part of human life. "What advantage then hath the Jew? Much every way; chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles

of God." To Greece, mankind owes art and culture ; to Rome, civil law and order ; to Israel, religion. The glory of Israel cannot be taken away. Israel stands alone amongst the nations, and her unique vocation is only the more distinctly emphasised by all the facts recently revealed to us concerning her kinship with other nations of Western Asia. To Israel pertaineth "the adoption and the glory, and the covenants and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises." Hers were "the fathers," and to her much more might have belonged than the fathers and the promises had she been worthy of her high calling, and faithful to the trust implied in her lofty heritage. "Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came"—came unto His own ; and they that were His own received Him not. The history of Israel in its origin, its course, its errors, its fall, and the rising again which is yet to be, is the enigma of history. We welcome everything which will enable us to understand it better.

We have gathered, hastily and imperfectly, a few of many "lessons from the monuments." Some of these may be not altogether welcome, others it will take the Church some little time to master. But God has many ways of teaching those who are willing to learn of Him. He has spread before the present generation the marvellous story unfolded by physical science, and now there are being unrolled before our eyes pages of long-forgotten history, full of a deep significance and teaching of their own. The stars and the suns, the rocks and the hills, all the forms of life in their long evolution from diatom to man, have a voice with which to speak of the Divine to willing and instructed hearts. So have the buried cities and ruined palaces which have been giving up their dead, and telling to wondering ears of the life of man as it was lived long millenniums since, and their voice, with the message they have to give, we are only just beginning to understand. But the lessons of primæval human history, like the lessons of nature, when rightly read, only add fresh light and impart new lustre to that Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever.

ART. VIII.—AGRARIAN REFORM.

1. *A Bill Intituled An Act to Simplify Titles and Facilitate the Transfer of Land in England.* 1895.
2. *A Bill Intituled An Act to Amend the Law of Inheritance to Real Property.* 1895.
3. *A Bill to Amend the Law relating to the Tenancy of Land.* 1895.
4. *Agrarian Tenures: A Survey of the Laws and Customs relating to the Holding of Land in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and of the Reforms therein during recent years.* By the Right Hon. G. SHAW LEFEVRE, M.P. London: Cassell & Co., Lim. 1893.
5. *Co-operative Labour upon the Land: The Report of a Conference upon Land, Co-operation, and the Unemployed, held in the Holborn Town Hall in October, 1894.* Edited by J. A. HOBSON. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1895.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE'S able and interesting work will be generally welcomed, even by those who may differ from some of his conclusions, as a timely contribution to the study of an important but unduly neglected subject. Except where, as in the case of Ireland and the "Crofter" districts of Scotland, it is unfortunately generally suggestive of agrarian disturbances, the "land question" is a theme which arouses but little popular interest. The system of landownership in the United Kingdom is commonly regarded as the most permanent and unchangeable of our institutions, and comparatively few people realise the nature and extent of the transformation, which, under the influence of political, social, and economic causes has been gradually effected in it by a series of legislative enactments to which all political parties have in turn contributed, and which represent the conflicting currents of opinion of many schools of land reformers. There are, however, various indications that, though the subject of "land reform" has

not hitherto acquired popularity, the course of events is slowly but surely leading the nation to a recognition of its complexity and its importance. Measures akin to, if not identical with those enumerated at the head of this article—some of which embody proposals generally acknowledged to be eminently desirable, while others are based on principles which have engendered strong opposition—have now for several sessions appeared in the list of bills introduced into Parliament. The agricultural classes have long been pleading for a readjustment of the present system of local and imperial taxation as regards land, from the unfair incidence of which they have of late years seriously suffered. Other projects of reform still in an embryonic stage are also being pressed upon public attention with steadily increasing persistence—such as the three distinct schemes of Land Nationalisation respectively advocated by the disciples of Mr. Henry George, by the Land Nationalisation Society, and by the Land Restoration League. As shown in the interesting work edited by Mr. Hobson on “Labour upon the Land,” other reformers are endeavouring to apply the principles of co-operation to land tenure both in leasehold and freehold property; to agricultural Credit Banks and agricultural production; and to the settlement of the unemployed and the employment of pauper labour on the land; lastly, some of the legislative enactments of the last twenty-five years—and it may be noted that no less than 23 of the 37 Acts passed during the half century have been enacted since 1880,—by greatly accentuating the differences between the agrarian condition of Great Britain and that of Ireland have exercised a disturbing influence on the former. In view of impending changes, it may therefore be useful to trace the history of our land system and to consider the indications it affords as to its probable development in the future.

1. It has been said that the foundations “of much that we now think, and of all that we now enjoy,” were laid in the Feudal Ages;* and whatever opinion may be entertained

* *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, by the Duke of Argyll, p. 205.

as to the admissibility of the latter proposition of this dictum in other respects, few will question its truth as regards the institution of landed property. Our civilization, like all civilization from time immemorial, was based upon conquest; and as all the original landowners in these islands, and throughout Europe, acquired their properties by force of arms, the laws and customs regulating the tenure of land were necessarily based upon the national recognition of this rudimentary first title. The right of property, together with all other civil rights, was for a time practically extinguished at the destruction of the Roman Empire, and the history of the Feudal Ages is the history of the gradual establishment, from the fifth to the eleventh centuries, among the tribes who had acquired its territories, of those forms of settled government on which the existence of all property depends.

The Feudal System—some of the essential elements of which are traceable in the institutions of the Babylonian and Assyrian Empires, in that of the Moguls in India, and, according to Gibbon,* in the Roman Empire itself—was an adaptation of some of the oldest ideas and demands of life to the first settlement over the whole of Europe of new possessors, who owed all they possessed to the power of the sword, and had substituted the authority of a number of independent tribal chiefs for that of the great central power which had till then ruled the world.† The fact that it was a practical application of a combination of two theories, now regarded as contradictory to each other, is therefore worthy of the attention of land reformers. On the one hand, it was a system of socialism thorough enough to satisfy the most ardent of modern enthusiasts, which aimed at the “*nationalisation*” of all the land in the kingdom—to each class of baron, tenant, cottager and serf, on which it assigned a definite place—for the purpose of maintaining a great military organization. On the other, it was distinctly *individualistic* in its essence, which, as pointed out by the late

* *Decline and Fall*, cap. xviii.

† *Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 211, 212.

Professor Freeman,* lay in the personal relation between a man and his lord—the basis of that between landlord and tenant—in an age when all men did actually “hold” what ever they possessed from some other man, from whom its tenure was derived, through whom they gained even the opportunities of acquisition, and by whom they were defended in the right of exclusive use. Through the adoption, by the founders of this system, of the religion of the Roman Empire, and of all that, through the instrumentality of the Church, they could assimilate of the great system of Roman jurisprudence, the land system so founded was, in the course of five centuries, gradually developed from an incoherent mass of natural rights and obligations dependent on the necessities of military command and personal fidelity, into a great code of order and of law—the basis of the polity and of the jurisprudence of the whole of Europe. Though its downfall became inevitable when universal military service ceased to be necessary for the maintenance of social order, and the growth of commerce made it impossible to bind the mass of the population to agricultural pursuits by subordinating all land to the feudal ideal; and though, when judged from a modern standpoint, it doubtless presents many imperfections, its utility as an institution appears incontestable when judged by results. While wealth grew most steadily and civilization advanced most rapidly in the nations in which the Feudal System reached its highest form, the worst economic evils arising from insecure possession were most largely developed in those countries in which its growth was prematurely checked;† a fact which is strikingly illustrated by the contrast presented by the respective developments of the system of land tenure in the component parts of the United Kingdom.

Owing largely to the adoption at the Norman Conquest of

* *The English Poor*, by T. Mackay, p. vii.

† *Historical Essays* (1867), p. 62.

‡ Cf. As to the difference between Celtic and Teutonic Feudalism, *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, p. 230.

the legal theory that all lands in the kingdom are "holden mediately or immediately of the king" as representative of the State, feudalism, already established in a modified form under the Anglo-Saxons, attained its highest perfection in England; and in no country has the development of the land system been more steadily progressive or been effected with less of legislative interference. The manor, the primary unit of landed estate under the Feudal System, which, under another name, existed in all its essential characteristics long before that system existed, was at the Conquest subjected to additional obligations to the feudal lord, and became a dominion within which he was superior over subjects of different ranks. His powers were, however, in every case strictly limited by customary law, the tendency of which was towards certainty both of services and of tenure. The demesne land, and that assised or granted under conditions to tenants, and the waste land of the manor were all his; but the usufruct of the "assised" land belonged to the tenants, who were also entitled to the free use of the "waste," and the agricultural services even of the villeins were accurately determined both in kind and extent. By the middle of the fifteenth century the lords, through the substitution of money payments for the ancient predial services—a system introduced much earlier and more extensively in England than on the Continent—had passed into the condition of the modern landlord, who can hire, but cannot command labour; while their tenantry had grown into a thriving peasant proprietary, the more fortunate of whom were copyholders, and the remainder paid labourers—a class which was largely increased by the great rise in wages, lasting from 1350 to 1500, caused by the depopulation of the rural districts by the Black Death in 1345. When the Feudal System received its deathblow in the destruction of the old baronial families by the Wars of the Roses, the feudal manors passed to a new class of proprietors, who, being no longer obliged to keep up their tenantry for the purposes of warfare, either turned their arable land into pasture in order to share in the profits of the newly established wool trade—

to the detriment both of the peasant proprietors and the hired labourers ; or, by leasing to farmers land they had previously farmed themselves, laid the foundations of the modern system of landlord and tenant. Thus by the middle of the seventeenth century the feudal lords had been replaced by the country gentry, the greater tenants of the manor by the yeomen and farmers, and the Norman villein by the agricultural labourer. Until two hundred years ago, however, the great landlords were comparatively few in number, and the greater part of rural England was cultivated by thrifty and independent yeomen farmers, either owning farms, of from 50 to 200 acres in fee, and employing labourers ; or cultivating with their own hands holdings of 50 acres and under, which they held as copyholders under lords of manors, subject to fixed annual payments, or fines payable on death or transfer, but with the right of perpetual renewal—a tenure nearly as certain as that of freehold. Both these classes of tenants possessed the valuable rights of grazing cattle, and of cutting turf and bracken on the great manorial wastes, then forming one-third at least of the area of rural England ; as did also the labourers of the district, many of whom held their cottages and gardens by a fixed tenure as copyholders, or on leases for two or three lives renewable on payment of fines.*

In the course of the last two centuries a complete change has, however, been effected in the conditions of rural life, through the operation of various political and economic causes, three of which are especially worthy of notice.

In the first place, in this as in other European countries, the strong desire, under the influence of the Feudal System, to connect powerful families with large possessions in land, early led to the general adoption of a system of perpetual entails, the injurious results of which had become so manifest in the reign of Edward IV. that the lawyers devised the means of evading it, and that the Courts of Law and Parliament combined for nearly two hundred years afterwards

* *Agrarian Tenures*, pp. 1, 2.

to resist all attempts to re-establish it, or to prevent the free transfer of land. During the troubles of the Civil War, however, it became of paramount importance to landowners, in the interest of their descendants, to protect their properties from forfeiture for treason, to the King or to the Parliament, as one or other side prevailed; and, in order to aid them, the courts were induced to recognise the introduction of the system under a new form, which has led directly to that of family entails, under which the bulk of the land in this country is now held, and which has undoubtedly materially favoured the aggregation of large landed estates.

Again, there is little doubt that the accumulation of land in a few hands has been also largely facilitated by the enclosure, under special acts or under the General Enclosure Act of 1845, both of commons—the old manorial wastes—and also, in many parishes, of the “common” or “open” fields, forming the communal arable land of the old manor, which was divided into allotments, and the ownership of which was limited to certain months in the year. This process, which began in the reign of Charles II., but which was largely extended after 1760, and has resulted in the enclosure of some seven millions of acres, on the one hand deprived the lesser yeomen and labourers of valuable commonable rights which were a necessary adjunct to their holdings; and, on the other, threw the “common fields,” formerly held by a number of small farmers, into the hands of a few large landowners.*

Lastly, the great industrial movement of the eighteenth century absorbed not only the surplus of the agricultural population, but a large proportion of the yeoman freeholders; while many of the latter were induced by the high price of land, and the increased rates of interest due to the commercial and manufacturing prosperity of the country, to sell their properties and occupy them as tenants at rents

* Cf. An interesting article on “The History of Small Holdings,” in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1892.

below the interest on their investments of the proceeds of the sales.

Owing to the operation of these and of other minor causes, the yeoman farmers, the peasant proprietors, and the cottage freeholders have practically ceased to exist, and their lands and houses have been merged in adjoining large estates, such as now constitute the bulk of the agricultural land in England and Wales, the total area of which is 37,320,000 acres, 33,013,000 of which are the property of landowners, the remainder representing land held in mortmain, waste and common land, woods and plantations, land devoted to public purposes, such as railways, roads, &c., &c., and land occupied by towns. According to a Return of Landowners, published in 1870, about half the area of the agricultural land is owned by 2,250 persons, each with estates of over 2,000 acres; 1,750 persons own between 1,000 and 2,000 acres, with an aggregate of 2,500,000 acres; 34,000 own between 100 and 1,000 acres, with an aggregate of 8,926,000 acres; and 217,000 persons own from one acre to 100 acres, with an aggregate of 3,931,000 acres.* This aggregation of large estates, combined with the facts that the expense of keeping buildings in repair, is much greater in proportion on small than on large farms, and that the employment of the best agricultural methods is facilitated by the single management and cultivation of a large area, has led to the consolidation of small holdings into large farms, and the disappearance of small tenancies.† The complete separation of the three classes of landowners, tenants and labourers, has thus become a distinctive feature of the English rural system, which, in this respect, differs from that of almost every country in the world. The landlords supply the land and the capital required for all permanent improvements, for the erection of buildings for farm operations, and for labourers' cottages. The tenants—who hire their farms generally on yearly leases, and not under leases for years, and expend

* *Agrarian Tenures*, p. 15.

† Cf. *Report of the Committee on Small Holdings*, 1890.

nothing in permanent improvements—supply only such capital as is necessary for cultivating and stocking the land ; while the labourers, who are engaged by the week or the year, and hire their cottages by the same tenure from the landowners or the farmers, supply only their labour.*

Under this system of large ownerships and large farms English agriculture has developed an industry of farming on a large scale of great economic importance, which, having regard to the yield per acre and the labour and capital expended in producing it, is, despite recent periods of depression, still the most efficient in the civilized world.† When illustrated by its best examples the system also exhibits many excellent results in other respects. In such cases, which are very numerous in all parts of England, the landlord resides on the property during the greater part of the year ; and, having a large income not wholly dependent on land, he is able to afford the capital expenditure for all kinds of improvements, to let his farms at rents which, taking a long range of good and bad years together, the tenants can reasonably pay, and to make large abatements of rent in years of exceptional loss. The tenants feeling that they can rely on the landlord for any capital expenditure on improvements, and that the practice and tradition of the estate and the honour and good faith of the owner ensure their retaining their tenancies as long as they do justice to the land, and their being treated with every consideration on quitting them, are able to reserve their capital for ordinary farm cultivation. The labourers occupy at an extremely low rent cottages with gardens of from a quarter to half an acre attached to them, of the building and maintenance of which the landlord undertakes the sole charge, and which are in every respect superior to those they would have to live in in towns ; and they may also have allotments near the village at farm rents if they desire them. By farming himself a part

* *Agrarian Tenures*, pp. 3, 4, 19.

† *Agrarian Tenures*, p. 29, and Cf. An interesting article by Mr. Mallock, on "The Census and Condition of the People," *Pall Mall Magazine*, March, 1895.

of his demesne the landlord sets an example of high cultivation ; he keeps in hand the woods and plantations ; and while not interfering with the concurrent right of the tenants, preserves game to a moderate extent. He maintains the schools, aids local charities, patronises local trade, exercises control over the public houses within his dominion, and, with the aid of the clergyman and the land agent, exercises on a small scale a paternal government in his parish or district.

It must, on the other hand, however, be remembered that the undeniable benefits resulting from the English system are dependent on the power and the will of the landlord—whose position from a pecuniary point of view is the reverse of profitable—to realise this ideal. There are some cases in which he prefers not to attempt it, and many more in which the heavy encumbrances on his property necessitate his residing elsewhere, and prevent him, not only from spending money on improvements, but also from keeping his farms and cottages in proper repair. In addition to this, experience has shown that the small farmers who work themselves on their land and live on their produce, have suffered far less during the agricultural depression of the last twelve years than the large ones ; and many landlords would now gladly revert to the old system of small farms were they able to provide the large capital necessary for erecting buildings. The universal system of large farms, with their covenants enforcing a particular course of husbandry, has, moreover, limited the enterprise of the cultivators, and prevented their adapting themselves to new conditions ;* while it has created a gulf between the farmers and the labourers, by depriving the latter of the opportunities they formerly possessed, as peasant proprietors, of becoming tenants.

During the last thirty or forty years Parliament has made many efforts to reform the more prominent evils in this system of land tenure.

* See an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1889, on "Small Farms," by Lord Wantage, one of the largest landowners of England, who also farms on a great scale himself.

As regards landowners, it has, by the "Improvement of Land Act," 1864, and Lord Cairn's "Settled Land Act," of 1882, endeavoured to free land from the fetters of the system of entail, which, by burthening their incomes with charges and annuities, precludes them from making the requisite outlay on their properties, and at the same time to make it more easily saleable, so as to facilitate the multiplication of landowners. The first measure, which has not, however, been eminently successful, enables tenants for life to charge their estates with money raised for the purpose of effecting improvements, such as land drainage, road making and the erection of farm buildings and cottages. The other, one of the most important Acts in this respect for many generations, is based on the principle that entails are to be regarded not merely as family compacts, but as matters affecting national interests; and, while maintaining the principle of family settlements, it endeavours to make real and personal property interchangeable, and gives the tenant for life of any entailed estate wide powers of sale for the purpose of raising money to pay off encumbrances and improve the property. That much still remains to be done in this branch of land reform is, however, evident from the account given by Lord Carington, in *Labour upon the Land*, of the difficulties he encountered in attempting to apply the system of co-operation in the extension of small freeholds to a farm upon his estate.* In 1862, by the passing of Lord Westbury's "Land Transfer Act," Parliament made a first effort to simplify titles to land and to make its transfer less costly, and a further step in this direction was taken by the passing of Lord Cairn's "Land Transfer Act," of 1875, which established a cheap and simple system of registration of titles, closely resembling an analogous scheme introduced by Sir R. Torrens in Australia. As, however, registration under both Acts is voluntary, neither has been successful; and though Lord Halsbury, in 1887 and in 1889, introduced Bills for making registration of titles under Lord Cairn's Act

* *Labour upon the Land*, p. 16.

compulsory, and a similar measure was last session brought in in the House of Lords by Lord Herschell, both failed to become law. Some progress has, however, been made towards facilitating the transfer of land by the passing, in 1881, of the Conveyancing and Law of Property Act and of the Solicitors' Remuneration Act.

Legislative reforms of equal importance have also been effected on behalf of the tenants, whose position became more precarious on the universal adoption of the system of yearly tenancies, introduced when the great fluctuations in prices during the last great war with France indisposed both landlords and tenants alike to tie their hands by long leases. The Agricultural Holdings Acts of 1875 and 1883 gave them greater security for outlay on their farms, and the latter measure by providing that in respect of improvements by outgoing tenants the landlords should not contract themselves out of the provisions of the Act, except for making more favourable arrangements, made a most important step in interfering with the freedom of contract between landlord and tenant. By the Ground Game Act, 1880, Parliament has protected their crops from destruction through the over-preservation of game. By a provision of the Small Agricultural Holdings Act, 1892,* it has facilitated their conversion into owners of their farms where they are tenants of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—who have of their own accord, and without the direction of Parliament, sold some of their estates to their tenants, to whom it is in fact always offered before a sale—by empowering County Councils to advance money for this purpose to those occupying fifty acres of land and under. And by the Tithe Act of 1891, it has again interfered with the freedom of contract between landlords and tenants, and provided that the tithe rent charge shall be payable by the owner of the land, and that any contract made between him and the occupier, after the passing of the Act, for the payment of tithe by the latter, shall be void.

* Section 17.

Lastly, the Legislature has passed several enactments designed to improve the position of the labourer. By the Commons Act of 1876, amending the Enclosure Act of 1845, it has greatly checked the enclosure of the remaining commons, and enacted that where enclosures take place provision shall be made for securing to the labouring people of the district a much larger extent of land for garden allotments and recreation grounds. It has, by the Allotments Extension Act, 1882, enacted that the trustees of any charity land, the income of which is devoted to doles, shall let the most suitable parts of such lands in allotments, to cottagers, labourers, and others, and that on their neglect or refusal to do so the Charity Commissioners may issue orders enforcing the directions of the Act. It has passed several measures with the object of improving and providing cottages and gardens for labourers in rural districts; and, under the Sanitary Acts and Allotment Acts of 1887 and 1890, it has adopted the principle of the compulsory purchase of land for the erection of cottages and the provision of allotments. By the Glebe Lands Act, 1888, which has, however, failed largely to effect its purpose, it authorised the sale of glebe lands, with the consent of the Bishop of the diocese and of the Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of promoting the multiplication of small ownerships by their sale in small parcels to labourers or to the Sanitary Authority for the purposes of the Allotments Acts. Lastly, by the Small Holdings Act, 1892, it took a further great step in the same direction by empowering local authorities to purchase land and break it up into small lots for reselling or letting.

It will be evident that this series of enactments, though it has done much to mitigate its more serious defects, has left the fundamental principles of the English land system unchanged.

With the exception of a portion of the Highlands, the same may be said with regard to land legislation for Scotland, in which the system is in the main the same as in England, and to which the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1875,

the Ground Game Act, 1880, and the small Agricultural Holdings Act all apply. Though Lord Cairns' great measure of 1882 does not apply to Scotland, there is greater power under the Scotch law of disentailing estates. Farms are, as a rule, held under leases for nineteen years instead of under yearly tenancies—a practice, which, as there is no obligation on the landowner to relet the farm to its late occupant, prevents the permanence of occupation which prevails on many of the great estates in England. Though the wages of the labourers are higher, they are seldom eked out by gardens and allotments, and there is a general complaint of the insufficiency of their cottages, which are usually held direct from the tenant farmers. The separation between the three classes of landlords, farmers, and labourers is as complete as in England, while the gulf between the last two classes is still greater and more impassable.*

In Ireland and in the Crofter districts of Scotland, however, recent land legislation has effected a revolution, which can hardly fail to exercise an important influence on the future development of the agrarian question.

Owing mainly to the fact that the Celtic population in Ireland and the Scottish Highlands never came under the civilising influences of the Roman or the Norman Conquests, the tenure of land in both cases remained for centuries dependent on the rude customs of what is known as the tribal system, and in both the Feudal System took the most oppressive form it assumed in Europe, and never developed beyond the embryonic stage. Owing to its insecurity as regards external relations, and to the chronic, savage, and devastating nature of intertribal wars, the tribal system necessarily threw the most absolute power into the hands of the chiefs for the time being, and by placing the safety of everything the tribesmen possessed at their mercy, subjected the latter to unlimited exactions, which are at once the consequence and the cause of the universal insecurity of life

* *Agrarian Tenures*, pp. 181, 216.

and property. The Anglo-Norman lords who obtained grants of land in Ireland and the remoter Scottish Highlands, soon discovered that they were invested with an extent of power they had never possessed in England, and there is ample evidence to show that they took advantage of it to disregard the obligations of feudalism where they protected the tenantry, and to adopt instead the oppressive Celtic customs.* When the English law was at length enforced—in Ireland by Cromwell, and in the Highlands of Scotland after the Rebellion of 1745—feudalism had long been extinguished and the rights of individual property in land had obtained a fuller recognition; and though the rights of the landlord were pushed to the extreme, nothing was conceded to tenants in respect of the old Celtic customary rights. While the manorial system, to which the English yeomanry and large farmers owe their origin, never existed in either Ireland or the Highlands, that of entails had free play, and was aggravated in Ireland by the penal laws against the ownership of land by Catholics. After the passing—after the famine of 1846-7—of the Encumbered Estates Act, which was designed to induce capitalists to expend money in improvements on land in Ireland, the properties of many of the older Irish families passed to a new class of landlords, and who did not scruple either to impose rack rents or clear their properties of tenants in order to convert them into great grazing farms. A similar result followed the introduction of sheep farming in Scotland at the beginning of the century, and the excessive consolidation of farms has, in both cases, produced a system of very large landownerships and very small tenancies, with an almost entire absence of the class of large farmers common throughout England. It is to the evils resulting from this system that the exceptional character of the land legislation with regard to Ireland and the Scottish Crofter districts is due.

As regards Ireland, indeed, there has been much valuable

* Cf. *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, Chaps. viii. and ix.

legislation to which the term exceptional cannot apply, and which, though Imperial funds have been brought in aid of its objects to far greater extent than in Scotland or England, closely resembles that already described with respect to the latter country. The Board of Works of Ireland has, by various Acts, been empowered to make advances both to landlords for the improvement of their properties * and to tenants for the improvement of their holdings. † Under the Irish Church Disestablishment Act, 1869, landlords enjoy the advantage of being able to extinguish the tithe rent charge through the aid of Imperial credit; while Lord Cairns' system for registration of titles is carried out locally by the officers of the various counties, and though only permissive in the case of ordinary properties, is obligatory as regards holdings sold under the Land Purchase Act. Under this measure, too, cottier tenants, many of whom are unable to make a living out of their land, have been given special facilities for migrating or emigrating from congested districts and for acquiring land; while the Congested Districts Board is invested with extensive powers for aiding the development of the industries, such as agriculture, forestry, and fishery, on which they are dependent for a livelihood. Lastly, by Acts, passed in 1883 and 1885, as well as by the Land Act, 1881, and the Land Purchase Act, 1891, Parliament has endeavoured to ensure adequate cottage accommodation for the labourers whose condition is relatively the lowest and worst of the Irish agricultural classes.

In addition to remedial enactments of this class, however, the Irish land legislation of the last 25 years comprises measures which have effected perhaps the most sweeping agrarian reforms ever enacted in any country, and which embody two distinct policies—that of protecting all tenants equally in respect of past and future improvements, and ensuring them against unfair eviction; and that of con-

* 10 Vict., c. 32; 13 and 14 Vict., c. 19; 23 Vict., c. 19; 29 and 30 Vict., c. 40.

† *Land Act*, 1881. Sec. 31.

verting them into owners by means of State aid. A basis for the first class of legislation already existed in the custom generally recognised with regard to land in the Province of Ulster, in which there was a closer connection between landlords and tenants than in other parts of Ireland. Under the custom of Ulster, which closely resembles that with respect to copyhold tenures in this country, tenants were regarded as entitled to retain their holdings so long as they paid their rent and to sell and bequeath their interests in them; and it was generally recognised that their rents should not be increased so as to encroach on the value of their tenant rights, which they were accustomed to buy and sell at high prices. The Land Act of 1870 legalised the custom of Ulster and extended a somewhat analogous system to the rest of the country, which, reversing the presumption of law that improvements belong to the owner of land, secured both past and future improvements to the tenants; while it enabled the latter to claim compensation for them on determination of their tenancies, and laid down a further scale of compensation for disturbance on eviction for any other cause than non-payment of rent. At the same time, however, by what are known as the Bright clauses, it endeavoured to promote the conversion of tenants into owners by authorising the Treasury to advance *two-thirds* of the purchase money on the sale of any holding to its tenant, on certain prescribed conditions as to repayment—an experiment which had been already partially attempted in the Act for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The subsequent Irish Land Acts, each of which has, like that of 1870, unfortunately been preceded by an outbreak of the agrarian disturbances, temporarily quelled by previous legislative concessions, embody the continuously extended application of these theories of reform. On the one hand, through the Land Act, 1881, as amended by those of 1887 and 1891, the main body of tenants throughout Ireland have obtained fixity of tenure, the right of assigning and devising their holdings without the consent of their landlords, and

the rights of appealing to a special tribunal, the Land Commission, to determine the amount of their rent for fifteen years, and of applying for a revision of rent at the end of that period.* On the other hand, the amount to be advanced to tenants for the purchase of their holdings under the Bright clauses, which had proved a total failure, was increased by the Land Act, 1881, from *two-thirds* to *three-fourths*, and by Lord Ashbourne's Land Purchase Act of 1885 to the *whole* of the purchase-money, while the period of repayment was extended from thirty-five to forty-nine years. The Act of 1881, and Lord Ashbourne's two Acts of 1885 and 1887, each set apart a sum of £5,000,000 for the purposes of land purchase through the State; and in 1891 the system received a still more extended development under Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Act, which introduced the principle of local guarantee by way of security to the Imperial Exchequer for the much larger advances contemplated under the scheme. Certain contributions from the Treasury to Irish local authorities are made security for the payment of the interest and instalments of the tenant purchasers within their districts. The capital value of these contributions, which, reckoned at thirty years' purchase, amounts to about £33,000,000, is defined as the maximum amount which can be advanced by the Imperial Treasury for the purposes of the Act; but it is provided that this capital sum, as it is repaid by annual instalments, may be re-lent again *ad infinitum*—a process under which it is possible that the whole of the agricultural land in Ireland may be purchased in about 100 years.

It will be evident that the Legislature has, by this two-fold policy, on the one hand abolished the system of landlord and tenant existing in the greater part of the United Kingdom, and substituted for it one of dual ownership, under which the original landlord retains no rights save that of

* These rights were further secured by the Arrears Act, 1882, which compelled landlords to cancel the arrears, which, as the tenants were liable for their non-payment to eviction, might have prevented them from applying to the Land Commission for the revision of their rents.

the payment of a judicial rent ; while it has, on the other, created a new class of freeholders, whose superior position as successors of the full rights of the dispossessed landlords can hardly fail to excite the envy of that of co-owners. In the Crofters' Act, 1886, it has, with some variations, also adopted the principle of co-ownership with regard to the class, closely resembling that of the Irish cottier tenants, which occupies small holdings in the Scottish counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland, Caithness, and Orkney. The Crofters are the descendants of the working members of the Highland clans who had in olden times reclaimed the better lands in the valleys, which they cultivated in small holdings or crofts, but who lost the privilege they enjoyed—though under a very undefined tenure—of turning out their cattle on the mountains, and their hereditary right to their holdings so long as they paid their customary rents, when the chiefs of the clans were, after the rebellion of 1745, invested with the full rights of a landowner over both crofts and mountains. The creation of sheep farms, and that of deer forests which succeeded it, compelled them to emigrate *en masse*, or to accept other lands near the coast conceded to them by their landlords, where they could supplement their means of living by fishing or burning seaweed for kelp. The destruction of the kelp industry, the reduction of their holdings by sub-division, and the inadequacy of mountain land assigned to them for pasturage, led to the gradual deterioration of their condition, which is graphically described in the Report of the Royal Commission on Crofters of 1884 :

“ The crofter of the present time has, through past evictions, been confined within narrow limits, sometimes on inferior and exhausted soil. He is subjected to arbitrary augmentations of rent. He is without security of tenure, and has only recently received the concession of compensation for improvements. His habitation is usually of a character which would almost imply physical and moral degradation in the eyes of those who do not know how much decency, courtesy, virtue, and even mental refinement survive amid the surroundings of a Highland hovel. . . . Eviction and repartition have done their lamented work, and passed away for ever. The interest,

prudence, and sentiment of the proprietors are alike enlisted for other views and purposes ; but the dangers of sub-division are perpetuated by the tenacity of the tenant, who too often settles his offspring on the impoverished holdings in defiance of estate regulations and the dictates of self-preservation."*

This Report led to the passing of the Act of 1886, which was framed on the lines of the Irish Act of 1881, but in some respects went beyond and in others fell behind its precedent. While it conceded to the Scottish tenant "*fixity of tenure*" and "*fair rents*" to be fixed by a special tribunal—the Crofters' Commission—it did not confer on him the right of "*free sale*;" and, while permitting him to bequeath his interest in his holding to his wife or "any person who, failing nearer heirs, would succeed to him in case of intestacy," it prohibited him absolutely from assigning his tenancy to any other person. On the other hand, it conferred much greater powers of cancelling arrears on the Crofter Commissioners than were given under the Irish Act ; and though it provided no machinery for the purchase of holdings by tenants, it empowered the Commissioners, on the application of five or more Crofters, to apply to landlords for land for the purpose of enlarging either their separate holdings or common pasturage land, and in the event of their refusal to compel them to let it on lease.

It is impossible, within the short period that has elapsed since the passing of this measure and of the Irish Acts to form a fair estimate of their results. The advantages of a widely distributed land ownership, where it is due to natural development, are, however, shewn by the agrarian condition of the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, the land system in both of which differs essentially from that of England and Scotland. In the Channel Islands the old customary law of Normandy has prevailed ever since the confiscation of the manors of the old Norman nobles by King John, and entails are strictly prohibited. The system aims at the dispersal and sub-division of property, the property of an

* Report, pp. 7, 8, 16.

owner being divided among his children at death, though the eldest son is allowed to inherit the house and two more acres of land than the other children. Though 'sub-division is perhaps carried to excess, its effects are minimised by the light taxation of the islands, and the practical results as regards wealth and prosperity are undeniable. In the Isle of Man, though the laws with respect to inheritance and tenure of land are practically the same as in England, all tenants enjoy the rights of fixity of tenure, free sale, and bequest at death, which were conceded to them by an Act of Settlement in 1703, by the feudal lord of the island, the Earl of Derby, and were re-affirmed by a later Act in 1777. There are few large landowners, but a numerous class of yeomen, whose families have owned their lands for long periods, and 30 per cent. of the total acreage is owned by the cultivators. The land is well cultivated and the people are content and prosperous; there is little poverty, and the labourers enjoy the prospect of becoming tenants and ultimately owners of small farms.

2.—The first reflection suggested by this necessarily imperfect sketch of the development of our land system, must probably be that Parliament has exhausted almost all the possible methods of legislation, and that future land reform can only take the direction of extending or improving some or all of them. It will also be evident that no one system can be held to be equally suitable for the whole of the United Kingdom, and that the differing conditions of its component parts have necessitated a different mode of treatment for each.

Broadly speaking, the main objects of the Legislature have been to give greater security to the cultivators of the soil for the outlay of capital and labour upon it, and a greater stimulus to their industry; to multiply small ownerships and holdings of land, so as to enable the lower classes in rural communities to rise to higher positions; and to improve the status of the labourer. In order to effect these reforms it has endeavoured to facilitate the transfer of land. It has sanctioned the relation of dual ownership between landlords

and occupiers almost universally in Ireland and partially in Scotland. It has adopted the use of State credit by means of loans, at low rates of interest, repayable over a long term of years, for the conversion of tenancies into full ownerships on a large scale in Ireland, and tentatively, on a small scale in England and Scotland ; as well as for the purpose of the artificial creation of small ownerships and tenancies in England and Scotland by the agency of local authorities. For promoting the creation of small ownerships it has authorised the sale of land devoted to public uses, in Ireland under the Church Disestablishment Act, and in England under the Glebe Lands Act ; and in both these countries, as well as in Scotland, it has sanctioned the principle—long since accepted as regards undertakings beneficial to the public, such as railways—of the compulsory purchase of land for the purpose of benefitting special classes of the rural community. It has interfered with freedom of contract between landlords and tenants, and imposed indefeasible conditions upon them by the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Ground Game Act, and the English Tithe Act. It has, by the Settled Estates Act, set aside the intentions of testators and settlers, as regards land which they intended to be inalienable to their descendants for two or more generations, and in Ireland has abolished the law of primogeniture in the case of small ownerships, artificially created under the Land Purchase Act, which are constituted personal property for the purpose of division at the death of the owner. Both in Ireland and Scotland it has established special Government Departments for controlling congested districts, with the view of improving the condition of the occupiers of land. While some of its enactments, such as the Agricultural Holdings Act, have effected their intention, others, such as the Acts for advancing State money in order to convert tenancies into full ownerships in Ireland, have been only partially successful, and others again, such as the Land Transfer Acts in England, have remained a dead letter. Numerous and varied as are the methods it has employed, it will, however, be evident on consideration that

the evils they are designed to remedy, and which have at various periods of our history demanded the interference of the State, are nearly all traceable to a single source—the aggregation of large properties in the hands of a few owners. The recognition of this fact has formed the basis of recent land legislation, and the sub-division and dispersal of large landed estates, with a view to the multiplication of small ownerships, has been accepted by both the great political parties as the fundamental principle of future land reform.

As to results of the methods adopted in the recent application of this principle to Ireland and the Crofter districts, it is impossible at present to judge, but it is manifest that they are in no way suitable to the case of England and the greater part of Scotland, in both of which the landlords have been partners with the tenants in the sense of undertaking the cost of all improvements, and where the separation of the landlord's capital and the tenant's capital has proved highly beneficial to both as well as to the development of agriculture. Instead of the tenants being, as in Ireland, at the mercy of the landlords, the latter, who have submitted to great reductions of rent, may be said to be at the mercy of their tenants, and the English system of yearly tenancies is due even more to the unwillingness of tenants to bind themselves than to the refusal of the landlords to grant long leases. Under judicial rents the tenants, both in England and Scotland, would have suffered far more than they have already; while their conversion into co-owners, instead of tending to the multiplication of small holdings would, so far as the size of farms is concerned, stereotype the existing state of things. Lastly, the general high average size of tenancies in England and Scotland would seem to offer an almost insuperable obstacle to the introduction of the Irish land purchase system, and it has been estimated that to create a single ownership of this class in each rural parish would necessitate an outlay of over £60,000,000.*

* *Agrarian Tenures*, p. 244.

There are, however, less revolutionary means by which the more equal distribution of land may be gradually effected. Though its results have so far been small, something may be hoped for from the operation of the Small Holdings Act, 1892, which appears to have already had some effect in Lincolnshire.* The policy of utilising public property, or property under trust for public purposes, for creating small holdings, which, as noticed above, has already been adopted to a small degree,† is also, as Mr. Shaw Lefevre well suggests, capable of a large extension, since the land held in mortmain by the Crown, the Church of England, the universities, schools, hospitals, charities, and other corporate bodies, amounts in the aggregate to over 2,000,000 acres. In both these cases there are signs that the application of co-operation to land tenure may be productive of valuable results. Lastly, there can be no doubt that two of the main essentials necessary for the increase of landowners are the reform, if not the abolition, of the system of entails, and—this being a fundamental need—the simplification of land transfer by the adoption of local registries and the compulsory registration of titles. It is probable that many landowners, if freed from the fetters of settlements, would be glad in their own interests to give facilities for the acquisition of small ownerships and small holdings with security of tenure to people in their own district—a course calculated to produce far greater and more extensive results than can be expected from the interposition of the State or of local authorities.

There is one scheme of Land Reform, that of Land Nationalism, which has not hitherto been deemed worthy of the consideration of the Legislature, and which, as its merits were considered in the last number of this Review,‡ it has not been attempted to deal with in this article. It may, however, be observed that the popularity of Land Nationalisation as a theory is largely due to the abuse of the system

* Cf. *Co-operative Labour upon the Land*, p. 2.

† See *ante* p. 153.

‡ *London Quart. Rev.* for July, 1895, Art. "Social Anatomy," pp. 307-309.

of individual ownership, which is shown by universal experience to supply, in its best form, the greatest inducements to the improvement of and the investment of capital in the soil, as well as to promote the sentiments of citizenship and of independence. Individual ownership, however, is safest as an institution and most effective as an instrument of well-being when it is widely spread, and where it is unduly limited it must inevitably become the source of agrarian evils. There is land enough in the country for every variety in size of ownerships, and we fully agree with Mr. Shaw Lefevre that "it is in this mixture of large and small ownerships, and of large and small holdings, that lie the best hopes for the future of our rural population."*

* *Agrarian Tenures*, p. 313.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Divine Life in The Church. An Affirmation of the Doctrine of Holy Baptism, with Contributions Relating to the Scottish Church—Her History, Work and Present Need. Scottish Church Society Conferences. Second Series, 2 Vols. London : Elliot Stock. 1895.

WE noticed the First Series of these Conferences soon after the publication of the volumes which gave an account of them, and said that the progress of the movement would be followed with great interest. The volumes before us well sustain the interest excited by their predecessors. The first, consisting of nearly 240 octavo pages, is entirely occupied with the subject of Baptism. The first paper, of nearly 200 pages, by Dr. John Macleod, of Glasgow, insists on the "Grace of Baptism," brings forward the "evidence of Scripture," adduces the "declarations of formularies" of the Reformation Standards, the Genevan and the Scottish Confession, the Book of Common Order, the Catechisms of Calvin, of the Palatinate or Heidelberg, and of Craig, and all the Westminster Formularies relating to the subject, and examines the difficulties involved, especially the aspects in which the doctrine of Baptism seems to be at variance with that of election. It gives nearly 40 pages to the answering of objections, and finally devotes a section to "the present neglect of the doctrine and suggestions," the last suggestion relating to "the restoration of continuity of connection between the initial sacrament of Baptism and the regular celebration of and participation in the Holy Eucharist." Nothing, perhaps, is more notable in this "new line" of exposition in the Scotch Kirk than the adoption of the phrase "Holy Eucharist" for the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Other papers, much shorter, deal with the Instruction of Catechumens, and the Obligation of Sponsors. Such a sacramental movement is a sign of the times, not to be overlooked, in Scotland and in the Church of half-yearly celebrations of the Sacrament. As yet, however, the movement seems to keep clear of the peculiar

principles of modern High Anglicanism. The second volume is not occupied with any one subject exclusively, but touches on many. The "Celtic Inheritance of the Scottish Church," "Remediable Defects in the Presbyterian Organisation and its Better Adaptation to Existing Needs," "The Revival of Churchmanship in Scotland," the "Training and Probation of Candidates for the Holy Ministry," "The Development on Right Lines of Lay Work," the "Church's Duty to Special Classes," the "Attitude of the Church towards Modern Thought and Modern Criticism," Church Music and Church Fabrics, are all dealt with, though not all with equal penetration or thoroughness. The whole combines to show that the movement is conceived on a large scale, as one to broaden and completely nationalise the old historic Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

The Ethics of the Old Testament. By W. S. BRUCE, M.A., Minister of Banff. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895. 4s.

Mr. Bruce shows in this instructive and thoughtful volume that one grand moral purpose has presided over the development of the ethics of the Old Testament. He traces the unfolding of that purpose in the Mosaic legislation, the prophecies with their strenuous endeavour to further the cause of justice and righteousness, and in the Wise Man's enforcement of prudence and the fear of God. "Other nations ended as they began, but throughout Israel's history there was a dynamic energy constructively working for a purer morality. And its most conspicuous triumph is to be seen in the heroic courage and moral fervour of its saints and seers, which led them to contend against every wrong, to denounce vice and thwart tyranny, and expose the falsities and hypocrisies that satisfied the somnolent shepherds of their day. It is their fervid passion for righteousness, their splendid courage of conviction, their inextinguishable spirit of hope amid direst calamity, their grand visions of a coming kingdom of God, in which every wrong shall be righted, and all shall know God from the least to the greatest, that form the wealth of ethical teaching which is the glory of the Old Testament." The growth and development of ethical ideas are traced from stage to stage with great clearness. Mr. Bruce shows that there is nothing approaching scientific method in Old Testament morality. It was designed by God for a people at a rudimentary stage of religious education, and finds its perfection only in the Christian dispensation. The two last chapters, dealing with the moral difficulties of the Old Testament, will be found very helpful. The book is judicious and suggestive throughout.

The Bible Doctrine of Man, or The Anthropology and Psychology of Scripture. By JOHN LAIDLAW, M.A., D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh; author of *The Miracles of our Lord*, &c. New edition. Revised and re-arranged. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895.

The volume before us is a standard work of the highest character—perhaps Professor Laidlaw's ablest and most valuable work. The present edition has been thoroughly revised and so re-arranged as to fit it more perfectly to take its position as a permanent standard of theological doctrine, at once Biblical in its substance and scientific in its form. We cordially recommend it to all students of theology. It is an admirable work to use as a companion volume to Dr. Dale's last work—that on Christian Doctrine—both because of the confirmation it affords as to some of the most profound and cardinal points of the divine science, and because of the correction it suggests as to some other questions of fundamental importance. It is a volume which should find a place in every student's library.

The Book of Jeremiah. Chapters xxi.-lii. By W. H. BENNETT, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895. 7s. 6d.

Professor Bennett's work is a supplement to the earlier volume on Jeremiah, by the Rev. C. J. Ball, but he has abundant material in the thirty chapters of the Prophecy which are dealt with here. His sympathetic sketch of Baruch's work is a good specimen of the style of treatment adopted. Every point of importance is brought out, ample knowledge of the text and all the history of the period is manifest at every stage of the exposition, and the wise use of illustration adds greatly to the freshness and interest of the book. The epilogue works out the parallel between Jeremiah and Christ; both appeared at similar crises in the history of Israel and of revealed religion, Jeremiah, like Stephen and Paul and even our Lord Himself, was charged with blasphemy, because he predicted the coming ruin of the Temple. "The prophet, like Christ, was at variance with the prevalent religious sentiment of his time and with what claimed to be orthodoxy. Both were regarded and treated by the great body of contemporary religious teachers as dangerous and intolerable heretics; and their heresy was practically one and the same. To the champions of the Temple their teachings seemed purely destructive, an irreverent attack upon fundamental doctrines and indispensable institutions. But the very opposite was the truth; they destroyed nothing but what deserved to perish." The treatment of the subject is always judicious and suggestive.

The New Life in Christ: A Study in Personal Religion.

By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895. 6s. 6d.

In his *Through Christ to God*, Professor Beet set forth with conspicuous ability the historical basis of the Christian faith and hope. The present volume describes the goodly structure of the Christian life which rests securely on that firm foundation. The earlier work was almost exclusively theological, in this inward spiritual experience and practical life occupy a large place. The two volumes are, therefore, companion volumes, which every devout reader will study with growing delight and profit. The limpid style, the clear and well-ordered marshalling of arguments, and the fresh light thrown on all points which are discussed, are conspicuous here as in all Dr. Beet's writings. He has the rare faculty of making his subject so luminous that he carries his readers forward with him step by step. The work is mapped out into five parts—the ruin, the restoration, the way of holiness, the divine and human in the Christian life, the revelation of God in the new life in Christ. The relation between flesh and spirit and the dependence of living bodies on their environment are suggestively though briefly brought out. "We notice, now, that the whole of human life and the entire activity of the human spirit are conditioned by the constitution of the body, and in great part by that constitution which is common to all animals." The bearing of such statements on theology are not far to seek. Every stage in the fall and restoration of man is discussed with constant reference to Scripture teaching, so that the study throws light on every domain of Bible truth. The section on holiness is singularly judicious and helpful. The whole book cannot fail to be widely useful. It deals with the most important of all subjects—the subject of personal salvation—in a way that will guard against error, and throw new light on the whole field of personal religion. If class leaders would take up the various topics here dealt with they might render inestimable service to their members. Dr. Beet has always been practical, but nothing that he has written is likely to be of such service to Christian men and women as this volume. We are glad to see that his next work is to be on the Church. The statement on page 53 that "they who believe the Gospel of Christ thereby become sons of God," is hardly a happy description of saving faith.

The International Critical Commentary. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy. By the REV. S. R. DRIVER, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have undertaken to publish an

International Critical Commentary, in co-operation with Chas. Scribner's Sons, of New York. The Editors are Dr. Driver, for the Old Testament, and Dr. Plummer, for the New Testament, in England, and Professor C. A. Briggs, D.D., in America. Our readers are aware that Dr. Driver does not command our confidence as an Old Testament critic, though we recognise his learning and ability; and we are bound to add that Dr. Briggs also is not the American Biblical scholar whom we should have selected to edit this important work. All Biblical scholars, however, will recognise the necessity of making acquaintance with the important series of volumes of which *Dr. Driver's Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy* is the first specimen. We have so fully and so recently expressed our judgment on the questions raised in this volume, in a sense opposed on important points to the views of Professor Driver, that we do not think it necessary at present to re-open the discussion in our pages.

The Critical Review. Vol. IV. Edited by Professor S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

This Review is one not to be neglected by those who would be acquainted with the thoughts of many distinguished Christian scholars on the most important works, as they appear, relating to Christian subjects, especially in theology, philosophy and Biblical scholarship. The monthly list of new works is very valuable. An absence of severity, even where severity would be just and beneficial, is, perhaps, a defect in this Review. But this is to be expected in a journal where all the articles are signed, and many of the critics are addressing themselves to those who may in turn criticise them, and who belong to their own circles of acquaintanceship.

The Expositor. Fifth Series, Vol. I. Hodder & Stoughton.

This volume of the *Expositor* shows no falling off in value from former volumes. The *fifth series*, we hope, may be yet more instructive and useful than its predecessors. Among the names in the present volume, of contributors whose papers are of superior interest, are the Rev. J. W. Diggle on the "Nature of Faith;" Sir J. W. Dawson on "Man Before the Fall;" Professor Ramsay on "Questions Relating to the Acts;" Dr. Fairbairn on "The Person of Christ;" the Rev. T. G. Selby, the Rev. H. Burton, Dr. Stalker, Dr. Dodds, and other well known writers.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels in the Revised Version.

Chronologically Arranged in Parallel Columns, with Maps, Notes and Indices. By S. D. WADDY, Q.C. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London : Charles H. Kelly. 1895.

We are glad to welcome a new edition of Mr. Waddy's valuable *Harmony*. It is a remarkable outcome of a barrister's leisure hours, and represents much loving and painstaking labour. It is conveniently arranged in paragraphs, and is furnished with judicious notes dealing with the leading difficulties of the harmonist in a way that will commend itself to all who use the volume. We hope that preachers, teachers and students will get this *Harmony* and have it constantly at their side.

The Biblical Illustrator: or, Anecdotes, Similies, Emblems, Illustrations, Expository, Scientific, Geographical, Historical and Homiletic, gathered from a wide range of Home and Foreign Literature, on the Verses of the Bible. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. 1 Corinthians. Vol. I. London : Nisbet & Co. 1895. 7s. 6d.

The mine which Mr. Exell has to work is so rich that he only gets to the end of the ninth chapter in this portly volume. The illustrations are as usual drawn from a very wide area, and they are sometimes exceedingly suggestive. The introductory matter is well selected and skilfully put together. A student of the Epistle will certainly get a good idea of the history of Corinth and St. Paul's work there from these well-packed paragraphs. The amount of matter available for the preacher or teacher in this new volume of *The Biblical Illustrator* helps one to understand how useful the book may be. There are hints as to the treatment of a subject which will often set a man's own mind at work. If the stores of material here gathered are used wisely—not as substitutes for real study, but in order to point and brighten a lesson or address—*The Biblical Illustrator* will do good service to many a busy worker.

The sixth volume of *The Expository Times* well maintains the high standard which Mr. Hastings has set before himself. The "Notes of Recent Exposition" are always up to date and really instructive, the notices of books are thoroughly well done, the longer papers deal with subjects that are profoundly interesting to Bible students. We know no preacher's magazine more useful and helpful than this.

Life in Earnest : The Mount of Olives, and other Lectures on Prayer. By the late Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.
London : Edward Knight. 1895.

These volumes of "Knight's Cabinet Library of Christian Classics" will be found very profitable reading. Mrs. G. E. Morton has prepared an interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Hamilton, which is prefixed to *Life in Earnest*. Both books are full of wise counsels, and they are never dull or wearisome. We hope that they will have a wide circulation. They are neatly got up and well printed.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Wolfe. By A. G. BRADLEY. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Of the English Men of Action series, few of the volumes can exceed in interest this biography of Wolfe, and still fewer excel in careful and thorough treatment of the subject. Mr. Bradley, without any display, has, it is evident, mastered his authorities. His matter is well condensed and well arranged. For the first time it will be possible for the general reader to make himself really acquainted with the character and history of one of the most famous and most effective and successful of the founders of our British Empire. If Clive in effect founded and made sure for England our Indian Empire, it is not less true that Wolfe laid deep and strong the foundations of English dominion in America, including, within the range of that idea, the American Republic of to-day. Writing to his mother, after the capture of Louisbourg—a great achievement of which the glory has been somewhat obscured by the yet greater and more difficult achievement which cost the country its hero's life, but gave England the key of North America, from the Polar solitudes to the Gulf of Florida—Wolfe breaks out in a singular vein of prophecy: "North America will sometime hence be a vast empire, the seat of power and learning. There will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniard, who is possessed of the other half. It is my humble opinion that the French name may be rooted out if our Government will follow the blows that they have given, and prosecute the war with the vigour it requires." This was written in July or August, 1758. In this first American campaign, the fortress of Louisbourg, the key of French power in America, had been taken and demolished, the French fleet totally destroyed, 5,600 French soldiers taken prisoners of war, and the great

majority of the inhabitants of Louisbourg sent in British ships to France. Thirteen months later, on the 13th September, 1759, Wolfe died in the arms of victory. As he was passing across the river in the boat with his officers in the dark hour before the dawn on that day of victory and death, he "was reciting in solemn and half-whispered tones to the officers about him," some of the verses of Gray's *Elegy*, then lately published—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," said Wolfe, "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." "No one was there," says the American, historian Parkman, "to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet." The reciter fell that day at the age of 32.

Wolfe was a man of unwearied industry in his profession and all the studies and service that went to ensure excellence in it, from his earliest youth to the end of his life. He was also a man of great capacity and great quickness, a man of thought and resource all round. He had seen much service in his teens, and, by mere merit, in that corrupt time of English history, had forced his way to a lieutenant-colonelcy when he was only twenty-two. His experience had been in various European fields of war, including France, and the Highlands of Scotland, in 1745, before he was sent as second in command, but as actual leader, to conduct the siege of Louisbourg, and, afterwards of Quebec. He was thoroughly English in his character and style of working, but had through his father's ancestors a strain in him of Irish blood. His actual birthplace was Westerham, in Kent, and his mother was a genuine Yorkshire lady. He was of a soldierly family; his father rose to be a general, and colonels were counted among his family connections, English and Irish. Perhaps, however, he was as little beautiful, as unhandsome looking a hero, not to be deformed or repulsively ill-favoured, as history shows. His eyes were fine, he was tall and thin, and his carriage was good; but his features were singular, with a sloping forehead, a sharp aggressive nose, a retreating mouth, and still more retreating chin. He was never married, but when he died had recently become engaged to Miss Lowther, sister of the first Lord Lonsdale. He was a man every way of fine and high character.

Nelson. By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895. 2s. 6d.

No one is better qualified to write an authoritative *Life of Nelson* than Professor Laughton. He has produced a biography

which sets the genius of England's great sailor in its true light. All Nelson's geese were swans. He believed his ship and his fleet, his officers and his men, to be the very best in the navy. It does not seem that he was exceptionally fortunate in his officers and men. "Apart from Nelson, most were of a very ordinary type. With Nelson they were inspired, not by any care or pretence on his part, but by his genuine nature. Whatever was his was the best. The effect of this was that any officer or man coming under his command presently felt that his chief considered him one of the finest fellows that ever lived, and forthwith endeavoured, so far as lay in his power, to show that this flattering opinion was a true one." He was one of the most popular commanders our navy has ever known. "But he was popular with his men not by pandering to their weaknesses and irregularities, but by a careful and continuous attention to their comforts and their rights; he won the love of his officers not by tolerating neglect of duty, but by starting with the belief that they were all as determined as himself to do their duty to the utmost of their power, and that it was impossible he could be mistaken." Nelson was not free from blame on several occasions for preferring his own opinion or judgment to that of his commanding officer. He was made for command, and was better as a chief than as a subordinate. Every step of his career is traced in this judicious and judicial book, as only an expert could trace it. Professor Laughton throws considerable light on the unfortunate intrigue with Lady Hamilton. Her ladyship considered herself as the prime motor in the Neapolitan policy of the time, but Professor Laughton is convinced that there is not one of her statements as to public affairs that is not absolutely and entirely untrue. She has been represented as a woman who rendered very valuable service to the State at a most critical period, and was cruelly and shamefully neglected by the Government, but it has now been established beyond question that her own statements are utterly undeserving of credence. Nelson became the slave of this beautiful and voluptuous woman, and, though he did not cease to be a great commander, he lost his moral greatness by this deplorable intrigue.

The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D.

BY W. R. W. STEPHENS, B.D., Dean of Winchester.

2 Vols. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

The biographer of Dean Hook has evidently found a congenial task in writing the life of the great historian, and has executed his work with much ability, and in a spirit of fine appreciation of Freeman's work and character. Between Dean Hook and Freeman there were various ties—their common

interest in history, their strongly marked English character, and their Oxford High Church training, being three of these ties. The biographer was Dean Hook's son-in-law, who met Freeman for the first time at Hook's home, the Chichester Deanery, in November 1871, and seems at once to have sympathetically understood him. Hence began a correspondence which was closely kept up so long as Freeman lived. "I remarked to the Dean," says the biographer, "that I thought Freeman's occasional roughness and shortness of manner to strangers was mainly the awkwardness of a shy man." On this Freeman remarks in the opening letter of the correspondence—"I find that you are the most discerning of mankind; that is that you found out what a shy man I am. I never can make people believe it, but so it is. I once began a speech with 'I feel great diffidence,' and everybody burst out laughing; but 'twas true all the same." He proceeds at once to ask his new correspondent about a passage of Cassiodorus, which he needed to find, and which, within a few days, we learn was found for him accordingly. The Dean of Winchester, a learned and exact man, and a painstaking and serviceable friend, has spared no pains in these volumes to trace out the development, alike of Freeman's character under the influences of education and friendship, and of his views as a historian. The work is more than a mere biography, though, as such, it is full and detailed; it is an introduction to the principles and views of Freeman as a historian. As such, these volumes will be of special interest and value to the historical student. Nevertheless, we can imagine that to some readers the biography will be disappointing. Of popular fascination, indeed, no one could reasonably expect much in the biography of Freeman. The great historian was hardly a fascinating man. Nor was he a generally accomplished man, although he was almost the most learned as well as clear sighted, though often prejudiced, of English historians. Outside of his own strict line of historical research, he took little interest in literature—of science it could not be expected that he should know much. But of poetry, of art—always excepting architecture, which was his great hobby, on its historical side—of fiction, except Scott and George Eliot, in a word, of the popular writers of modern England generally, he seems to have known little or nothing. He did not think it worth his while to read Carlyle at all. The range of interest in the life, the conversation, the correspondence of such a man could not but be strictly limited. Besides which, he lived little in society, and, outside the range of his personal friends, was not a popular man; indeed, was sometimes hardly a pleasant man in a general circle, much as he was esteemed and loved by his family and his personal friends. To this it must be added, that what might naturally have been expected to be the most valuable, and to many readers the most interesting

feature in the biography, is wanting. Freeman and Green were mutual debtors and mutual friends, while their views, aims, and methods as historians were by no means identical. They represented, to a considerable extent, different schools of historical treatment. At the same time they were assiduous correspondents. The value of their correspondence, to historical students, must be inestimable. But that correspondence is excluded from this biography. We are informed that they criticised each other's work with much candour, and exchanged their opinions on all manner of subjects with the utmost freedom, and that their correspondence is of peculiar interest, but that it is reserved for separate publication. We confess that if only we could have had the advantage of reading the correspondence between Freeman and Green, we could have spared a good deal of the voluminous correspondence, largely domestic or purely personal, with members of his family, which is printed here, although, in fact, the personal character and the ecclesiastical and political prepossessions and opinions of Freeman are full of interest, and might well have been made more of in the biography than the Dean makes of them.

Two Suffolk Friends. By FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.
London: Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

Mr. Groome's *Two Suffolk Friends* are his father and Edward Fitzgerald, his father's friend. Robert Hindes Groome was for forty-four years rector of Earl Soham and Monk Soham, in Suffolk, where his father had been rector for twenty-six years before him. He was also Archdeacon of Suffolk, so that he had singular opportunities for studying the habits of the people. The reminiscences are full of local colour, which makes them really valuable material for students of Suffolk life. For others, their chief charm consists in the racy stories, of which they are full. Mr. Groome used to tell a story of his old Norwich master, the redoubtable Valpy. A father came to complain because his son had been flogged. "Sir," said Valpy, "I flogged your son because he richly deserved it. If he again deserves it, I shall again flog him; "and," rising, "if you come here, sir, interfering with my duty, sir, I shall flog you." It is needless to add that the parent fled in terror. Mr. Groome married Miss Jackson, the daughter of a rector of Swanage, who was an inveterate snuff taker. One blustery day Mr. Jackson was walking on the cliffs when his hat blew off. He chased it over two or three fields until he got it in the angle between two stone walls. "Aha! my friend, I think I have you now," said the rector, and proceeded to take a leisurely pinch of snuff, when a puff of wind came and blew the hat far out to sea. The Suffolk stories are very entertaining. An agricultural labourer who emigrated to New Orleans was asked how he was going. "I

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don't fare to know rightly," was the reply, "but wer'e goin' to sleep the fust night at Debenham—(a village four miles off)—and that'll kinder break the jarney." Tithe dinners furnish some amusing notes. One old farmer to whom the bread sauce was handed, extracted a great "dollop" on the top of his knife, tasted it and said, "Don't chuse none." An aeronaut who found himself floating over Monk Soham called out to some labourers, "Where am I?" The harvesters, standing in a row, pointed at him with their finger, and shouted back, "you're in a ballune, bor." There is quite a collection of similar stories in this racy sketch. The pages devoted to Edward Fitzgerald give an interesting glimpse of his friendly bearing towards the fishermen who managed the little lugger in which he loved to cruise about. At Lowestoft, in January, 1867, he smoked his pipe every evening "with Posh at his house, which his quiet little wife keeps tidy and pleasant." "Oh! these," he says, "are the people who somehow interest me, and if I were not too far advanced on the road to forgetfulness, I should be sad that my own life had been such a wretched concern in comparison, but it is too late, even to lament, now." Fitzgerald was a lonely man, who scarcely knew how to feel at home, save in lodgings. He was sorrowfully convinced that England's best day was over, and that he, that anyone, was powerless to arrest the inevitable doom. "I am quite assured that this country is dying as other countries die, as trees die, at top first." Doctor Thompson, the late Master of Trinity, wrote to Mr. Groome in 1885: "Two of the purest living men among my intimates, Fitzgerald and Spedding, were prisoners in Doubting Castle all their lives, or, at least, the last half of them. This is to me a great problem, not to be solved by the ordinary expedients, nor on this side the veil, I think." The editor of these notes thinks that Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat* is an utterance of his own deepest doubts, and will hereafter come to be recognised as the highest expression of Agnosticism. We may quote the verses:

"With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reap'd,
'I came like water, and like wind I go.'

Into this universe, and *Why*, not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like water, will-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not *Whither*, will-nilly blowing.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illuminated lantern, held
In midnight by the master of the show.

But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays."

Really, if this was "an utterance of his soul's deepest doubts," we do not wonder that Fitzgerald was so depressed and pessimistic. The whole study will be read with eager interest. It is a tender and graceful tribute to a man of singular gifts, who could scarcely ever be induced to come out of the seclusion which he so dearly loved.

Memorials of a Short Life. A Biographical Sketch of
W. F. A. Gaussen. With Essays on Russian Life and
Literature. Edited by the BISHOP OF STEPNEY.
T. Fisher Unwin. 1895. 6s.

Mr. Gaussen had translated from the Russian several books, *The General's Daughter*, *A Russian Priest*, and *A Father of Six*, which were published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The same publisher now issues the volume before us. Mr. Gaussen was an amiable and interesting man, a man of ability also and of some special accomplishments, among which a knowledge of Russian must be included. His family descent and many of the associations of himself and his family connections, tended to make him rather cosmopolitan, perhaps, in his sympathies than conventionally patriotic. He came of a noble family in Guienne, one branch of which was Huguenot, and offshoots of the family, on the Huguenot side, have kept up the line of distinction and of influence in Switzerland as well as in England, the name of Gaussen of Geneva, the friend of Merle D'Aubigné, being one widely known and honoured. At the same time, the communications between the Catholic and the Huguenot branches of the family have been more or less kept up during all the generations which have followed the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, the French branch continuing, according to French family custom, to send announcements to their English relations of family events. The French De Gaussens have been much employed in diplomatic service. One of them, the Chevalier de Gaussen, was French minister in Stockholm for many years preceding 1843, when he died. It is a curious coincidence that during part of his time of service an uncle of the young man commemorated in this volume, R. W. Gaussen, of Brookmans, Herts, then head of the English family, was *attaché* to the English Legation at Stockholm. The Chevalier bequeathed to his relative some interesting papers and miniatures, which are now at Brookmans.

The English Gaussens, if they retained memories of France,

which were not all sorrowful or bitter, yet became, like so many other Huguenots, distinguished and loyal subjects of England. The nephew of the first refugees, Pierre Gaussen, was Governor of the Bank of England from 1777 to 1788, and a Director of the East India Company. His son was M.P. for Warwick and High Sheriff for Herts. Other members of the family entered the army, and at least one, as we have seen, the diplomatic service. They still preserve, however, at the family seat, the title deeds of their French property and some of the family have been Governors of the French Hospital for Refugees, ever since its foundation. W. F. A. Gaussen, the subject of this volume, used French in private writing and in family correspondence more easily and familiarly than English, although he was educated at an English public school and graduated at Cambridge.

Circumstances, in the way of business, having taken him to Russia in early manhood, the impressible and somewhat sentimental scientific student and business agent conceived a very keen and special interest in all things Russian. He determined to make it a part of his life's work to make Russia better known to Englishmen. He believed that Russia was not only misunderstood but injuriously misrepresented. He mastered the language, travelled through much of the country, studied its history and literature, and addressed himself to the translation of the best popular stories in its literature. In this volume we find lectures on Russia, and accounts of his journeys and visits in the country, together with a translation from Potapenko of *The Curse of Talent*. The personal narratives here given are very interesting, and very cleverly and amusingly illustrated. A good deal about Russia may be pleasantly learned in this small volume. But the bias is strongly pro-Russian, and the view given is somewhat superficial.

The Early Renaissance in England. The Rede Lecture. By
BISHOP CREIGHTON. Cambridge University Press.
1895. 1s.

Bishop Creighton attempts, within the limits imposed by an hour's lecture, to trace the beginnings of the new learning in England. The national genius was shown in the fact that our countrymen were not captivated by mere brilliancy or gifts of style. It was only when the new learning showed promise of fruit that England gave it a welcome; even then it refused to receive its learning from abroad, but sent its own scholars beyond the seas to bring it back in the form best fitted for home consumption. Dr. Creighton, with his wealth of historical knowledge, treats this theme in a way that will whet the appetite for closer acquaintance with a profoundly attractive subject.

BELLES LETTRES.

Lyre and Lancet. A Story in Scenes. By F. ANSTEY.
London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1895. 3s.

This is the second volume of "The Novel Series," and it is just the book to put into one's pocket at the seaside or on a holiday ramble. The poet, who is invited to Wyvern Court on the strength of his first volume of poems, is mistaken for the veterinary surgeon, who has just taken a first prize for his magnificent bulldog, which, oddly enough, bears the same name as the volume of poems. The endless mistakes and complications which ensue form an amusing chronicle. The poet finds himself set down with the servants, the "vet" is fêted by lords and ladies, and is almost beside himself through the contrarieties that meet him at every turn. He proves himself a really good fellow, and, though he finds his level in due course, he earns the hearty respect and good will of his host and all the party. The poet turns out to be a poor creature, and is ignominiously sent back to town. The story is improbable, but it is racy and entertaining, and it can scarcely fail to act as a counterblast to snobbery. Both the poet and his patrons are thoroughly well shown up.

The Men of the Moss-Hags. Being a History of Adventure taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway, and told over again by S. R. CROCKETT.
London : Isbister & Co. 1895. 6s.

Mr. Crockett, like a true Scot, has put his soul into this record of the Covenanting days. Bothwell Brig and Ayrsmoss, with all their sorrow and heroism, stand out vividly from these pages. We seem to get into the very centre of the struggle for religious freedom, to measure the brave endurance of the stout-hearted defenders of the faith, and to watch the process by which young men and maidens grew heroic as they began to understand the real issues of the controversy. Claverhouse naturally fills a prominent place in Mr. Crockett's canvas, and Wat of Lochinvar, the wonderful young swordsman, may almost claim a place beside Mr. Weyman's *Gentleman of France*. William Gordon and his elder brother, "the Bull," who cleared the chamber of the Privy Council with a great iron bar wrenched from its fastenings, are two notable figures. Maisie Lennox and her friend Kate are even more interesting studies. The book is full of adventures, and has many a pathetic record

of constancy; but perhaps the most stirring page of all is the story of Margaret Wilson, who was tied to a stake on the shore at Wigtown. There is nothing finer in the book than this noble record of a girl's constancy. Mr. Crockett's tale sets all one's pulses tingling, and throws a fresh halo about a story which can never cease to attract every friend of religious liberty.

Scott. By RICHARD H. HUTTON.

Burns. By PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

Coleridge. By H. D. TRAILL.

Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Whatever our recommendation can do to promote the circulation of a valuable literary work, adapted for universal circulation, we should like to be done for this volume. No finer or more wholesome literary subject and example can be found, we think, than the life of Scott; and Mr. Hutton has been a student of Scott and his writings for a lifetime, and possesses no ordinary competence as a critic and writer for the work which here he has so lovingly done. Principal Shairp's dealing with the difficult and delicate subject of Burns is admirable—admirable, among other reasons, because he has nowhere allowed his appreciation of Burns' genius to blind him to the vices and faults of his life, although he touches these with the restraint, the delicacy, the gentleness, which he has here proved may be combined with a just repugnance to the faults of the wonderfully gifted poet. Mr. Traill also has shown excellent judgment in his treatment of Coleridge, with his special faults of character, as well as fine critical discrimination of his matchless, but yet largely inoperative, genius and intellect. The publication of Coleridge's Letters, which we review in another part of our present issue, goes to confirm and illustrate the wisdom of Mr. Traill's treatment of his subject.

We have received three story books from the Wesleyan Book Room, which are attractively got up and well illustrated. *What They Couldn't* is one of Pansy's healthy tales, full of Americanisms, and often in need of pruning, but withal spicy, bright, full of high moral teaching. It is a story about young people and their temptations, which all young folk will find entertaining and profitable. *Pink Roses* and *With a Gladsome Mind* are two volumes of stories by Margaret S. Haycraft, sure to be read and enjoyed. They are fresh, vigorous, and full of happy lessons.

Passages in the Life of a Galley-Slave. Translated from the French by M. Betham-Edwards.—This is one of the valuable

and attractive cheap series of popular books published by Messrs. Blackie. It narrates the sufferings of a young Frenchman, Jean Mortellhe, of Bergerae, one of the victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, condemned to the galleys because of his religion. It was originally translated from the French by no less a writer than Oliver Goldsmith, but is printed here in a conveniently abridged form. Captain Marryat's *Poor Jack* is a sea story written in his best style, and Harriet Martineau's *Feats on the Fiords* gives a capital introduction to Norwegian life and customs. This series cannot be too widely known. Every book is a treasure for young readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vedic India. By LENAIDE A. RAGOZIN. London and New York : J. Fisher Unwin. 1895. 5s.

This volume of the "Story of the Nations" has been prepared for by the volumes of the same series from the pen of the same writer on Chaldea, Assyria, Media, Babylon and Persia. The title is not very felicitously phrased, as given in full, *Vedic India, as Embodied Principally in the Rig-Veda*, is not a perfectly lucid description. The author, however, is not an Englishman, and, if he sometimes fails in idiomatic quality, he yet possesses great learning and writes on a subject of which he has made himself master. A few of our readers will not even now have forgotten the Rev. W. Arthur's *Mission to the Mysore*, though it was written fifty years ago. That instructive and eloquent volume was, we believe, the first book in the English language in which an account was given, at once scholarly and popular, of the Ayrian ancestors of the Brahmins and of the Vedic religion of India. We may add that, in a review of that book, contributed to the *Biblical Review* (a well known and valued Congregationalist periodical of that generation), the first attempt was made, so far as we know, to furnish an account of the *Religion of India*, that should be at once scientific and popular, founded upon a first hand study of one of the *Vedas*,—the Sanhitú of the Sama-Veda having then recently been translated into English. The writer of that article was a Wesleyan minister, still living. The present volume is founded on a still more important Veda, the Rig-Veda, but there is a close and very interesting correspondence between the results of the analysis of the Sama-Veda published in the *Biblical Review* in 1848, and of the analysis of the Rig-Veda, as given in the

volume before us. Perhaps the most charming chapter to the general reader will be that on the Aryas, those primeval ancestors of the ruling caste of nations in the world—the seed of Abraham being left out of account. But to the historical student—and especially to the student of comparative mythology and religion—the later chapters relating to the contents of the Rig-Veda will be no less interesting. The volume is one indispensable to the student of humanity.

1. *A Selection of Passages from Plato for English Readers.*

From the Translation by B. JOWETT, M.A. Edited, with Introductions, by M. J. KNIGHT. 2 vols.

2. *Latin Prose Versions.* Contributed by various Scholars.

Edited by GEORGE G. RAMSAY.

Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1895.

1. This collection of extracts from Plato's Dialogues was undertaken at the special request of the late Master of Balliol, who helped to choose the passages and looked over the larger portion of the MS. He thought it would prove valuable to readers who might be deterred by the size and cost of the complete work. The editor has endeavoured, in the brief introductions which he has prefixed, to give young students some insight into the general character of Plato's writings, and has drawn special attention to the political and ethical ideals which form so large a part of the great Athenian's teaching. The beautiful preface which Professor Jowett prepared for Mr. Purves' *Selections from the Dialogues of Plato* has been prefixed to these volumes. The reader will indeed be dull whose appetite is not quickened by such an essay. The editor's brief introductions are clear and full as well as concise, and the selections give a wonderful view of the wealth of Plato's thought. Those who wish to spend many delightful hours with the great master of philosophy should secure these deeply interesting volumes.

2. These *Latin Prose Versions* are specimens of work done by teachers in our great schools and universities, which represent the best scholarship of our time. The volume will not only interest scholars, but will be of much service to teachers who will here find models to guide them in their own work. The arrangement of the passages is excellent.

A Study of Spinoza. By JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D., D.D.

Macmillan & Co. 1895.

The lapse of thirteen years has now brought this excellent

monograph to its third edition. To many students of Spinoza it, therefore, comes as an old friend, and will need no words of commendation from us. They will gladly recognise an old friend to whom they have been beholden in past years for safe guidance, and cheerful companionship through the trackless desert in which the exile from the synagogue found, as he thought, the peace of God. Nor even now can the novice who is ambitious of treading in Spinoza's footsteps be directed to any trustier guide than Dr. Martineau. The biographical introduction traces with rare sympathy and insight the history of the Jewish philosopher's spiritual struggles and mental development, while condensing just the amount of external and personal detail which serves to complete the picture without distracting the reader's attention. The analysis of the system of Pantheistic metaphysics which, with curious impropriety, its author designated *Estrus*, and of the political and critical theories which are embodied in the other treatises, is clear and full. The criticism, which occupies a large portion of the work, is suggestive and acute. Of the literary style of the work we need only say that it is such as Dr. Martineau's readers are accustomed to expect from him. Higher praise we could hardly bestow.

Public Finance. By C. F. BASTABLE, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895. 12s. 6d. net.

The former edition of Professor Bastable's work, published in 1892, has been for some time out of print. It supplied a distinct want, for the lecturer who wished to deal with this subject had no text-book available like those at the service of his French, German, and Italian colleagues. Professor Bastable goes over the whole field of public finance, and presents the results in a systematic form, so that a student will gain a general knowledge of the leading facts and present position of this instructive branch of political economy. In the present edition he has not found it necessary to make any substantial change in point of doctrine or arrangement, but he has thoroughly revised all his facts and figures, and brought them up to date. The important financial measures adopted during the last three years have been discussed, and a new chapter added dealing with "maxims of taxation." The questions here handled are profoundly interesting, and they are questions on which every intelligent man needs to be thoroughly well informed if he is to do his work as a citizen and to understand the currents of political life.

Fifty Years, or Dead Leaves and Living Seeds. By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A. London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 1895.

Mr. Jones has long been recognised as one of the most capable and catholic of the London clergy. His present charge, St. Philip's, Regent Street, is a trying position, where week-day services are out of the question, and where there is an entire lack of parochial life or spirit, but at St. Luke's, Berwick Street, and at St. George's-in-the-East, Mr. Jones proved himself a man of singular tact and resource. He enjoyed rare facilities for studying London life, and has laid students of that subject under obligation by his entertaining and instructive volume on *East and West London*. The tone of the present papers is singularly sagacious, manly, and tolerant. The reminiscences sparkle with racy details, told with keen relish, but no one can read the book without feeling that Mr. Jones is a man who thinks for himself on all social subjects. His opinions as to teetotalism and the public-house will not be palatable to many of his readers, but he is accustomed to speak out frankly, and he does it in a way that commands respect even from those who cannot agree with his views. The chapter which describes his work as vicar of Great Barton, in Suffolk, gives a valuable sketch of life in our villages, whilst the thoughtful paper dealing with the relative position of a clergyman in town and country ought to be carefully studied. The glimpses of Dean Alford as a preacher, of Maurice as a district visitor, of Dean Stanley, and other notabilities of the Church, give interest to the book, and the picture of the dismal life of a cemetery chaplain will open some people's eyes. The volume will not only be welcomed by those who enjoy an amusing anecdote, but it will also amply repay careful perusal from those who wish to understand the excellencies and the defects of the Established Church as seen from the inside by a man of real discernment and good sense.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM PUBLICATIONS.

The Pathway of Light. A study of the Conditions and Privileges of Christian Fellowship. By J. P. LILLEY, M.A. 1s. 6d.

From Cobbler's Bench to President's Chair. Samuel Bradburn. By Rev. BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D. 1s.

Strange Scenes and Strange Experiences. By Rev. W. E. SELLERS. 1s. 6d.

Dean Hurst. By SARAH SELINA HAMER. 2s.

London : Charles H. Kelly. 1895.

Devout readers will be glad to have such a book as Mr.

Lilley's *Pathway of Light*. The writer shows with much spiritual insight that Christian life is to be a walk in the light, to which is attached the privilege of fellowship, and as this is embraced the value of the cleansing blood is felt. The description of the Christian life as a walk is eminently suggestive. "The first aspect of the Christian life which this figure suggests is that it is a life begun in connection with a public profession. A man who goes out to walk does something in the face of the world. The eye of man can watch your steps, and observe your gait and your whole demeanour. Of this you are well aware from the outset. You direct all your movements in the full consciousness that your whole course may be scanned by many you yourself do not see. Thus also is it in our relation as Christian disciples. From the moment we take the side of Christ, the eye of the world is upon us. Men are ceaselessly scrutinising the way in which we are ordering our Christian life, and in the case of those who are still natural men, never in a friendly mood. Of this we ought to be ever aware." The book is beautifully printed in good type, and cannot fail to be really helpful to many.

Dr. Gregory has a congenial subject in Samuel Bradburn. He draws a striking picture of the great preacher's boyhood and traces his course, step by step, to popularity and power. The testimonies of Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting and Richard Watson, show that, in his own style, Bradburn was without a rival. He lived to preach. The first rule in a little code which he drew up for his own guidance was "Never be anywhere or in any temper that would unfit you for preaching." Thus, as Dr. Gregory says, he was like an athlete always in training for his work. Lovers of old Methodist biography will prize this racy little book.

Mr. Sellers' *Strange Scenes and Strange Experiences* describe his work as a minister in the East End of London, and as district missionary in and around Bristol. The first part of the book will appeal most strongly to those who wish to understand East End life, and it has some remarkable experiences. The eagerness with which the most godless sought to get a minister to watch by their death bed gave Mr. Sellers some fine opportunities of usefulness, which he turned to good account. His work during the small-pox epidemic deserves the highest praise. The adventure with a madman is the most exciting story of the book. The later chapters give a sketch of a district missionary's life which will interest and encourage many workers.

Miss Hamer's *Dean Hurst* is a bright story which we are sorry to lay down. Bryan Dean marries the parson's daughter, but we wish that Agatha Whaite had not been doomed to a spinster's fate. Dean's mother plotted and sinned to bring about a union with Agatha which would have restored Dean Hurst to the family, but love proved too strong for her at last.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Lamps of the Temple, and other Addresses to Young Men.* By HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D., late Principal of Cheshunt College. 3s. 6d.
2. *Hidden Beauties of Nature.* By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S. With fifty-nine illustrations from sketches and photographs. 3s. 6d.
3. *Consider the Heavens.* A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. By Mrs. WILLIAM STEADMAN ALDIS. With many illustrations. 2s. 6d.
4. *For the Good of the House.* A Series of Temperance Readings. By CHARLES COURTENAY, M.A. Illustrated. 1s.
5. *The Will of God : What is it, and how to do it.* By Rev. JOHN P. HOBSON, M.A. 1s.
6. *Plants of the Bible.* By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated from photographs of the plants themselves. 1s.
7. *A Primer of Hebrew Antiquities.* By Rev. O. C. WHITEHOUSE, M.A., Principal of Cheshunt College. Illustrated. 1s.

1. All ministers will find true stimulus and help from Dr. Reynolds' beautiful addresses. To young men in particular the volume will be an inspiration. The spiritual insight which marks all Dr. Reynolds' work is conspicuous in these pages. Many of the addresses were delivered to the young men under his charge at Cheshunt, but they deal with subjects which concern all Christian workers alike. The volume has added interest as a memorial of a long life of conspicuous usefulness; and it is not too much to say that Dr. Reynolds' fidelity to duty and his lofty standard of Christian life and work give weight to all his words. The book will bear fruit wherever it goes.

2. *Hidden Beauties of Nature* is a very attractive gift book, full of facts about the lovely things revealed by the microscope, and hints as to methods of study. To turn over the illustrations is itself enough to inspire a young reader with a passion for the subject. Mr. Kerr knows how to make every topic he handles attractive; and his book is full of delights from beginning to end.

3. Mrs. Aldis has given us an "Introduction to Astronomy," which cannot fail to be popular. It is a model of clear and bright writing, never dull, never inaccurate. Anyone who reads the book carefully will have laid a sound and wide basis for the study of astronomy. The volume is full of capital illustrations.

4. *For the Good of the House* is well adapted for temperance gatherings and pleasant Sunday afternoons. The readings are bright, homely, practical and pointed.

5. Mr. Hobson has a great theme in *The Will of God*, and his little devotional manual shows clearly both what it is and the blessedness of doing it. The subject is carefully thought out and a happy use is made of illustration. Devout readers could scarcely put their hand on a more helpful book than this.

6. Mr. Henslow's *Plants of the Bible* is the best cheap manual we have on this difficult subject. It is clearly written, well arranged, and gives in brief compass all that a Bible student needs to know about Scripture plants and flowers. Mr. Groser's volume on the same subject in the "Bye-Paths of Bible Knowledge" Series should not be overlooked.

7. Principal Whitehouse has prepared a really admirable *Primer of Hebrew Antiquities*, which deals with family and household occupations, out-door life and occupations, social and political organisation, in a really helpful way. Tables of money, weights and measures are given as an appendix. The primer throws a flood of light on the Old Testament.

The Book of the Rose. By Rev. A. FOSTER-MELLIAR, M.A.,
Rector of Sproughton, Suffolk. With twenty-nine
Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894. 8s. 6d.
net.

Mr. Melliar is an enthusiast about roses, and those who sit down to read his book will soon begin to share his passion for the queen of flowers. He has done with his own hands every part of the rose grower's work, from raising and establishing the stocks to carrying off a champion challenge cup at the Crystal Palace. His book furnishes detailed instructions as to situation and soil, planting, manures, pruning, stocks, and propagation of roses, with many useful hints as to the pests which try the patience of the grower, and a record of the faults and bad habits, as well as the excellencies, of the best known roses. The chapters are full of delights for every lover of flowers, and, indeed, for all kinds of readers, for the rose world "teems with quiet fun," but they appeal more especially to the amateur gardener, who here finds himself in the presence of an enthu-

siast who makes a regular hobby of his roses, and thinks of them as fondly, and almost as fully, in January as in June. The illustrations, though one or two lack clearness, are themselves enough to make one an enthusiast for roses. The book is full of good things, and is written in a style that never fails to interest and delight the reader.

The Old Missionary. By SIR WILLIAM W. HUNTER, K.C.S.I. Henry Frowde. 1895. 1s.

Few men, save Sir William Hunter, could have written this exquisite sketch of a missionary of the olden time, who lives among his people like a father, wrapt up in his work and entirely forgetful of himself. The old saint's quick recognition of the real devotion of the Jesuit priest, from whom he was separated so widely by his creed, and his touching forbearance with his native helper, who had imbibed high Anglican notions, are beautifully brought out. Glimpses of official circles in India and of the ordinary life of the people add greatly to the value of what is evidently a tribute to some honoured friend of other days.

The Scientific Chronology of the World in its relation to the Advent of Christ. Edinburgh: George Stewart & Co.

The writer of this essay reaches the conclusion that the time which elapsed between the Creation and the birth of Isaac was 3,648 years; that the Christian era has been miscalculated by fourteen years; so that this is the year 1881, not 1895, and holds that the vernal equinox ought to be observed as the birthday of our Lord. He claims that his chronology is in no way fabricated or manipulated to suit a system of interpretation, but is actually taken from Scriptural and other authoritative data. These are his results. Into his calculations we really dare not follow him.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons have sent us five dainty shilling books on Wild Flowers, intended for young readers. They are written by Mr. M. C. Cooke, and deal with flowers of the lane, the copse, the marsh, the common, and the cornfield. The style will attract boys and girls who will gain a good notion of field botany from these pleasant pages. Mr. Cooke is an expert botanist, so that his scholars will have nothing to unlearn, and he does not attempt to crowd too many facts into his little studies. The illustrations are so true to nature that they will be a real help, and the books ought to be freely used as rewards and school prizes.

The New Zealand Official Year Book for 1894, published at Wellington, by Samuel Costall, has grown into a volume of 570 pages. The *Year Book* evidently supplies a great lack, and has secured a large circulation. Every detail about the colony—its history, its Government, its agents, its population, trade, finance and produce, is here given with such thoroughness, that those who wish to know more about New Zealand will find the book of great value. Considerable space is given to articles on special subjects, such as the land system, the labour laws, State farms, agriculture, railways, &c. These will probably be published separately as pamphlets after this year. The volume certainly does much credit to the Registrar-General by whom it has been prepared.

A third Bacon-Shakespeare pamphlet is sent us by Mr. Husband, of Birmingham. The writer argues, with much acumen and wide knowledge both of Shakespeare and Bacon, that "both use the same expressions in hundreds of instances, teach the same lessons, reproduce and paraphrase the same authors, make the same errors, even in quoting an author." He complains bitterly that, though this is acknowledged, the simple enunciation of any such theory as his is enough to place it out of court as fantastic and absurd. He holds that "from profound policy for the relief of man's estate, Francis Bacon put sentiments and truths that he could not, dare not enunciate in his own name, into the mouths of fools and clowns; and suffered his glorious writings to pass unknown, in order that, in an intolerant age, they might insensibly win their way disguised in a form palatable to men, who, without the pleasant disguise, would never have swallowed the gracious truths." We have no sympathy with the views of this pamphlet, but those who turn its pages will at least enlarge their acquaintance with both Bacon and Shakespeare.

Mr. H. W. Wolff's pamphlet, *A People's Bank Manual* (P. S. King, Westminster) will be very helpful to those who wish to establish a people's bank on a sound basis. Practical hints are given on the way to start and work such a bank and detailed rules are added. With this manual at hand the formation of such a bank will be greatly simplified.

Mr. Mulhall's article on "Power and Wealth in the United States" has been reprinted from the *North American Review*. He claims to show that the United States in 1895 possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world; that this power has more than trebled since 1860, that the intellectual progress of the nation is attended to in a more liberal manner than in Europe, and that the accumulation of wealth averages seven million dollars a day. The pamphlet will repay study.

Index to the Periodicals of 1894. London: Mowbray House. 1895.

This Index is intended to be a permanent guide to the more important articles in periodical literature. The student, the journalist, the statesman and the general reader will find it a great help in pursuing any special line of reading in which they may be interested. The fact that this is the fifth volume shows that Miss Hetherington's work meets a real need. All over the world people want help in dealing with various topics of present interest, and here they will find just the guidance they need. The year has not seen any very conspicuous novelty in the world of periodicals, but there is still a steady drift towards "miscellanies which are chiefly composites of fiction and of pictures." The *Index* shows trace of growing care and skill, and will be a great acquisition for any library. Busy men will be spared hours of weary and fruitless search by Miss Hetherington's skilful labour.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (June 1).—Count Benedetti writes an interesting paper on "The last years of Mehemet Ali." On landing at Alexandria in 1840, the young French diplomat found himself in the midst of an imposing naval demonstration. The fleet of the Sultan, which the defection of the Captain-Pasha had given over to the Viceroy, was united to the Egyptian fleet. It would perhaps have been impossible to find a greater number of ships of war of all kinds arranged in perfect order. It was the day of a Mussulman fête. All the ships were covered with flags, and their guns thundered out a salute. It seemed as though with such a fleet at his service, the power of Mehemet Ali was firmly established, and that he must come out victorious from the struggle in which he was engaged. But these hopes proved vain. A few days later the troops of Ibrahim Pasha were in total rout, and Mehemet fell from the height of his power into the hands of his adversaries. It appeared as though he would be stripped of Egypt itself, but, thanks to French intervention and the sagacious promptitude with which the Pasha himself seized on a favourable opportunity, he was allowed to retain his hereditary possessions. Count Benedetti was brought into close contact with Mehemet, who was easy of access and had formed the habit of acting as his own minister, and personally discussing matters of special importance with the representatives of the foreign powers. Towards the young Frenchman who represented a friendly nation, the Pasha was naturally very cordial. The French government had established several lines of steamers in the Mediterranean and was anxious to form magazines in Alexandria, but the Egyptian government refused to grant sites for this purpose. Mehemet Ali fancied that no Egyptian ground could safely be granted to any foreign power. "I know well," he said, "that I have nothing to fear from France, but if I grant it in one case, I must also grant it in others, and hence will arise grave difficulties for my successors, if not for myself." Benedetti failed in his first attempt, but when a new consul-general was about to take the place which he had held for awhile, he returned to the charge. Mehemet Ali could not resist the desire to please the young Frenchman and allow him to gain a victory, which might win consideration at home. Many interesting glimpses of life in Egypt, forty years ago, are given in this capital paper. René Bazin's series of articles on "The land of Spain," are brought to a close in this number with accounts of Tangier, Cadiz and Seville. M. Bazin returned to Madrid in November, to find the capital somewhat cold for one just arrived from the south, and fuller of people than when he first visited it. The streets were crowded with men of all conditions of life wearing their double cape of red, green or orange coloured velvet; the promenades were packed with carriages, and the people of fashion who had spent the summer at the seaside or in the country, had returned to their clubs and theatres. When M. Bazin appeared at court, he found himself in the midst of politicians, diplomatists and ladies of fashion, come to present a daughter or the *fiancé* of a daughter. The queen was in mourning. The French visitor was struck with her gracious and youthful

appearance bearing the stamp of intelligence. She was manifestly accustomed to power. When M. Bazin mentioned the name of the little king she seemed moved. He saw the mother and yet the sovereign defending the royal infant against all calumnies. The French visitor fancied that he had before him one of the great regents who make a figure in history, one of those mothers of kings who have something better to defend a throne than iron and force—the two arms she crosses over the breast of her son. It was night when M. Bazin left the palace. He paced along, sad at the thought that he was on the point of leaving Spain. On the avenues of the Prado he met a Spaniard well known in Madrid society, who was walking along quickly with his cloak about him. He recognised M. Bazin and took his arm. The French visitor had on several occasions enjoyed his brilliant conversation, and found him eloquent and well informed on all topics. But that evening as they talked over M. Bazin's tour was better than all. "You love Spain," he said, "you will return to her. Then you will study what you have merely observed. Our cities hide our villages. It is there that one still meets the true Spaniard, the Spaniard of the people, that chevalier rude and tender, who lives upon his past, full of honours." He promised to take his friend among them, to let him hear among unlettered rustics songs worthy of Homer. Then he recited to him the *Black Bird*, that exquisite story of Navarre and left him to dream over his return to Spain.

(June 15).—M. Blanc describes his journey over Transoxiana. This part of Turkestan is still a *terra incognita*. Since Vamberg's famous visit to Central Asia, the Russian conquest has spread so rapidly over that country, long impenetrable, and has been followed by such a cortège of technical studies and papers, that Russian Turkestan is now well known to Europe. M. Blanc's notes deal with the country stretching beyond Samarcand to the eastern limits of the Russian possessions as far as the extremities of Ferganah. Many places included in this journey presented much of interest—historic, ethnographic and pictorial, yet nothing could be more monotonous, more barren, or more devoid of interest than the country which binds these points together. The vast oases of rich, fertile soil on which great cities have grown up, are scattered over an immense stretch of country with sandy deserts lying between them. The tarantassee is the chief means of passing from point to point. The Russian posting system has many serious drawbacks, but the horses are excellent and the charges are extremely moderate. A traveller furnished with proper papers pays only five centimes per horse for every verst. The vehicle is an instrument of torture for man and a speedy mode of destruction for luggage. It is a long wooden box, too short however for the traveller to stretch himself at full length. It has four low wheels; three horses, sometimes only two are fastened to it. The middle horse trots between two slight shafts, the other horses always gallop and are fastened to the collar of the centre horse. There is a great loss of force in this method, but it allows horses to be used that are completely unbroken. Many of them are actually seized on the steppe and forthwith pressed into service. Their most frantic bounds will not knock over the vehicle. The carriage itself is a study. It is so low that it cannot be upset, but all the dust thrown up by the horse's heels comes in on the luckless traveller. He is enveloped in a black cloud which entirely shuts out the view of the country, obliges the traveller to close his eyes tightly and even hinders his breathing unless he takes the precaution to cover his head with some kind of veil. The motion of the tarantassee throws him up in the air as though he were tossed from a racket, and he can only escape being violently tossed to the ground by lying on his back and gripping the edges of the vehicle with both hands. The wooden covering of the tarantassee, which is quite useless in a country where it never rains, seems designed to give the occupant knocks on the head corresponding to those he receives from below. The only way to avoid mischief is to protect the head with a Turcoman bonnet of sheep skin, so prodigious in its dimensions that it completely covers the head. Then you

must lie down at the bottom of the vehicle. You may be suffocated and your body gets covered with bruises but your head escapes. The frightful shocks which he has to bear bring a traveller in a few hours to a state bordering on the comatose, luggage is literally destroyed. At Tachkend in August and September, 1890, the Russians held a very interesting exhibition to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their capture of the city. Its aim was to show the results obtained since the conquest of Turkestan. The natural products and the industrial products of the country were exhibited; statistical documents prepared by Europeans were gathered together. M. Blanc received the greatest kindness from the Russian authorities and was able to glean much information as to the countries he wished to visit. Tachkend is now the capital of Russian Turkestan. Its gardens form a kind of labyrinth. The original city has about 120,000 inhabitants and the new Russian city about 30,000. On account of the extensive gardens the space occupied is very considerable. Ground is not dear in the steppe and the Russian city covers almost as wide an area as the original city. The roads are fifty metres wide, often more, almost all of them are fringed by a quadruple row of poplars whose roots are bathed in the streams of water which run through the place. The houses are built of clay, but it is made to look like stone. The principal buildings, such as the church, the palace of government and the military club, are of brick. Nearly all the houses are surrounded by trees. It seems as though this must promote sanitation and health, but the system has great inconveniences. The trees make a heavy demand on the limited supply of water, and the freshness of the soil and the humidity to which they give rise, appear to be a frequent cause of epidemics. In new cities where great sacrifices seem to have been made in order to secure proper sanitation, the most pernicious fevers seem to reign in permanence. Another inconvenience is the vast distance you have to go to secure bread or other necessities of life. Tachkend, despite its size and its population, has never been the capital of any State or played any great political rôle. It is simply a commercial city, the importance of which is justified by its position on the fringe of the steppes where the roads meet which unite Siberia, Bokhara, India, China and Europe. The Russians have sought by every means to inspire their subjects with a lofty idea of the civilisation and power of the European nations of which they are the representatives. In that respect M. Blanc thinks that France might well learn a lesson. Some good notes are given on the arts of Turkestan. The music of the Nomads and shepherds has a certain strange charm, but it has little or no science and much less variety than ours. Falconry is the sport most honoured both by rich and poor. In bazaars, shops, and the poorest quarter you will find a falcon on which as much attention is lavished, as an old maid among us will bestow upon her parrot. M. Blanc describes the strange fête known as the *baïga* which is the chief amusement throughout Turkestan. The young men mounted on their horses struggle to carry off a goat. One of them seizes it and throws it in front of him, then the rest pursue him and try to snatch it from him. After, say four hours of struggle, when all are thoroughly exhausted, some later arrival will snatch up the goat and bear it three times round the ring in triumph. Thus, thanks to the fact that his rivals are worn out, he becomes the victor.

(July 1).—M. Benoist discusses "The Organisation of Universal Suffrage." He thinks that if there is one point in politics on which all would agree it is in the conviction that the modern State has reached a crisis. Old parliamentarians begin to smite upon their breasts and accuse themselves, with many regrets, of faults which they or others have committed. To these lamentations the country answers only by a great silence. Parliament makes and unmakes governments, but France is absent or gives no sign. At bottom both the convulsions and the silence are marks of the same phenomenon, and indicate that the present state of things cannot last. As to causes and remedies there is the widest divergence of opinion. M. Benoist holds that

Ministers or Presidents are not to blame, for they change whilst the evil continues. It is not the fault directly of institutions such as the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies, nor of the Constitution, nor of the citizens themselves. He holds that universal suffrage is the true basis of State life, but that the voting power ought to be properly organised, not left as a vast unorganised thing. A body electoral and a suffrage universal are the two points to be kept in view and wisely united. Voting, instead of being regarded as an exercise of sovereign power, ought to be looked on as a function of the national life. We have ceased to be governed by absolute princes, our modern theory is that the people rule. Law is not the work of one or more persons who remain outside its scope or above it, it is the work of all, elaborated by all or by the representatives of all. In the modern State, whether it be kingdom, empire or republic, no one is outside the law or raised above it. The legislator himself, who makes the law, is in the law and under the law. No one has rights which do not cease at the point where they begin to infringe the rights of others, for all are held to have the same and equal rights. To build the modern State in theory on the national sovereignty, and in practice on ten million little slips of paper, representing unorganised universal suffrage, is both absurd and foolish. It is really building the State on shifting sand.

(July 15).—M. T. de Wyzewa, in a notice of the English reviews, says that a wind of revolution is sweeping over this country. It is as though fatigued by too long attachment to our former customs we appeared anxious to renew all things at a single stroke. In the political world he thinks that grave changes are coming, because the time-honoured divisions of party have to-day only a nominal value. Nothing remains of the ancient programmes or of the old political spirit, and the country which has been so strongly individualistic imbibes Socialistic and State principles more and more deeply. Under the multiplied attacks of the sects, he holds that the traditional authority of the English Church is growing weaker, to the great advantage of the Romanist propaganda. Appeals for funds for the defence of the National Church, though backed by the chief names of the aristocracy, remain without response, and already certain writers seriously contemplate the possibility of an official adhesion of England to Catholicism. These are clear indications of a new state of things. But, perhaps, the change which is going on in ideas and customs is still more striking. Open any Review, you will find it dealing with the new criticism, the new school of fiction, and twenty other novelties. The new fiction differs from the old in that it is sexualistic. Large part of it is devoted to the difference between the sexes and the various problems—physiological, moral, and social—which result from the difference in constitution between men and women. "Sex is, in fact, the only subject which appears to interest the English reader of to-day." The writer quotes Mrs. Crackanthorpe's words in the *Nineteenth Century*, that if a novelist produces a book treating of anything else beside the moral phenomena which distinguish men and women, however exquisite may be the style, however profound and subtle the emotion, however delicate the fancy, the public rejects it as with one consent. Novelists and dramatists, therefore, deal only with these phenomena, and they do not show the discretion of such writers as Dickens and Thackeray. The new writers, not content with studying the moral phenomena, describe and analyse the physical, so that it is really not so much their sexuality as their sensuality which marks them off from Dickens and Thackeray. It is the reign of naturalism, and French mothers can no longer provide English romances for their daughters with the confidence of former days. Mrs. Crackanthorpe suggests that instead of speaking of the "sexualistic novel" we should speak of the "Novel of the New Woman." In literature and in real life, England now possesses a new type of woman. There is no domain reserved to men which women do not presume to enter. One by one the old citadels of man's supremacy are attacked and taken by storm. University diplomas, doctorates

in medicine, and philosophy, editorships, and other prizes are being grasped by women. If things go on as they are doing for the next twenty years, it seems likely that there will not be a single employment where women will not work along with men. The fact that all these changes have come to pass during the last twenty years shows how sudden they have been.

(August 1).—Madame Bentzon deals with the condition of women in Louisiana. After some interesting notes on the journey from New York to the South, we find a description of the Carnival at New Orleans. The king of the fête entered amid universal rejoicing. All the bells kept ringing. The flags of all nations were floating in the air. Mounted police kept the people in order. For two days and nights the populace was on foot. All kinds of masked figures went about. Bands played, and streams of carriages passed up and down. Rome, Venice, or Nice cannot show anything to match the marvels of the New Orleans Carnival. The costumes cost enormous sums. The clubs are brilliantly illuminated, and balls are held in all parts of the city. Madame Bentzon says that education in the Colonies was at first entirely in the hands of the religious orders. After the war the widows and daughters of men who had held high civil and military rank, devoted themselves to educational work. One hundred and fifty establishments for higher education are open to the girls of the South, and in fifty of these schools co-education is allowed. The universities of Alabama, of Mississippi, of Texas, and Kentucky, receive women. Eight thousand female students are scattered through the colleges of Louisiana, Northern Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, without counting the large number who are seeking training in the North. Tributes are paid to several lady writers of the South, such as Miss Grace King, Mrs. M. Davis, Mrs. M. R. Field. Southern women have not the genius for organization found among their northern sisters, but when necessary they know how to take their place at the head of philanthropic or social movements. In the section on "Female Suffrage," Madame Bentzon says that she does not think any more instructive treatment of this much debated subject could be found than the discussion between Senator Hoare and Dr. Buckley in the *Century* for August, 1894. She quotes freely from both the papers with evident leaning to Dr. Buckley's side of the argument. As to the social crusade on which American women have entered so eagerly, the men rely on their good sense not to push matters too far. Antagonism between the sexes has been avoided, for the men habitually leave to women the task of combating certain illusions to which women are prone.

(August 15).—M. Benoist's article on "The Organisation of Universal Suffrage," of which the first part appeared in July, is finished in this number. He thinks that no adequate training is provided for those who have to exercise the franchise. The primary school is now exalted to a high place. Money is lavished on buildings, the teacher is regarded as a kind of apostle—the man who makes men, and the citizen who makes citizens. He is furnished with a vade-mecum, a manual of instruction in moral and civil matters, and the children learn to recite it as a Mohammedan might recite a chapter of the Koran. But at the age of thirteen their parents claim them, and when they are ready to use their vote nearly all they had learned has vanished from their memories. The Press is able to do as much as the school in this education of voters. It has a great field of action, and a rôle which makes it a power in the State. The great number of abstentions is another evil of universal suffrage. It has attained such proportions that one sees chambers represented by a minority of the electors on the register. During the elections of October, 1889, when political feeling ran very high, one quarter, and in several departments one-third of the electors did not go to the poll. In some cases scarcely one-half voted. Since then the indifference on the matter has grown and the average of abstentions is about one-third. M. Benoist holds that every innovation or reform in politics ought to be considered to its possibility, the ease with which it can be introduced or

carried out, the change which it would involve in national institutions or the habits of the people, and as to its general utility.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (June 1).—Fanny Zampini-Salazar pays a pleasing tribute to Vincenzo Botta, the Italian Professor in the University of New York, who died last October. Without holding any official position, he proved himself one of the most influential and devoted representatives of his Fatherland in America. He did his utmost to conciliate sympathy in the United States with the new Kingdom of Italy, of which he was regarded as the most powerful and authoritative representative outside official circles. Victor Emanuel conferred on him the Order of the Crown of Italy, and quite recently King Umberto sent him a splendid gold medal coined expressly for him, and bearing this flattering inscription: "To Vincenzo Botta, in every fortune of his country, a wise interpreter of Italian thought to the great and friendly people of the United States.—Umberto." He was little known to the present generation of Italians, but those who knew and honoured him felt his death to be a great blow. An American citizen for thirty years he was still at heart the servant of Italy, sharing in all her hopes and aspirations. During the panic caused by the terrible assassinations of Italians in New Orleans, he rendered conspicuous service in averting strife. Born in Piedmont in 1818, he took part in the political risings of 1847-8. Cavour discovered the noble gifts of intellect, heart, and character of Botta, who was then deputy to the Subalpine Parliament. He was Professor of Philosophy in the University of Turin, and was sent to Germany to report on the various systems of public instruction. In 1853 he went to New York for the same purpose. He was charmed with the cordial reception he received, with the lofty intellectual ambitions, and still more with the air of liberty that he breathed in that vast continent. When a University chair was offered him he felt unable to refuse it. He was greatly esteemed both as a Professor and a writer. In him there was that harmony between the inner life of thought and affection and the outer life of a man both gifted and sociable, a sincere patriot, and a frank and gentle friend. His domestic life is very tenderly described. In Anna Carlotta Lynch he found a perfect wife, who sympathised with all his tastes, his ideals, and his aspirations. The rare and perfect felicity of their married life contributed in no slight degree to the complete moral development of both husband and wife. When his wife died, after thirty-six years of married life, Botta could not be comforted. He resigned his chair at the University, abandoned all society and lived alone with his sorrow, reading over his wife's letters and writings, and thinking always about her. The memorial volume which he prepared shows how faithful he was to the wife who had filled his life with such blessing.

(July 1).—Pasquale Villari contributes a valuable article on "Sicily and Socialism" to this number. The revolution at Palermo, in September, 1866, was called "The Six and a Half," because for six days and a half the city was in the power of the rebels. That unexpected occurrence created great surprise. The memory of Garibaldi landing at Marsala, of the heroic support which Palermo gave him, and the frantic enthusiasm with which the whole of Sicily had fused and merged itself with the rest of Italy, was fresh in every one's memory. No one could understand the sudden outbreak against the government which had been freely and spontaneously elected. Many writers recorded the facts but were not able to indicate the causes. There was a parliamentary inquiry, an agrarian inquiry, a private inquiry. The island was visited and studied. From these studies arose a general conviction that the true cause of the insurrection was not political but economic and social. Sicily appeared to be afflicted by a profound want of prosperity which had several causes, but was in great part due to the agrarian conditions, combined with the miserable state of the country people. But even when this state of things had been made clear, no law was voted, no remedial measure passed. Fortunately at this time an era of great prosperity

set in throughout Italy, and especially in Sicily. The demand for all kinds of merchandise, and for all the products of the soil increased rapidly and prices rose. Harvests were abundant, the taxes gave a larger yield, the income of the State grew from month to month. General prosperity made all minds tranquil. The time of prosperity ought to have been used to pay off a part of the debt incurred by the formation of the new Kingdom of Italy, to lighten taxes, wipe out the deficit, and put all things in a sound financial condition. Instead of this wise policy, expenses increased, imposts were raised, debts were incurred. The day of reckoning followed. After the fat kine came the lean ones. America and Russia lowered the prices of corn; France had overcome the phylloxera which laid waste her vineyards, and did not need to turn to Italy for supplies. To complete Italy's disasters, the Treaty of Commerce was broken. The country was oppressed by debts, exhausted by taxes, and had a deficit which increased terribly from year to year. It was impossible to raise new loans, difficult to increase the taxes under which the country already groaned, and not easy to make any real economies. There seemed no way of escape. All Italy suffered, but chiefly the south where there were no industries. Sicily suffered most of all. None of its products were in demand, and the phylloxera made havoc of its vineyards. Thus it was that discontent broke out afresh in the island. At first it was scarcely visible, but in 1893 it showed itself by outbreaks, more or less threatening. Socialism made rapid progress. Sicily again attracted the attention of all Italy. Journalists visited it and drew lively descriptions of its miseries. At last, in the end of 1893 and the beginning of 1894, disturbances broke out with such violence and spread so rapidly, that they had to be suppressed by force. Order was only established by calling in the military and putting the whole country in a state of siege. Then everybody began to discuss the situation. Myriads of books and of articles appeared, written chiefly by Sicilians, but also by Italians of the continent and others. An immense mass of facts and observations thus accumulated. The question was studied on all sides, yet no definite opinion was reached as to the causes of the mischief. Signor Villari shows that the questions which disturbed Sicily were not political, but economic; matters of social and material well being. The Sicilian has no industries, everything depends on the products of the soil. The questions that present themselves are two—dealing with minerals, or sulphur, and agriculture. All other matters are connected more or less with these two. The commerce, the few industries, even the social questions which disturb the country hinge on these. After a careful account of the whole problem, some sensible suggestions are made for dealing with it. Every Italian ought to make himself familiar with the article.

(July 15).—Signor Villari resumes his discussion of "Sicily and Socialism." Those who pass along the sea-board between Catania and Messina, and on to Palermo, find themselves in a vast zone of gardens where oranges, lemons, and vines are cultivated with wonderful skill and industry. The scene changes as we penetrate into the middle of the island. There we are in the midst of an extensive culture of grain, with fine pastures. The general plan theoretically seems to be to sow wheat one year, then turn it into pasture, and then allow it the third year to lie fallow. This is modified according to the nature of the ground, the distance from cities, and the capital at the disposal of the cultivator, and a four years' rotation is adopted very widely. Passing through Sicily one learns by the testimony of all that the way in which the communes are administered is the cause of the most harsh injustice and the most profound rancour, the origin most immediate and direct of the recent tumults. The facts that come under notice at every step form a veritable Iliad of sorrows. It is a curse inherited from the Bourbons, and that in one form or another has afflicted the larger part of Southern Italy.

(August 1).—The last part of Signor Villari's article still further discusses

the causes and cure of Sicilian discontent. He draws a striking picture of the state of Egypt before the English administration. In 1882 it was a country economically ruined, which no one knew how to save from bankruptcy. Between the years 1863 and 1876 the Public Debt had been quadrupled. Taxes had increased fifty per cent. The country had no industries, and had five millions of people to five million acres of cultivated land. The revolt of Arabi had not only completed the ruin, but had imposed the necessity of a new debt to pay the indemnity due to Europe through the sack and burning of Alexandria. Corruption had crept into everything. A swarm of foreign adventurers, who paid no taxes and were not amenable to the laws of the country, enriched themselves by all kinds of dishonest artifices. They were continually claiming indemnities for the most trifling matters. The great change brought about by such men as Milner is well described. It was accomplished, not by commissions, or inquiries, or new laws, or piles of worthless stamped paper. The English officials set themselves to bring into operation a discreet quantity of good sense and honesty in a country which had been governed without either the one or the other. In closing his paper the writer says that all Italy's political divisions are rapidly losing importance in the presence of the new questions which clamour for attention. The only way to conquer Socialism is vigorously to take the initiative in social reforms, and thus to regain the ascendancy over the people which Government has lost. Social justice is the only hope of salvation for Sicily.

METHODIST REVIEW (July-August).—This bright number opens with a very interesting paper by Professor Mead, describing "A Fortnight on an Icelandic Farm." Nearly two-thirds of the Icelanders are engaged in farming. The farming consists in making hay and in raising sheep, cattle, and horses. Such a thing as the rotation of crops never occurs to an Icelandic farmer. He lets the grass grow where it will, and takes it as a gift of Providence. In rare cases he raises a few turnips and potatoes. The truest description of Iceland was given by a bluff Scotch resident. "Iceland," he said, "there's nothing to see in Iceland. It's nothing but a big cinder that's got cold on top." The ponies have short, shaggy manes, short legs, and small hoofs. Most of them do not see a quart of oats or bran in a life-time. They are wonderfully sure-footed and sagacious, will gallop over a bed of rough lava where the horses of other countries would scarcely dare to walk, and swim like dogs. The national fuel is peat. A few families at the sea-ports use English coal, and some use dried manure. The food is often only half-cooked. Dr. Mead fared much better than he had expected, but he was fortunate. "Taken as a whole," he says, "the food of an Icelandic farmer of the poorer class is not remarkable for variety; but any one who is fond of *skyr*, and black bread, and butter that has been melted and kept for several years, and who likes hammered codfish, and fried codfish, and boiled codfish, and baked codfish, and chopped codfish, will get on very well." The country people so seldom see strangers that they are painfully timid. The farmer with whom Dr. Mead stayed had a library of a hundred and fifty volumes, some English and Danish, but mostly Icelandic. He was fond of Smiles's *Thrift*, Spencer's *Education*, and Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, all of which he had in Icelandic translations. Reading was the chief source of quiet enjoyment in the family circle.

(September-October).—Bishop Thoburn, of Calcutta, contributes a very interesting article, "Methodist Episcopacy in Transition." He says that the fiction of an historic episcopacy is the greatest barrier in the way of Christian unity throughout the world to-day, and the most practical as well as most effective protest against it is, he holds, "the widespread presence of another episcopacy—historic, without having any history to be ashamed of, and apostolic without possessing a long succession of prelates, many of whom were models of all that apostles should not be. This modern form of

episcopacy is rapidly extending its influence, and seems destined to a still wider and more rapid extension in the future." After tracing the growth of the episcopacy in American Methodism, Dr. Thoburn deals with the demand for a "districted" episcopacy as distinguished from the joint episcopacy of his own Church. He urges that the forthcoming General Conference at Cleveland should make out a plan of episcopal visitation instead of leaving it to the bishops themselves. It would then only be necessary "to form the Conferences into groups or districts geographically, as well as ecclesiastically, and to make the bishop assigned to each district responsible for it for four years, in order to complete a development of a plan which would give new vigour to our Church. This change would not 'destroy' the plan laid down in the discipline; it would only reduce it to system. It would make it vastly more effective. It would eliminate the obsolete elements in the plan and make it more practical, as well as more sensible. Each bishop would be subject to a removal quadrennially, and hence would be still an itinerant, like other Methodist preachers. Each bishop would be subject to appointment to any part of the wide field of the Church, and hence his superintendency would be 'general.' If it be said that the bishops should travel at large through all the work the answer is obvious—no one does. For fifty years past no one has been able to perform this feat. Bishop Ames quietly refused to cross the ocean, and the General Conference approved his administration. Bishop Simpson never saw India or China. It is morally certain that even our youngest bishops will never complete the round of all the Conferences in the United States. What is the use, then, of trying to keep up an illogical make-believe about our 'general' superintendency? No living man could discharge the duties which we try to make ourselves believe we are exacting from our bishops. The relation of this proposed change to our missionary episcopacy is obvious. When it was first proposed to provide a resident bishop for Liberia, the question was viewed from the narrowest possible standpoint. The policy had just been adopted of sending no more white missionaries to the African coast, and even the occasional visits of the bishops were considered too perilous to be kept up. But how should the Liberian ministers be ordained? It was chiefly to provide for this that the original plan of a missionary episcopacy was devised, and it is not strange that from the first it proved a failure. The election of Bishop Taylor precipitated a heated controversy concerning questions of 'status' and administration; and, as might have been expected, our foreign missionaries lifted up their voices against an episcopacy which seemed so narrow and worked so unsatisfactorily. The action of the General Conference in 1888, whatever else may be said for or against it, certainly put an immediate and complete end to the controversy then pending; and thus far the new plan has not given rise to any special complaints. Mere questions of ecclesiastical status have no value whatever so long as the interests of the Church are successfully administered and conserved. But if the policy indicated above had been adopted in the first place, there need never have been a missionary episcopacy. It would only have been necessary to create an episcopal district in a given foreign land and assign a bishop to it, subject to the same restrictions as his brethren in the home land. The permanent policy of our Church with reference to the episcopal supervision of our foreign missions can hardly yet be regarded as definitely settled. Some of our wisest leaders are strongly of the opinion that it would be better to adhere to the old policy of sending out bishops from home to inspect the work and to preside at the Conferences. For this policy it is claimed (1) that the work should be regularly inspected by parties acting on behalf of the Missionary Society; (2) that the General Committee needs the information which so many visiting bishops would be able to give; (3) that the bishops would be able to spread their observations before the Church in such a way as to stimulate missionary interest; (4) that the unity of the Church would be thus conserved, and the workers abroad be kept in touch with their brethren in the home land. These points may all be conceded, but the missionary abroad is

quick to observe that they only indirectly touch the question of episcopal supervision. A Methodist bishop is certainly something more than an inspector-general of missions. As before remarked, he must be a leader, must be able to plan campaigns and execute his own plans, must have administrative ability, and must in person attend to many matters which a visiting bishop would not think of attempting. It is a small matter to inspect a work, but a very weighty task to create a work to be inspected. If Mr. Wesley had instructed Francis Asbury to inspect the work in America and then return and report to him in person, what possible good would his visit have accomplished, and where would have American Methodism have been to-day? As to the advice of the visiting bishops at the meetings of the General Committee, it cannot be denied that the presence of so many able men who have travelled widely over the world adds greatly to the interest of such meetings; but, as to the practical results, it may be said that in recent years it has more than once happened that all the advice tendered by visiting bishops did not affect the appropriations to the extent of five hundred dollars. In the mission field, above all other places, the presence of a superintending leader is of the utmost importance. The isolation of the workers, the inexperience of most of the convert preachers, the pioneer character of the work, the necessity of devising new measures, the constant care to make organisation keep pace with progress, the liability to dissension—these and a score of other reasons might be named as indicating the urgent need of a superintending leader on the field. The old plan has not worked successfully. Harmony among the workers has not been the rule in all our fields. The administration has not always been uniform. The policy pursued has not tended to produce leaders, but rather to repress them. If it is a mistake to give authority without responsibility, it is a much more serious error to give responsibility without authority. Slowly, but steadily, the missionaries in the field are yielding to the conviction that a series of annual visits from an ever-changing number of bishops, however desirable in some respects, does not constitute episcopal supervision, in any proper sense of the word. India urgently needs two, and should have three, episcopal superintendents. The enforced absence of the present superintendent for long periods is unfavourable to the work. In providing for the several fields a wide freedom of action should be exercised. The work is greater than the bishop. Exceptions should be made without hesitation when occasion demands them. If possible, each field should have its own bishop; but, if need be, two or more countries might be assigned to one person."

METHODIST REVIEW OF EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (July-August).—Dr. Lewis writes about William Pope Harrison, who was one of the most brilliant preachers of Southern Methodism. In Washington he was pastor of Mount Vernon Place Church and chaplain to the House of Representatives. Then he became the book editor at Nashville. Dr. Lewis says, "he was the picturesque man of his Church; even more than the marvellous and many-sided McFerrin." The praise is rather overdone in this paper, and the writing is far too eloquent, but we are glad to have some glimpse of a great and good man. Dr. Vaughn has an interesting sketch of Augustus De Morgan and his mathematical and logical work. The notice of Professor Banks' *Manual of Christian Doctrine* says:—"He is obviously a man of wide culture and ripe theological scholarship. He has compressed into this small volume an amount of clearly stated and vigorously argued theological thought that seems almost incredible. There are, however, thirty-six lines to the page, and much critical matter is thrown into brevier footnotes. This, with the author's power of succinct and luminous statement, and cogent argument, has resulted in one of the best treatises possible within so narrow a compass."

CANADIAN METHODIST REVIEW (May-June).—This is a good number. Mr. Paton contributes a helpful study of Isaiah vi.; Dr. Shaw deals with "Connectionalism in Education," and Mr. Bowles discusses "The Minister's Code of Honour." He holds that if a minister has accepted one invitation he

should decline another when made to him, and if the Stationing Committee offers him a better place, let him stand by his invitation so far as he exerts any influence in the matter. If he is a member of the Stationing Committee, he should neither directly nor indirectly further his own cause. A minister may use the Press to publish items of news concerning his Church which seem likely to interest the public or win non-church goers, but, "on the other hand, no minister should publish any item in mention or praise of his own ability, eloquence, or popularity."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (July, August, September).—Mr. Gosse has some pleasant "Personal Memories of Robert Louis Stevenson" in the July number. He was presented to Stevenson in 1877 at the Old Savile Club, by Mr. Sidney Colvin. "A child-like mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip upon the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jests." He was never well, and people looked upon his life as hanging by the frailest tenure. He used to bury himself in lonely Scotch and French places, "tinkering himself with solitude" as he said. Mr. Gosse saw him for the last time in August, 1887. He had been brought up from Bourne-mouth the day before and was staying at a private hotel in Finsbury Circus, ready for his departure on the morrow for America. If ever a man might have been expected to be depressed, it was under those circumstances, but he was "radiantly humorous and romantic." Stevenson's long fight with illness gives deep pathos to this paper. Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio," despite its evident genius, grows very unpleasant. It is a great pity that a novelist so justly distinguished should compel his readers to wade through the sickening story of Gloria's relations to Paul Griggs and Reanda. Mr. Cole's too brief paper on Rubens is a good feature of the *Century* for August. Rubens has left several thousand canvases. He was accustomed to sketch in the subject upon the canvas, then his pupils painted up the body of the work, and the master added the finishing touches. This method, combined with extraordinary rapidity of execution, enabled him to get through an immense quantity of work. Isabel Hopegood tells the sad story of Sonya Kovalensky, the brilliant Russian girl, who became professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm. Her modesty, as a scholar, amid her triumphs charmed everyone. But there was one great blemish in her character. She expected those whom she loved to sink their own identity, and even her husband never did this in a way that "her intense absorbing love demanded." She "obtained all that the world had to offer—love, distinction, and fame; yet she was not satisfied or happy."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (July, August, September).—Mr. Thorpe gives an account in the July *Harper* of the University of Pennsylvania, of which Benjamin Franklin was one of the founders. It has graduated 17,000 students, twice as many as Yale and 2,500 less than Harvard. Its faculties now number 273 professors and instructors—35 less than Harvard, 80 more than Yale. It has 2,500 students, whilst Harvard has 3,290, and Yale 2,350. Its medical school, attended by 818 students, is the chief feature of the University. "Every-day Scenes in China," by Julian Ralph, in the August number, should not be overlooked. He says that the farther he and his friend travelled in China, the more they were amazed and delighted by the boats and the water-life on the inland canals and ways. Every day they noticed new extravagancies and eccentricities of form and colour in these floating vehicles. One sail towers like a great white steeple or a cloud above houses, trees, and everything. The next may be made of a woman's apron or a little mat. One is composed of a single blue shirt, and the next is a crazy quilt of a hundred gorgeous flags. "In a day's journey we saw white ones, red ones, black ones, and others that were splotched, patched, tattered, or rent. We saw sails made of matting, made of old coats, made of trousers, and of banners. We saw sails with prayers painted upon them, others with mottoes, others with pictures, and what may be called heraldic devices. Most of them were mere

parallelograms of cotton, but some were like schooner sails at home, and some were lateen-shaped." An amusing account is given of two acres of ducks going to market along the Grand Canal. A big chop-boat bore down upon them, but when it seemed as though nothing could prevent a great slaughter of poultry, "a big flutter seized many square yards of ducks, the immense flock broke apart, a crack in it opened before the chop-boat, and widened until the boat swept through a canal that divided the flock. Not a duck was run over."

ST. NICHOLAS (July, August, September).—Brander Matthews writes on Whittier in the July number. He had scant instruction in boyhood, for the district school was only open a few weeks during winter. There were scarcely thirty volumes in his father's house. "The one book he read and read again until he had it by heart almost was the Bible; and the Bible was always the book which exercised the strongest literary influence upon him." When he was fourteen, a teacher came to Haverhill who lent him books and opened a new world to him. He lent the boy a copy of Burns, which set him to work writing verses. His eldest sister liked one of his ballads so well that she sent it secretly to a weekly newspaper at Newburyport. One day, as the lad was helping his father to mend a stone wall by the road-side, he received the paper, and his heart almost stood still as he saw his own verses. When he was nineteen, he attended an academy just opened at Haverhill. He earned the money for his fees by making slippers, keeping books, and teaching school. This delightful paper will make boys and girls eager to know more of the Quaker lad who became the poet of New England. The account of Oliver Wendell Holmes in *St. Nicholas* for August is another capital paper. Theodore Roosevelt's description of "The Cruise of the *Wasp*," and Mr. Hornaday's article on "The Prong-horned Antelope and the Caribon" are other good features of the August number. *St. Nicholas* was never so variously bright and instructive as now.
